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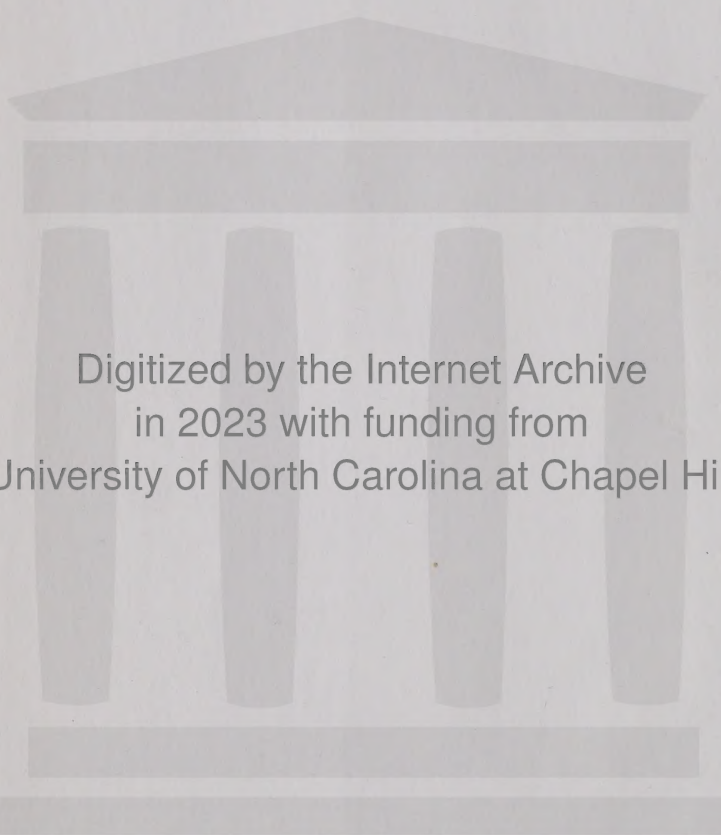
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The *MESSENGER*

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1905

No. 2

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Edited by the Pupils of the Ninth and Tenth Grades
Durham City Schools :: Durham, North Carolina

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THE MESSENGER.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1905.

NO. 2.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All contributions for publication must be in by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

Send or hand all manuscripts intended for publication to ARNOLD BRIGGS, Editor-in-Chief, Morehead School.

Subscription price, 40 cents per year (nine issues). Single copies, 5 cents.

All persons desiring to insert advertisements will communicate with

W. H. HOLMAN,

Business Manager, Morehead School.

A FEW FACTS SETTING FORTH THE NEED OF A HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

The public schools belong to the people. They are designed primarily and solely for the purpose of giving every child an equal opportunity for developing those powers which will equip him for successful living. In a large measure the usefulness of the school is dependant upon the sort of facilities it can command for shaping and directing the intellectual energies of those committed to its care.

The Durham schools have reached a critical period in their development. They stand "at the parting of the ways." The overcrowded condition of the whole system renders some action imperatively necessary. We invite careful consideration of the following facts, which are intended to give the people some idea of the serious obstacles which threaten the efficiency of the schools.

The enrollment by schools is as follows:

FULLER SCHOOL.

Grade.	No. Pupils Enrolled.	Average No. Pupils to Teacher.
First.....	57	45
Second.....	51	
Third.....	46	
Fourth.....	39	No. Rooms in building..... 8
Fifth.....	50	No. Rooms now in use..... 8
Fifth A.....	42	No. Rooms for future use..... 0
Sixth.....	37	
Sixth A.....	35	
	357	
Seating capacity ¹	325	

EDGEMONT SCHOOL.

Grade.	No. Pupils Enrolled.	Average No. Pupils to Teacher.
B First.....	53	46
A First.....	43	
B Second.....	42	
A Second.....	51	No. Rooms in building..... 8
Third.....	60	No. Rooms now in use..... 8
Fourth.....	40	No. Rooms for future use..... 0
Fifth.....	43	
Sixth.....	34	
	366	
Seating capacity	325	

NORTH DURHAM SCHOOL.

Grade.	No. Pupils Enrolled.	Average No. Pupils to Teacher.
First.....	50	41
Second.....	49	
Third.....	43	No. Rooms in building..... 6
Fourth.....	36	No. Rooms now in use..... 6
Fifth.....	37	No. Rooms for future use..... 0
Sixth.....	30	
	245	
Seating capacity	240	

MOREHEAD SCHOOL (Below the High School.)

Grade.	No. Pupils Enrolled.	Average No. Pupils to Teacher.
B First.....	48	46
A First.....	42	
B Second.....	47	No. Rooms in building..... 7
A Second.....	53	No. Rooms now in use..... 8
Third.....	38	
A Third.....	53	The Library—a small room adjoining the office—with a seating capacity of only 25, now has more than 40 pupils.
Fourth.....	48	
A Fourth.....	51	
	380	
Seating capacity	325	

MOREHEAD SCHOOL (High School Department).

Grade.	No. Pupils Enrolled.	Average No. Pupils to Teacher.
Seventh (2 rooms).....	102	45
Eighth (2 rooms).....	76	
Ninth (1 room).....	47	No. Rooms in building..... 6
Tenth (1 room).....	31	No. Rooms now in use..... 6
	256	No. Rooms for future use..... 0
Seating capacity	215	

Number of pupils that will be promoted from the three Grammar Schools to the High School next September.....	100
Number of pupils in Tenth Grade who will graduate next June.....	30
Number High School pupils unprovided for next September.....	70
Approximate enrollment of High School next September	326

From the consideration of the above statistics we deduce the following reasons, among others, for the necessity of a High School building:

1. At present every available class-room known to the school authorities is being utilized for school purposes.
2. No teacher can do the most efficient work with more than 35 pupils. The present enrollment shows an average to a teacher of 45 pupils.
3. Pupils have not been admitted to the first grades since last October. The first grades were filled during the first month (September).
4. The natural increase in enrollment by reason of entrance to the first grades next September will be from 150 to 200. This will require four more rooms, when only one will be vacated by graduating the present tenth grade.
5. There are a great many children now out of school for the simple reason that no effort has been made to get them in school. There has been no room for them; hence no effort has been made to enroll them. Ninety per cent. of the present enrollment could not be seated at any one time.
6. At present the fifth and sixth grades from the south side of the railroad are compelled to go to either the Fuller or North Durham schools. A new building will enable all children, below the seventh grade, living on the south side of the railroad, to attend the Morehead school.
7. The High School, embracing the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth grades, with an enrollment of 256 pupils, is now being taught in the Morehead school. From the above enrollment it will be seen that there will be an increase of at least 70 pupils, giving a total of more than 325 pupils

in the High School department. This will give more than 50 pupils to the room, when there should not be more than 35.

8. A central High School building would relieve the above situation by giving more room for the High School department and at the same time providing adequate facilities for the lower grades. *This does not mean that additional grades will be added to the present High School course. It does not mean an eleventh grade; neither does it mean that there will be a City College. The idea of a City College, or of advancing the present course that is now being given in the ten grades, has not even been considered. The only purpose is to provide more room for carrying out successfully the present Graded School course with the continued increasing enrollment.* For a large per cent. of the children this is the last chance for them to add to their common school education before going out into life. The school children of today are to be the citizens of tomorrow. They should not begin life handicapped by the lack of an opportunity to get such training as will enable them to make of themselves good, honest, intelligent citizens.

9. Unless adequate means are provided at this time for the relief of the present situation, the progress and efficiency of the schools will be seriously retarded; for it will be two years before the necessary legislative enactment can be secured for increasing the present facilities. Add to this one year for erecting and equipping a building, and it can readily be seen that the schools will become more and more unable to meet the demands of an increasing and progressive community.

LET IT BE BORNE IN MIND THAT FAILURE TO VOTE ON THIS QUESTION WILL MEAN A VOTE AGAINST SCHOOLS, AS IT WILL REQUIRE A MAJORITY OF THE QUALIFIED VOTERS TO CARRY THE ISSUE.

The school authorities, as the guardians responsible to the people for the preservation and welfare of the school interests, earnestly believe that the erection of a central High School building is the only permanent solution of this problem.

The history of the Durham schools from the beginning has been one of steady progress, until today Durham easily leads the cities of the State in the excellency of her schools. The citizenship of Durham has ever been responsive to the needs of the schools. The present excellency of the schools is due to the fact that in the past it has earnestly and heartily supported every effort that has been made in behalf of the children of the city. We have now reached a point in our progress where it would be the part of folly to take a backward step. Durham never takes the back track. There is too much good sense in her citizenship to throw away good efforts of the past. Durham has never hesitated to make provision for her material progress at whatever cost. She has seen, in a wonderful way, that the best schools are the best investment that a community can make; and she has exerted her best effort thus far, with successful results. Our experience in the past leads us to believe that at this critical period in the history of the schools it will only be necessary to point out their needs for her to give unanimous support to the wisest plan for their continued progress.

Literary Department.

THE EYES OF THE SNAKE.

By FELICIA KUEFFNER, A, Ninth Grade.

Mr. Winthrop was lying on the sofa in his studio reading one of his favorite books when he happened to see two small lights in the corner; but thinking them to be the reflection of his lamp on two nails in the wall, he continued his story. He finished a chapter and looked up again, seeing the same lights; they seemed to grow brighter and come nearer. Still he thought them to be the reflection of his lamp and continued his story. He became so deeply interested in his book that his hands gave way, and the book fell to the floor. When he picked it up he noticed the lights again, and then observed that they were the eyes of a snake which was coiled up in the corner. It looked as if it became fiercer and fiercer and drew nearer and nearer. He arose to press the electric button for a servant to come, but hesitated, thinking that they would call him a coward. Sitting down, he tried to read again, but the eyes of the snake seemed to fascinate him. He looked for them again, and they seemed to become larger and have a more malicious expression. He could not bear any longer to breathe the same air as the despicable reptile. He arose from his seat; but his feet seemed to be made of lead.

He took hold of the chair and then tried to move forward, dragging the chair along, his eyes fixed on those of the snake. They seemed to grow into big, fiery rings, in which he saw a beautiful little country village, with the sun's rays shining down upon it. In the midst of this picture was the flat head of a snake having the eyes of his dead mother.

At this moment something struck him in the face and he

fell to the floor, and this was all he knew for some time. When he regained consciousness he attempted to rise, for fear the snake would wrap around his neck. He succeeded in rising to his elbows, but no farther. . . .

Mr. Winthrop lived with a doctor and scientist who kept snakes of all kinds in a department below. (One of them must have come into his room.) The doctor was sitting in the library with his wife talking about a new specimen of snake which he had just found. He told her the name and principal characteristics of it. One was that it ate other snakes. "How does he get them—by charming them?" she asked.

The doctor always got mad about this silly superstition and answered, "There is no such thing as snake charming."

Then all at once a fearful scream came from above. A servant rushed in and said that the scream came from Mr. Winthrop's studio. The doctor immediately went to his room and, on opening the door, saw Mr. Winthrop lying outstretched on the floor. He called for assistance. The apparently dead man was picked up and laid on the couch. After a careful examination the doctor discovered that the man was not dead, but in a deep swoon.

When he had worked on him for awhile, he finally brought Mr. Winthrop back to himself, but his mental condition seemed to be in a very bad state.

His eyes stared in one and the same direction and had a terrified expression. The doctor came to the conclusion that some great fright had put the man in this condition. Mr. Winthrop was not able to speak, so the doctor thought it best to take him to his own bedroom, where he gave him some stimulants to put him to sleep.

While he was resting, the doctor examined Mr. Winthrop's studio to find a cause for the patient's nervous condition. He discovered a snake in the corner. Wondering how it had come into the room he snatched it and threw it in the middle of the floor. It didn't change

its position. Then the doctor saw that it was a stuffed snake, with two shoe buttons for eyes.

The bad trick which someone played on Mr. Winthrop almost cost him his life.

A CHRISTMAS STAR.

By MARY LUCY HARRELL, Eighth Grade.

In an elegantly-furnished home, where love and plenty reigned, Jessica was sitting on a low stool before the grate, thinking of the coming Christmas, and what "Santa" would bring her. The door opened, and her mother entered, holding up a beautiful white dress, spangled over with stars. It was for the children's party, to which Jessica had been invited on Christmas night. How appropriate the stars seemed to her little mind, for she had been reading about the Bethlehem Star: she expressed her admiration in glowing eyes, and a hearty kiss.

"Come, dear," said her mother, "put on your cap, and go around the corner, and take this basket of food to Mrs. Green. I am afraid the children are hungry, for their father has had no work for several weeks."

"Oh, mamma, let Cora take it. I don't love to go there. Essie's face looks so sad, and it is cold, too. It will be just as well to send it."

The mother left the little girl and sent the basket.

Jessica returned to her book and thoughts, by the warm, bright fire. For sometime she tried to read, but the warmth and quietness made her drowsy, and she soon, "sailed away to the Land of Nod."

Soon, she found herself on a beautiful church step, and the inside of it was decorated for Christmas. Merry bells rang from the steeple, and the soft notes from the organ, made her wonder where she was. But there, sitting by her, was her Sunday School teacher; and the preacher, to

whom she listened every Sunday, was standing in the chancel talking. She had on the dress of stars, and it made her glad. There was a large, bright star over the Christmas tree, which was loaded with good and beautiful things.

But what was the preacher saying,—“Children, you see that beautiful star. It is to remind you of Him, whose birthday you celebrate to-night. His gift to you of Himself has made all that is good and beautiful in your lives and homes. He inspired the love in the hearts of your friends who gave you this tree. Now, what are you going to do for him? What gift are you going to lay at his feet? Many of the little ones need love and comfort.” Then Jessica did not hear any more. She saw the star move. It came toward her, and in the center of it was little Essie’s pale face, and she looked at her own dress to see the stars on it; but the brightness had faded from them. The gladness went out of her heart.

The great star was still moving, and as she gazed, the face changed, and she could see the face of the Christ child, which she had seen in so many pictures; and from the lips of the face in the star, she faintly caught these words: “In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

“Why, Jessica! are you sick, that you are sleeping so before the fire?”

She jumped up, rubbed her little eyes, and looked around. There was the party dress, and she knew she had been dreaming.

“Mama, did Cora carry the basket? I think I’ll go with her.”

“Yes, dear; Cora has returned, and it is now snowing. Mrs. Green was glad of the provisions, and said little Essie’s face beamed with joy.”

Jessica crept close to her mother, and putting her arms about her neck, said,—

"Mama, I want to give Jesus a Christmas present this year. May I put it in Essie's stocking? Please say I may. I want to so much."

"Yes, darling. What made you think of it?"

"It was the Christmas star, mother, I have just seen in a dream."

ANDREW JACKSON.

By MAUD CREWS, Seventh A Grade.

Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor emigrant, who came from the North of Ireland and settled in North Carolina. When Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, Andrew was nine years old, and his father had long been dead. He was a tall, slender, freckled face, barefoot boy, with eyes full of fun. The neighbors called him "mischievous little Andy."

He went to school in a log hut in the woods; but he learned more from what he saw in the woods than from the books he studied in school.

He was not a strong boy, and in wrestling some of his companions would throw him three times out of four; but though they could get him down without much trouble it was quite another thing to keep him down. No sooner was he laid flat on his back than he bounded up like a steel spring and stood ready to try it again.

He had a violent temper, and, as the boys said, "Andy got mad all over." None of them cared to face him. One day some boys filled an old gun almost up to the muzzle, and then dared him to fire it. They wanted to see what he would say when it kicked him over. Andrew fired it, and was knocked sprawling; but he bounded up and shaking his fist cried out: "If one of you boys laugh I'll kill him." He looked as though he meant it, and the boys thought they would save their laugh until some other day.

When Jackson was thirteen years old he learned what war means. The Americans were then fighting the battles of the Revolution. A British officer, named Tarleton, fought a battle with the Americans near the place where young Jackson lived. The Americans did not have as many soldiers as the British had and saw it would be of no use to fight. They gave up their arms at once. The British should have taken them all prisoners, but they hacked and hewed them with their swords. This was not war, for war means a fair, stand-up fight; this was murder.

Tarleton said that there was no other people in America that hated the British as bad as the people who lived near Andrew Jackson. One day, however, his men met their match. They had been robbing a farm of its pigs, chickens, corn, and hay, when one of the men upset a beehive. The bees were very mad. They swarmed about the soldiers, got into their ears, and eyes, and stung them until they were glad to drop their things and run. If Andrew had seen that, he would have laughed until he cried.

Not long after the battle of Cowpens, Jackson was taken prisoner. One day an officer came in with his boots very muddy and said: "Here, boy, clean these boots." Jackson said: "Sir, I am a prisoner of war; it is not my place to clean your boots." At this the officer whipped out his sword and struck at Andrew, cutting a gash on his head and arm. Jackson lived to be a very old man, but those scars could be seen at his death.

Andrew Jackson set to work to be a saddler, but gave it up to study law. After he became a lawyer he crossed the mountains, into Nashville, Tenn. There he was made judge. There were plenty of rough men there who wanted to have their own way in everything, but when Jackson came they found out that they could not do it. They could frighten other judges, but they could not frighten him. Seeing what kind of a man Jackson was, they wanted him to lead them against the Indians, so he became

General Jackson now, and went to New Orleans to keep the British from taking possession of the city. About four miles below the city there was a deep, broad ditch, running from the river into a swamp. Jackson saw that the British would have to cross that ditch when they marched against the city. For that reason he built a high bank on the upper side of it and placed cannon along the top of the bank. Just before the fight began he told the men to "stand to their guns;" and they did stand to them, for every time the British would try to jump the ditch and climb the bank the Americans would mow them down like grain.

Ten years afterward, the United States bought Florida and General Jackson became President. He had fought his way up. Here are the four steps: First the boy, "Andy Jackson;" then "Judge Jackson;" then "General Jackson;" last of all, "President Jackson."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

By ELIZABETH D. FULLER, Second Grade, Fuller School.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He had blue eyes, light hair, and a sunny face. His home was by the sea. Henry liked to watch the ships. He played by the Casco Bay. He climbed trees in Deering's Woods. Henry was kind and truthful. Henry's father had eight children. In the evening they all studied their lessons around the sitting-room table. When Henry was seven years old he wrote a letter to his father, who was in Boston. After he had finished school he went to Bowdoin College. Then he went across the sea and stayed in other countries for four years. When he came back he taught in Bowdoin College. He afterward lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here he taught in Harvard College. Washington had once lived in the house

that Longfellow now lived in. Longfellow had three girls and two boys. He was very fond of them. In the evening, when it was dark, they would say,—“Father cannot be writing now; we will go in and surprise him.” Then they would creep down stairs and run into his study and climb all over him and kiss him. Many little children came to visit him, and he loved them very much. In front of his house was a large field. Beyond that was the Charles River. Longfellow liked to walk beside this river. It reminded him of his friends. Sometimes it made him sad and other times it brought gladness to his heart. Three of his friends were named Charles. He was a poet and wrote many beautiful thoughts for others to read. He wrote the “Village Blacksmith,” “Hiawatha,” “The Children’s Hour,” and many other beautiful poems. The “spreading chestnut tree” had fallen and some of the wood had been saved. When Longfellow’s birthday came the children had a chair made of this wood. They put it in his study. When he saw it he was very happy. He wrote a poem to the children, thanking them for the chair. He died in 1882. When he died all the children mourned for him.

THE CAT.

By ROY BECK, Second Grade, Edgemont School.

A cat’s paws have soft cushions under them. He draws his claws in his cushions. A cat’s body is very soft and graceful. A cat’s head is soft and round. He can move his ears back and forward. The eyes are very keen. He can see almost as well in the night as he can in the day. He has sharp teeth in his mouth. His tongue is very rough. His whiskers are long and stiff. When he is going through a hole, if his whiskers don’t go through, he will not go through. When he is mad his tail sticks right straight up. When he is glad his tail curves over. A cat climbs trees, catches rats and will eat rabbits.

THE VIOLET'S STORY.

By CLINTON TOMS, Second Grade, Morehead School.

Once upon a time I was a little violet. I lived in somebody's front yard. A sweet little boy lived there. He would sprinkle water on me every day. 'Long about twelve o'clock, when the bright sunshine is up, I peep out for the day. When the sun goes down I close my eyes and go to sleep. One morning, when the sun was bright and clear, the sweet boy who lived here came out and picked me. He carried me to one of his friends who was sick in bed. I sat on a table by her for about a week. She had been watering me every day. But she forgot to water me, so I died. After a while she got tired of looking at me, so she threw me out of the window, and that was the end of me.

SUNRISE.

By CLARA CRAWFORD, Sixth Grade, Fuller School.

It was the gray that precedes the first ray of the sun. The birds were singing their early morning carols, and inviting the sun to come and give them light. The wind sighed through the trees as if it were begging and pleading the sun to rise. The clouds piled themselves up against the horizon like a great body of soldiers waiting for their king.

The first ray of sunlight darted up against the clouds and threw all the colors of the rainbow on its sombre gray, then followed another and another, until the whole line of clouds was radiant in soft tints. It truly seemed as if Aurora had come and sprinkled the sky with roses and other sweet flowers. All the world grew expectant, the birds hushed their songs, the wind stopped sighing, and the clouds parted. Through the aperture, the great sun rolled majestically.

MY TRIP TO AMERICA.

By JAMES K. KOSTAS, Third Grade, North Durham School.

I wanted to visit this new found country, and see the American ways, and to see what kind of country it was, and what kind of people were living in it. The voyage began on the 15th of April, 1904, when I started from Athens, Greece. I came to Naples, Italy. I stayed there two days. After that I took a large steamboat, on which I was sailing for eleven and a half days. I came to New York, in America. I stayed there nine days and then I left my kinsman. I took the train and came to Washington, D. C. From there I came to Lynchburg, Va. I stayed there for five months. For a while I was clerking in the store. Then I came to Durham, N. C. I am going to school. I am in the third grade. I like to go to this school.

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

By HALLIE LEA, Fourth Grade, Edgemont School.

Four little sunbeams came to earth one day. They were singing and dancing on their way down from the skies. They planned to make other people happy, and not to seek their own pleasure all the day through. In the evening they were to meet in the west.

One little sunbeam crept in a low cottage door. There he played hide-and-seek with a little child on the floor, until baby laughed loud, and tried to catch the light. Another one went into an invalid's room. It made the sick man dream of a sweet summer day, and he could hear the birds singing in the woods. Then the third little sunbeam went to the heart of a flower that was sad. It kissed the withered flower, and raised up its little head. Finally the other little sunbeam saw a blind girl sitting alone. It played on her hands and kissed her eyes. This made the little girl feel the warm, bright light; but she could not see it.

At evening they heard their father, the sun, calling them. Then the four little sunbeams went to the west. Before going to sleep they said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure of others, we fill to the full our own measure."

THE SELFISH DOG.

By GUS BULLOCK, First Grade, North Durham School.

Once a dog was walking across the bridge. He had a piece of meat in his mouth. He saw another dog in the water. He dropped his piece in the water and jumped to fight the other dog. He saw that it was naught but his own shadow.

MY TRIP TO AMERICA.

By ISRAEL EISENBERG, Third Grade, North Durham School.

When I was ten years old, I made up my mind to leave Russia and come to America. Neither my father nor my mother nor anyone from my family wanted me to leave them. But that desire to leave never went from my mind. I was always writing to my brother to send me some money, so I could come over here. But my brother told me in a letter that I was too young to leave home, and my mother would cry all her life if I should leave her. When I was thirteen years old, I wrote my brother, if he would not send me the money to come to him, I would leave home anyway. So he sent me the money. I told my mother and father that I was ready to go. No one can imagine how the feeling was then in my home. Everybody was sad and crying, and I was too. But what I made up my mind to do, I always did. I took everything I would need on my trip, and with my father and mother went to the depot. I kissed my father and mother good-bye. I remained in Poland two days. About three o'clock in the morning I started to walk from Poland to cross the Rus-

sian line. When I reached the station I took the train to Kruker, Germany; from Kruker I went to Rotterdam; from Rotterdam I took the boat to Liverpool, England. After staying at Liverpool four days, I took the boat to New York. When I got to New York they took me to Castle Garden. This place is kept for the emigrants, where they stay until some of their relatives or friends call or write for them. So I telegraphed my brother to send me money to buy a ticket to come to Durham. I stayed at Castle Garden four days. When I received the money from my brother I took the train to Baltimore, and I stayed there with my uncle two days. From there I came to Durham.

Editorial Department.

ARNOLD BRIGGS,

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

JOHN HALL MANNING,

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

There are, perhaps, but few people in this community who realize the marvelous rapidity with which our city has grown during the last few years. It has developed along many lines. New buildings have been erected, many new families have moved in, and a general spirit of progress pervades all sections of the city. Considering all this, it seems that the time has arrived when our people should provide such improvements as the welfare of the city demands. We are sure that the citizens are in hearty sympathy with any plan tending to promote the city's growth and progress. By reading an article of the Superintendent and School Board appearing elsewhere in this issue, one can readily see that one important improvement is the erecting of a new High School building. No one can feel this necessity more than the pupils of the school, for we realize keenly each day the inconvenience of over-crowded class-rooms. At present the rooms are taxed beyond their capacity, to say nothing of conditions that will prevail next September when at least one hundred new pupils will come into the High School from the Grammar Schools.

This is a condition that should not exist, and one which, we trust, the people will not allow to continue.

We will not attempt to discuss the relation a system of good public schools bears to the community. We can only bear testimony to the influence our school has exerted in shaping our own thoughts and lives.

We are fully conscious of the great service the school has rendered us in preparing us for larger duties and achievements. And as we are about to finish our course, we

sincerely trust that those who may come after us may have still greater advantages. We believe that every citizen will see to it that increased educational advantages shall go hand in hand with material progress. On May 2nd this question will be submitted to the voters, and we trust that Durham will continue to stand in the fore-front of the public school system of North Carolina.

The pupils of the High School were very fortunate a few days ago in having the opportunity of hearing a lecture by Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi, on The Life and Character of L. Q. C. Lamar. Bishop Galloway spoke in Craven Memorial Hall, Trinity College, and the pupils of our High School attended in a body.

Bishop Galloway speaks with the grace, ease, and power of a master of the old eloquence. It would be a privilege to hear him speak on any subject; but in L. Q. C. Lamar he has a subject worthy of his powers as an orator.

In placing before his audience the life and character of the great American statesman, the Bishop sent into the heart and conscience of every pupil of our school a most powerful lesson and a strong desire to emulate in our lives the things that made Lamar great. The honesty, stern sense of duty, patriotism, and sincere love of right and truth, which characterized Lamar, were presented to us in a way that must mean a great deal to every one of us.

We feel that we had an opportunity, a privilege, which is remarkable. We appreciate it, and are grateful for it. We wish very much that the message of the lecture could go deep into the heart of every boy and girl in North Carolina.

A CREED.

I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III. I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

A PROMISE.

1. To do your own work well, whether it be for life or death.

2. To help other people at theirs, when you can, and to avenge no injury.

3. To be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

—*John Ruskin.*

In Lighter Vein.

IVA BARDEN,}
ORIN LLOYD,}

EDITORS.

"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles."

STRAY SHOTS FROM YOUNG GUNS.

One Friday afternoon, the science class was studying the products of China. The teacher said, "Miss Y—, what is the principal occupation of the Chinese?"

"Cattle-raising," was the reply.

"Well, what would be the chief product?"

Y—(after pondering awhile) "Eggs, I suppose." This caused an outbreak of laughter and the teacher finally restored order by remarking, "It was a pardonable mistake, for Miss Y— was thinking about her breakfast."

Teacher—"Johnny, give me a sentence containing *each*."

Johnny—"My foot *eaches*."

The children were preparing their lessons for the following day. Little child—"Sister, give me a sentence with *delights*." Little brother (speaking up from a silent corner)—"When we go to bed, we turn out *de-lights*."

Teacher—"I—, give me a sentence with *malicious*."

I—"The candy was very *malicious*."

One morning we were deciding which songs we were going to sing in the chapel. Some one suggested, "Ring the bells of Heaven."

"I think we are tired of that," said the teacher.

"I think so too," responded a brilliant student, "for the bells have already rung their clappers out."

Teacher—"Was Robert Louis Stevenson born an invalid?"

Pupil—"No, indeed he wasn't, he was born in Italy."

Teacher—"Johnny, give me a sentence containing the word *doubt*."

Johnny—"I came off this morning *doubt* my lunch."

Latin Teacher—"Why are verbs in the third and fourth conjugations like an old maid?"

Pupil—"Because there is no *bo* in the future."

In studying English literature it is very necessary to define every word in order that the pupils may understand it.

The ninth grade were studying the "Deserted Village," when they came to the word *shrub*. "What do you understand by *shrub*, Miss —?" the teacher asked.

Miss — (after having toured in the spiritual world)—
"A *shrub* is a house broken off at the top."

The class punctuated her remarks by outbursts of laughter.

Alumni Department.

NAN JORDAN, }
BURKE HOBGOOD, } - - - - - EDITORS.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we chronicle the formation of an Alumni Association of the Durham High School. The final steps were taken when, on the 24th of March, the graduates of the High School met at the Durham Public Library, and elected Mr. Ernest J. Green, President; Miss Josephine Mauney, Vice-President; and Mr. W. P. Budd, Secretary and Treasurer. Despite the threatening aspect of the weather, a large crowd was present and much enthusiasm was manifested. As it was realized that it would be impossible to have a meeting of the association more than once or twice a year, after much discussion, the affairs of the organization were entrusted to an Executive Committee of six members to be appointed by the President. Several plans for the future work of the Alumni were submitted; but as the members did not feel competent to pass upon them without a more thorough consideration, all were left to the good judgment of the Executive Committee. The meeting then adjourned, to meet again at the call of the President. While nothing definite has been decided upon yet, the President and members are very enthusiastic over the success of the project, and there now seems to be no longer any doubt that the Alumni will hereafter be a live, wide-awake, and active force in the encouragement of school enterprises and the development of a higher school patriotism.

Chas. H. King, '02, is studying pharmacy at the drug-store of Haywood & King.

J. W. Carlton, Jr., '03, has just returned from a trip to

Washington and Baltimore, and is now staying at Goodall's Pharmacy.

Westley P. Boddie, '02, is Cashier of the Durham Branch of the Life Insurance Company of Virginia.

John Woodward, '02, is now in Fayetteville, N. C., where he has a position with the firm of Williams & Co., wholesale grocers of that city.

Holland Holton, '03, won the Braxton Craven Scholarship last year at Trinity. We understand that his were among the highest marks ever made at Trinity.

Mr. Luther Carlton, one of our first graduates, was recently married to Miss Hines, of Mt. Airy, and is now residing at Roxboro, N. C., where he is a member of the law firm of Kitchen & Carlton.

Mr. W. P. Budd, '00, Editor-in-Chief of the first magazine ever published by our school was valedictorian of his class at Trinity last year, and editor of the *Archive*. He is now teaching in the city High School.

W. W. Umstead, '04, is a member of the Freshman class at the University of North Carolina.

We understand that Miss Annie Anderson, '04, is leading the Freshman class of Trinity College this year. We hope that Miss Anderson will be successful in maintaining her lead.

Ernest Tillett, '00, is now taking a course at Vanderbilt University, having been awarded a scholarship to that place from Trinity College, where he graduated last year.

Exchange Department.

FANNIE MARKHAM, }
 BLANNIE BERRY, } - - - - - EDITORS.

One of the neatest magazines which has come to our table is *The High School Student*, published by the Newport News High School.

The contents are very well arranged. The story, "Only a Wild Flower," is written and told in a most interesting manner. The article, also, on "Our Southern Poets," is instructive as well as enjoyable.

The Portsmouth Student contains several very good stories. Among them are "A Japanese Student," "An Odd Ring," and "Mixed Daughters." The first of these is a three-part story. If the forthcoming portions of the story are equally as good as the first, we anticipate much pleasure in reading them.

The poetry is not up to the standard of the prose.

We were sorry to notice that there was no Exchange Department in this magazine.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Echo*, *The Phillipian*, and *Crescent Rays*.

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(White.)

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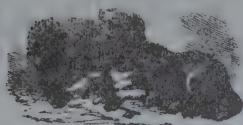
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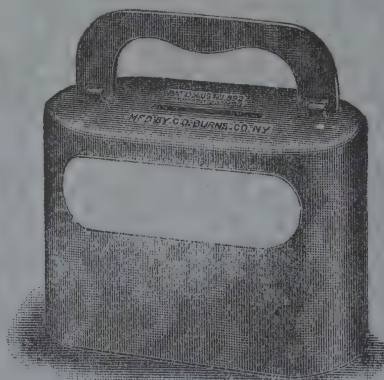
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The
MESSENGER

Vol. 1

MAY, 1905

No. 3

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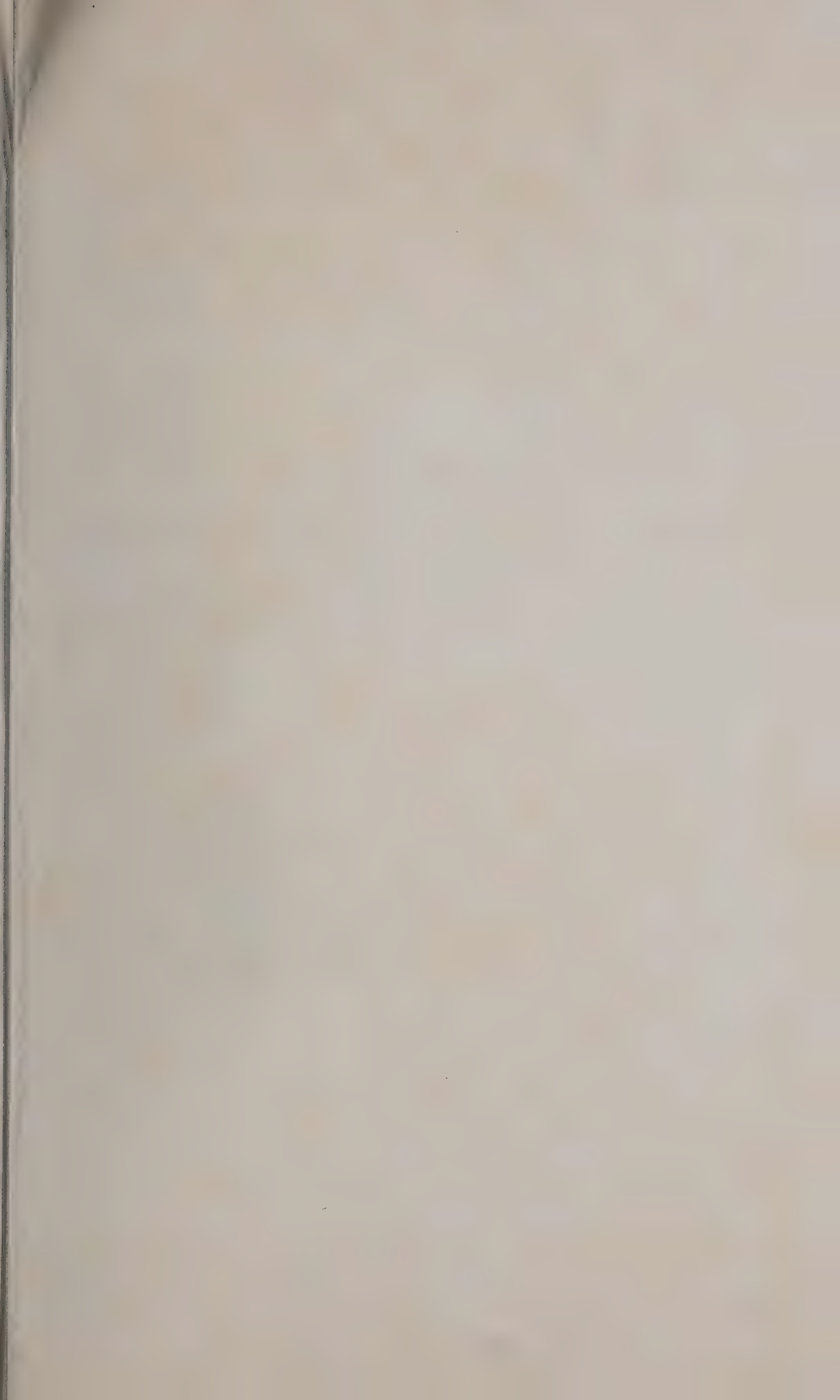
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CLASS OF 1905.

Beginning at the top, and reading from left to right, the names are: (1) Iva Barden, Carrie Hammet, Blannie Berry, Juliet Stone, Yeddie Greenburg; (2) Vivian Blackwell, Iver Ellis, Mattie Lehman, Fannie Markham, Madge Mershon, Susie Cox, Willie Hunter, Evelyn Jones, Myrtle Holder; (3) Maud Rogers, Fannie Speed, Malene Harrell, Louise Troy, Orien Cozart, Julia Albright, Bessie Hammet, Jennie Land, May Southerland; (4) Charlie Foushee, Alvis Pleats, William

THE MESSENGER.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1905.

NO. 3.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All contributions for publication must be in by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

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MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Arnold Briggs, President.

Madge Mershon, Vice-President.

John Manning, Secretary and Class Orator.

Susie Cox, Historian.

Willie Hunter, Prophetess.

Bessie Hammet, Poetess.

Tom Warren, Myrtle Holder, Louise Troy,

May Southerland, Charles Foushee, Blannie Berry,

Iva Barden, Will Holman,

Orion Cozart,

William Muse, Carrie Hammet, Alvis Pleasants,

Maude Rogers, Mattie Lehman,

Fannie Speed,

Fannie Markham, Malene Harrell, Yeddie Greenberg,

Evelyn Jones, Julia Stone,

Jennie Land, Vivian Blackwell, Eva Cox,

Iver Ellis, Julia Albright.

Class Exercises.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '05.

By SUSIE COX.

No difficulty, among the many which beset the historian, is equal to that of having to select the more important facts from a multitude of minor ones. The class of '05 has had such a varied history that it is hard to determine the more important events of its career. Its record has indeed been remarkable. It was seen in the early days of Latin that the class was destined to be a leader. It equals any of the past in hard students and eloquent orators. Four years ago, when a large number of pupils entered the seventh grade, the day of graduation seemed a far distant thing—almost unreal. Today we realize that the time passed has been but a span, and perhaps all of us regret that it has not been spent more profitably. Many of our number have dropped by the wayside, some entering Trinity High School, where the burdens are lighter; some A. & M., where the science of electricity may be learned; one to Oxford, that he might be under Mr. Horn-er's control; one even to the Normal, where a special course can be taken; and, worse still, one married. Of the thirty-one who have been faithful to the last, several will enter college.

The roll begins with the name of Julia Siddons Albright, and indeed her head is all bright, both within and without. Next is Iva Barden, who can explain a Greek verb from the root to the top. Then the euphonious name of Vivian Blackwell, whose favorite study is history. Blannie Berry reaches school at nine breathless every morning. Eva Cox was rather sad at the beginning of the ninth year, for she missed a familiar face from the tenth grade.

Orien Cozart has always been extremely fond of her teachers, and shows her affections in such a pleasant way. Iver Ellis, we all envied in algebra last year. Yeddie Greenberg thinks she improves her intellect by waving her hand; she likes the exercise. Yeddie has a special right granted her by the class, if not by the teachers, to laugh on all occasions, whether solemn or comic, for she says she really cannot help it, and we are all aware of this fact. The two sisters Bessie and Carrie Hammet's gentle voices have won friends among both teachers and pupils. Then Malene Harrell, into whose life has come a Cross, which she is not willing to share with anyone. Myrtle Holder has been a hard student and will surely graduate. Willie Hunter, the artist of the class, has always stood well, and in her senior year she has had to battle with a serious illness, but came out victorious in a Mann-ly way. Evelyn Jones, who is noted for her natural brightness, *ipse dixit*, has a strange faculty for falling in love with—well, I will not say who. Then the name of Jennie Land, the smallest in the class, and Mattie Lehman, the dark-eyed musician of the class. Our little Southern friend, Madge Mershon, whose rhythmic name falls pleasantly on the ear, is especially gifted in argument and often takes the lead in untying a knotty question. Fannie Markham has a remarkable memory. She is never known *to forget* anything, especially dates. Maud Rogers is hardly quiet enough and has furnished most of the amusement for the class. May Southerland has an aptitudé for all science. Fannie Speed, with her loud tones, drowns the voice of the whole class. Julier Stone, is rather delicate. Louise Troy, the beauty of the class, likes the exercise of walking better than translating Latin and Greek. Arnold Briggs, the sole champion of dignity in the senior class, has been editor-in-chief of our school magazine since its beginning. Charles Foushee is the crack joker and champion laughter. William Henry Holman's fondness for Latin is a hobby

with him. Indeed, he is so gifted in Latin that he dreams in that language. John Hall Manning is quite a *litterateur*, and represented his society as debater this spring. William Muse is rather quiet for a boy of his age; in fact, he is seldom known to laugh, but is sometimes seen flirting with girls from the corner of his eyes. Alvis Pleasants enjoys the distinction of having loved more girls during the past two years than any other boy in the class, having uttered on one occasion these memorable words, "Who could love a girl a whole year?" Tom Warren was always a precocious child, and in his old age he has not departed from it.

This class has been peculiarly blessed in its instructors. As historian, did time allow, it would give me pleasure to mention every one of them, from our faithful superintendent, and kind, and at all times beloved, principal, Professor Carmichael, through the whole faculty. But I can only give special mention to Miss Markham, who has been our guiding star for the past three years, ever pointing us onward and upward to better and broader paths of learning.

In closing, fellow-classmates, let us remember that the first duty of a student is affection for his *alma mater*, and after that, loyalty to his class.

CLASS PROPHECY.

By WILLIE HUNTER.

When the class of 1905 decreed that I should write the prophecy, being only the great great grandfather of a prophet's son, I was greatly alarmed. So at an early hour of the morning I went to my room to do sacrifice to the gods. While prostrate by one of them Mercury descended bearing a message from Apollo bidding me go to Delphi.

There I would find an aged priest, from whom I should get a clear picture of the future of each of my classmates.

I immediately proceeded to prepare for my journey. In less than a week I was on my way to the famous shrine.

I reached Delphi in due time and at once found my way to the oracle.

The temple showed many marks of age, though it was still impressive both in its colossal size and the massive simplicity that characterizes the Doric style of architecture. In general it presented the same holy spectacle it did in times of Socrates.

I found there the ancient priest and made known my mission. He led me through a dark, stone hallway to a massive iron gate. He opened the gate and bade me stand just within and dare not come a step nearer. He approached an opening in the floor, and stretched forth his magic hand. Suddenly fumes began to rise, and great roaring sounds like the blasts of Vesuvius shook the temple. As the great roaring sounds softened into a low rumbling a smoke came up from the pit, and I caught glimpses of mortals wrapped in vapour. As the noise became softer and the vapour denser, I began to see more clearly the forms and faces of my classmates.

First, there stood Julia Albright, who had already won fame in the literary world by her marvelous writings on various subjects; reading a paper to a vast audience. The subject of which was, "Which is of more use a woman, a hat pin, or a broom?" As she finished reading the paper, the scene vanished.

I next saw a small tent. It was at the Raleigh fair and large crowds were gathered around. In front of the tent stood Yeddie Greenburg waving a large, red bandanna handkerchief. She was hollering:

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean. Come in and see the living picture of the Spratts. Only ten cents admission."

Just about this time the tent door opened and there, inside, stood Arnold Briggs and Vivian Blackwell.

The tent and all its inhabitants passed away into the vapour; and there was Mattie Lehman playing on a musical (?) instrument which, it seems, she had just invented. She was singing, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" and playing her own accompaniment on her newly invented instrument. The strains from which sounded very much like the combined noises of the tenth grade when the teacher is out; like the noise from the work shops; like the old piano at the park, and a pig in a fence.

At length I could hear no more, and then there appeared Fannie Markham. She had become dissatisfied with life in America and had gone to the South Pole as a missionary. She was surrounded by a crowd of people to whom she was preaching.

Next was Will Holman with a new Latin text book in his hand which he had just had published. It was the same one which he had written while at his country resort near town, the year before we graduated. I was not surprised at this as I remembered hearing Will say on several occasions that the text books in use in school were incomprehensible to the ordinary student, and besides Latin was always his favorite (?) study.

As Will disappeared, Malene Harrell came upon the scene. She had become a famous singer, traveling extensively; and now, as the first prima donna of the country, she was charming vast audiences in the different cities of the United States.

She was accompanied by Madge Mershon who, as a popular favorite had starred the year before in "As You Like It." I thought, "Well, Madge has at last reached the height of her ambition." As this scene was vanishing I caught the strains of that good old song, "At the Cross," which Malene was singing.

Next came a dried-up old man with a little fice dog as his companion. He was on a farm—a peanut farm—dig-

ging peanuts. Voices of girls, coming down the country road, were heard. Charlie dropped his hoe, and ran down to the road. I suppose he intended walking with them, but as they took no notice of him, he solemnly returned to his work. He was using implements on his farm which he had invented himself, so his training in the manual department at school had at last proven of use to him. I had to turn my head at this sight.

When I looked again, there was Maude Rogers cooking on a gas stove. She was showing Fannie Speed and Jennie Land how to cook some kind of a new dish, which she claimed to be a good brain food. It was amusing to watch poor little Jennie—Fannie and Maude were talking all the time, and she couldn't get in a word. Fannie was talking so loudly that Jennie kept her ears stopped up most of the time. I couldn't understand but one sentence clearly. Maude was saying that she had learned from experience that food was necessary for those who had wasted their time and brain by too close application to study, so she had decided to put into practice some of her profound knowledge so as to help others. I thought, "Well, you are certainly showing Fannie and Jennie how to cook the very thing, for they never wasted any too much of their brain by too close application to study."

There was a long pause, no scene appeared. The priest looked disturbed, he shook his hand, but with no result; he shook it again but more violently, and lo! Julia Stone came up in the vapour. She had been placed among the seven wonders of the world. This scene quickly passed away.

There came next a small country store. It was a department store at Slater's Cross Roads, and Louise Troy was standing in the door. She had become a partner of the business.

Next was May Southerland. She was in a large laboratory, surrounded by a class of young ladies, forming a

chemical experiment. She occupied the chair of Science at Vassar.

After a short pause there came the vision of a grave. "Ah!" said I, "so one of our class members is dead." There was a small, neat tombstone with a name on it. I strained my eyes and started a step nearer, but the priest stopped me. I asked him what the name was. "Evelyn Jones," he replied. She couldn't remember all she knew, or know all she remembered—either way you put it—so gave up and died, and I think she never fully recovered from the heart trouble contracted in the tenth grade.

I turned my head to wipe away a tear. I looked again and there was a man sitting in an old hickory chair leaning against the wall of the store at Shakeray, N. C., reading a book. The book was Xenophon's *Anabasis*. I thought at first I recognized those curly locks; but when I saw the *Anabasis* I knew it could be none other than Tom Warren.

Tom disappeared and there was a cozy, little, vine-clad cottage before me. Susie Cox was standing in the door. I heard her tell some one who was passing that this was the village of Sasserville.

Next came a trained nurse with her white uniform and cap on. She was administering to the sick and suffering soldiers in the Philippines. I knew from her quiet and easy movements that it was Orien Cozart.

There was again a pause. After a short while another grave appeared. It was that of Iva Barden. She died of over work. After the commencement number of *THE MESSENGER* was published, all the magazines wanted her as an editor.

The next scene was quite familiar—Eva Cox was strolling down Main street of Durham with the same person as of old. They went into Goodall's drug store, and I saw no more of them.

I next beheld John Manning, the twentieth century

Cicero. He was speaking to a large crowd on his favorite subject, "What a great man I am." He was renowned for his pompous language and graceful jestures.

Next was a small country school near Greenville. Iver Ellis was the teacher.

Blannie Berry came up in the vapour next. She was in Europe. Princes, earls, and dukes sought her hand, not on account of her money, as many people do, but because of her beauty.

Blannie disappeared with her earls and dukes, and there was Bessie Hammett in her cozy library writing poetry. Bessie had written, since writing the class poem, several books of poems which had met with great success.

As this scene was disappearing, Alvis Pleasants came up. He was dressed in a tight fitting uniform of blue. After leaving the Durham High School, he had gone to West Point where he graduated with highest honors. It was always a desire of Alvis's to become a military man, and as he appeared there in the vapour before me it seemed as if he said, "You see my desire has been gratified and I can safely say that I am now a military man."

Myrtle Holder came next. She was now a member of the faculty of the High School. I think she filled the vacancy made by Miss Lila's departure.

The scenes were getting dimmer now and came only in flashes.

Carrie Hammett was the next I recognized. She was in a hospital. After making her debut in Durham, the social whirl into which she was plunged was too great a strain on her, so she went to the hospital to rest awhile.

There was a long pause before anything else appeared. The priest said, "That must be all." I went over the visions that I had seen and told him that there was one more besides myself. He shook his wand and slowly there appeared another grave. "So three of our classmates are dead," I reflected. On the stone was written: "Rev. Wm.

Muse. Died of an acute attack of hysteria." He got to laughing while preaching one day and couldn't stop.

"That is all," said the priest. "What is to become of me?" I asked. "Well," said he, "it is doubtful about your getting your diploma, so Apollo hasn't made out your future."

Once more the Vesuvius like sounds were heard. I looked around to thank the priest, but he was gone. I had gotten what I went after, so I was satisfied. I returned home and at once began writing what I had seen. I am through now.

I herewith sign my name. My duties, they are done.

I hope that every member will take it just as fun.

NOTE.—We regret to state that on account of The Class Poem having been mislaid, it is impossible to publish it in this issue. It will be reserved for future publication.

THE EDITORS.

Literary Department

THE DARING OF BEN.

By FELICIA KUEFFNER, Ninth Grade.

"Ben, is the horse ready?" called out the doctor from his consultation room.

"Yes, sir," answered Ben promptly from the outer office.

"See if you can get together my things for that Bliss operation," the doctor continued, appearing at the door. "I'm a little late, and while I wash my hands and get into my coat you can get them together. Here is the list," and he handed Ben a paper.

"I have them all ready, sir," replied Ben, glancing at the list.

"How did you know what I would need?" asked the doctor, looking puzzled.

Ben flushed. "I knew the operation was on for today, and I read what some of the books said about it while I was waiting here," replied Ben. "It's a very interesting operation, sir."

"Yes, indeed, it is" replied the doctor. "Do you always read up about my cases?"

"Not always," answered Ben, evidently embarrassed; "sometimes when I have time and the cases are unusual."

"You will be studying medicine first thing you know, Ben."

"I intend to," replied Ben, simply.

The doctor put on his coat, and in a very few moments they were riding uptown at a very brisk pace. The doctor was plunged deep into his own reflections, for the case before him was a most serious and important one. The boy's mind still whirled with thoughts provoked by the brief talk in the office. He never had dared before to

spread aloud his long-cherished hope, recently hardened into resolution, to become a physician. He was merely the body servant, the groom of Dr. Hatchfield, without education, means, relatives, or friends. He had not even a common school education. From early boyhood he had been compelled to work for his own support. Only a few brief terms had he had in school. He was ever ambitious.

The physician had marked the purpose and ambition of the lad, had noted his desire to acquire knowledge and his purpose to help himself, and therefore had encouraged him.

It was no wonder that Ben's ambition turned in the direction of his master's profession, as he came to see the vast amount of suffering relieved. The reflections of both came to an end as they drove into the yard with the massive stone house in the center. The weather was cold and threatening, and Ben was directed to take the horse into the barn. An instant later the doctor entered the sick room, and his face grew grave as he examined his patient. There had been a turn for the worse and there was immediate necessity for the operation.

"Where is Dr. Matson?" he inquired of the nurse.

"He has not come yet, sir," was the reply.

"See if you can get him on the phone," commanded the surgeon. "Tell him there is the greatest urgency for his immediate presence."

A moment later the nurse returned with the intelligence that she could obtain no response from "central" on account of the storm outside. The doctor glanced at the patient. The operation must be performed at once if the patient was to be saved. The physician who was to assist him with the anæsthetic had failed him for some reason, and to summon another would require more time than could be spared. He stepped into the hall and called Ben.

"Ben," he said, "you have watched many operations of

mine. I guess you can be safely trusted after I administer the anæsthetic, with the assistance of the nurse."

The patient was soon unconscious on the table. Ben stood at her head, watching every inhalation; the doctor, knife in hand, and the nurse flitting to and fro, awaiting the serious moment. One last careful look and the knife cut deep and true. Then the interior parts were fully exposed, awaiting the attack on the diseased organ. Suddenly the surgeon paused, felt nervously in his instrument case and all his pockets, and dashed into the hall. Ben never before had seen Dr. Hatchfield forget anything. In an instant there was a crash and a groan from downstairs.

The nurse rushed from the room, and Ben started, but then stood firm.

"My God!" shrieked the nurse. "The doctor has fallen downstairs and killed himself!"

Ben realized his terrible position and then tried to remember what Dr. Hatchfield did in a great emergency. He sprang to the hall and saw that the doctor was not in a serious condition. He told the nurse to attend to him, and then he returned to the operating table.

The operation must be completed instantly or the woman would die on his hands. He would go ahead with it himself. He grasped the knife the doctor had dropped, and began to cut. Soon he had the incision closed and sewed. At that instant Dr. Hatchfield burst in, pale and haggard. He cast a piercing look at the patient and then at Ben. "Who?" he asked. "Not you, Ben, surely?" Ben said she would have died if he had not done it. The surgeon examined everything which was removed and said that everything looked all right. "If she recovers I will make you a surgeon indeed." She did recover and Ben spent the next three years in a medical college. Now he is Dr. Hatchfield's partner, and all because he dared.

ENOCH ARDEN.

By TOM GIBBS, Sixth Grade, North Durham.

About three hundred years ago three children were made orphans by a winter shipwreck. They were of no kin. Their names were Annie Lee, a very pretty girl; Philip Ray, a miller's son, and Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad. These three lived together in a small port. They would play at keeping house, and Philip and Enoch would quarrel as to which should have Annie for his little wife. Then Annie would quiet them by saying that she would be the little wife for both of them.

A few years flew by and it became more serious as to which of them should have Annie for a wife. After awhile Enoch purchased a ship. He and Annie were wed. They went across the river on Enoch's little ship, and Enoch made a nice home for Annie near the mill.

They lived in happiness for seven years. After that trouble came on. They had three children. After awhile Enoch wanted to go with a man to China, to be gone seven years. He wanted to go, so as to make a good deal of money. He wanted his children to be raised and have a better education than he or Annie either had.

When Enoch told Annie that he was going to China for seven years, she was filled with grief and begged him not to go. He bade her and his children farewell and left. Annie waited in misery seven long years, but he didn't come back. During this time the youngest child died.

After awhile Philip came to her house and asked to let him put her children in school. She decided to let him do this. So Philip put the children in school.

One day Philip, Annie and the children were walking in the woods together. The children went on playing, while Philip and Annie sat on a stump talking. After awhile Philip asked Annie to marry him. He told her that he was rich and well-to-do. He said that Enoch was dead.

Annie's children all liked Philip and called him Father Philip. Annie kept putting the question off until at last she decided to marry him. The next day the bells rang out and they were wed.

During Enoch's long stay all of this happened. Enoch at last started for home. The ship that he was on was wrecked. Only three were saved, namely Enoch and two other persons. These three lived on a small island in a small hut that they had made themselves. They lived for awhile together. Later Enoch's two companions died. Enoch, therefore, had to live by himself. He was on the lookout every day for a ship sailing home. He at last got on a Dutch vessel and sailed home. It had now been fifteen years since Enoch left home to sail for China. He went to the old house that he had lived in, but instead of finding Annie and the children, he found a widow whose name was Miriam Lane. She told him the whole story about Philip and Annie. After hearing this he died heart-broken. He died blessing Annie, Philip, and the children.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

BY FANNIE ANDREWS, Fifth Grade, Edgemont School.

The old-fashioned school was located near the cross-roads, in the most thickly-settled region. If possible it would be built near a spring of water. The building was usually built of logs, with a rock chimney at one end. The house was square, with but one room. The children sat on long benches without backs. There was a large fireplace, large enough for the boys or girls to sit in if there was no fire in it.

The chief studies were spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic. They had curious ways of spelling in those days. The word "*abomination*" would be spelled after this fashion: *A*, there's your *a*; *b-o-m*, *bom*, there's your *bom*, there's your *abom*; *i-n*, *in*, there's your *in*, there's

your *bomin*, there's your *abomin*; *a*, there's your *a*, there's your *ina*, there's your *bomina*, there's your *abomina*; *t-i-o-n*, *tion*, there's your *tion*, there's your *ation*, there's your *ination*, there's your *bomination*, there's your *abomination*. They recited standing in a line before the teacher's desk. The classes were numbered and you could hear the teachet say, "First class in arithmetic stand," etc.

The punishments in those days were severe. The teacher always had a supply of hickory switches on hand. The little girls were sometimes held up by their ears until they bled. The children were dismissed about four o'clock; sometimes it was five. When dismissed, with a "hurrah!" they would scatter in all directions for home, some having to go four or five miles.

A STORY OF APOLLO.

By ANNA LEA WILLIAMS, Fifth Grade, Fuller School.

In the far East stands the palace of Apollo. This palace is a beautiful place. Its ceiling is of polished ivory, its floor of silver, and on its walls are wonderful pictures of the earth and its cities, forests and rivers and pictures of nymphs riding on the backs of fishes and playing in the waves.

In this palace lives Apollo, the sun king, sitting on his throne, and around him stands the days, months, years and hours, spring crowned with flowers, summer with her sheaf of ripened grain, autumn with her horn of ripe fruit, and winter with his hair stiff with frost, all awaiting for Apollo to send them forth.

While we are still sleeping Apollo calls to the hours to harness his horses to the chariot.

This chariot was a present to Apollo from Vulcan. Its body is of gold, its axles, pole and wheels of gold, its

spokes of silver, and all along the seats are rows of diamonds and rubies.

Apollo leaps into the chariot, and away go the horses. Aurora, the goddess of dawn, goes before the chariot and puts out the light of the moon and stars and scatters roses on the path.

The first part of the way is steep and the horses can hardly pull up the hill. When they get on top Apollo can see the earth—the next part is down hill, and the horses would get out of the road but Apollo is a good driver, and every day he gives the exact amount of heat and light to the earth.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

By BEVERLY SNOW, Fourth Grade, Morehead School.

One morning the wind woke up and said, "I am going to have frolic today."

First it went to the great town. There it cracked the signs and scattered down shutters and blew old women's bonnets off. Then it blew down the ginger-bread stalls; and the urchins picked up each an apple or orange, and ran off with it.

Then it went to the fields where the cattle wondered what was coming. Then it tossed the colt's manes and pulled the cow's tails.

Then it puffed the bird's feathers and blew the traveler on the king's highway. Then it hustled the beggar's bags and played with his dirty rags.

Then it went to the forest and said to the oaks, "I am going to make you bow." So it made them bow, and it cracked their branches.

So it went on to the village; and the women came out to see if their chickens were all right. The geese screamed, and the turkeys gobbled, and the people raised ladders to put logs on the roof to keep it from falling.

Then it met a school boy in a lane. It tossed him until he stood with his shoe in the mud and his hat in the pool.

Then it sank to rest laughing to think in its frolic how little of mischief it had done.

DANIEL BOONE.

By ISAAC HARRELL, Third Grade, Fuller School.

Daniel Boone was a great hunter. He came from Pennsylvania to North Carolina while he was a boy. He loved the woods and did not want any near neighbors. He helped his father work on the farm and build his house. As he grew up settlers began to come to North Carolina, and he became restless, saying he did not have "elbow room."

He was now a man and could do as he pleased, so he moved to Kentucky. He could handle a gun with great skill, and seldom missed his mark. In those days the Indians gave the settlers great trouble, but Daniel was always a match for them. He was brave and cunning, and they thought him a great man. They tried to fool him by mocking turkeys and owls, but he had lived in the woods too long and knew the habits of its inhabitants too well to be fooled even by the Indians.

Once they were trying to catch him and he cut a grapevine and hung it on the trees, then swung himself over the ground to keep from making tracks. But after a long time the Indians did catch him, and they admired him so much the chief painted him and called him his son. Boone did not let them know how uneasy and restless he felt. They thought he was satisfied, but he was planning to get away. The chief gave him a certain number of bullets and let him go hunting alone. Night after night he returned loaded with game. They did not know he had cut each bullet in two and was preparing to escape. One

night he did not come back. With the half bullets he had saved he was making his way back to his wife and children, and did reach them without being recaptured.

On one hunting trip he and his friends parted, he going to one part of the swamp, they on the other. He saw some bear tracks and came right on a mother and father bear, with their little one. He shot at once and killed one of the old ones. He shot at the other, but strange to say did not hit it, so the old bear made for him. He had no time to load his gun and looked around to escape. He began climbing a tree, but the bear came after him. There was no time to load his gun, so with his ramrod he struck the bear, sending him down the tree, then finished him with a bullet. About that time his companions came up and asked, "Who was up the tree, you or the bear?" He replied, "The bear WAS." Then he cut on the tree, "D. Boone killed a bar on tree in the year 1760," and left. It is said his spelling could have been beaten, but his shooting could not.

Poem Everyone Should Know

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

*When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;*

*Ere the evening lamps are lighted, .
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall ;*

*Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;*

*He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !*

*They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !*

*And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.*

*With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.*

*And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.*

*Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.*

*O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!*

—Henry W. Longfellow.

Alumni Department.

NAN JORDAN,
BURKE HOBGOOD, }

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EDITORS.

The Alumni Association of the Durham Public Schools has been reorganized with every prospect of becoming a permanent organization. The reorganization was affected recently by the concerted efforts of a number of the graduates who realized the possibilities of organized action on the part of all the alumni.

Mr. E. J. Green has been elected president of the Association; and a systematic effort is being made to reach every graduate of the school and enlist the interest and co-operation of each in the movement. Committees have been appointed for the purpose of securing a complete list of the graduates of the schools; but a serious difficulty has been encountered in the fact that most of the older records of the schools have been lost or destroyed. However, considerable progress has been made.

It has been definitely decided that a meeting of the Alumni will be held on commencement day; and an interesting program is being arranged. Mr. Luther M. Carlton will deliver the Alumni address.

It is the purpose of the Association to undertake some active work looking to the keeping of the Durham Public Schools in the place that they have occupied for years—the front rank of the public schools of the South. Therefore, the hearty co-operation of every Alumnus is solicited and expected.

In Lighter Vein.

IVA BARDEN, }
ORIN LLOYD, }

EDITORS.

"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles."

STRAY SHOTS FROM YOUNG GUNS.

In the geography class a small boy asked his teacher if she ever heard of rivers flowing North.

"Oh yes" she said. "Why shouldn't they?"

"Well," he replied, looking at a map which hung on the wall, "they couldn't flow towards the ceiling."

Small boy.—"Mother, Henry broke his arm at school today."

Mother.—"Don't you want to go by and see him this afternoon?"

Small boy.—"No ma'am, I'm afraid that I might catch it."

Teacher.—"Of what does catoptrics treat?"

Bright Pupil.—"Of cats."

History Teacher.—"What happened to Poland in 1832?"

Mary.—"He was shot and killed."

Teacher.—"What became of John Paul Jones after he had finished fighting along the English coast?"

Deductive Pupil, after meditating for sometime,— "I don't exactly know; but I think he was preaching around here a few years ago."

One of the new rules adopted by the teachers is that English papers will not be received unless written on fools-cap paper. The other day in the second English class the professor asked one of the boys to collect the compositions.

On his round he found a paper not written on the specified paper. This young man said, "Why, don't you know that Mr. H—— won't take it unless it is written on capsule paper?"

One day a small boy who had just started to school was asked by his teacher how old he was?

"Ten cents," was the reply.

"Ten cents?" inquired the teacher.

"O, I mean ten years. I was thinking about ten cents."

Once the ninth grade had an experiment in physics with boiling water. One brilliant young lady wrote as her inference that "water boils when the adams (atoms) begin to expand."

One afternoon in the science class, some one said that the states of North Africa bought ivory, gold dust, and ostrich feathers from the Sudan. A certain young lady remarked, "Mr. E——, is that gold dust the same as Pearline?"

Exchange Department.

FANNIE MARKHAM, }
BLANNIE BERRY, }

EDITORS.

We are glad to receive both the March and April issues of the *College Message* published by the Greensboro Female College. This magazine is an excellent one as it always contains several short, interesting stories. The "Tennis Court Romance" and "Love Poets in Literature" deserve special mention.

The *Park School Gazette* for March contains only two stories, "John Buck's Freedom," a story true to Southern conditions during the Civil War, and, "A Jaunt in May," which has many fine descriptions. Two stories is a small number for a magazine of its rank.

In the *Portsmouth Student* for April we are glad to see an exchange department. There are also decided improvements along other lines. The second part of the story, "A Japanese Hero," is equally as interesting as the first.

The *School Month* published by the Salisbury school is full of interesting literary matter, but it is not original. The story, "Jerusalem at the Fair," is well written and excellent in every respect. Like ourselves they are just beginners, the March number being their first.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *St. Mary's Muse*, *The Echo*, *The Philipian*, and *The Wake Forest Student*.

Commencement Program.

PART I.

Annual Sermon,
Rev. Alfred H. Moment,
Trinity Methodist Church,
June 1, 1905, 8:30 P. M.

PART II.

Alumni Meeting,
Morehead School,
June 2, 1905, 3:30 P. M.
Address.....Mr. Luther Carlton
Music.
Songs.

PART III.

Commencement Exercises.
Academy of Music, June 2, 8:00 P. M.
Essays.
Address.....Dr. Charles D. McIver
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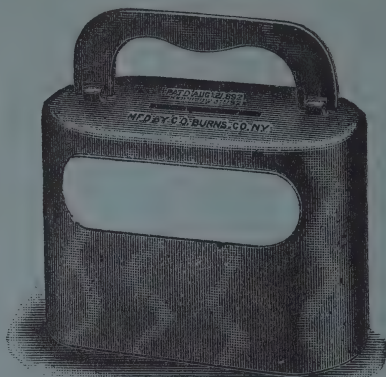
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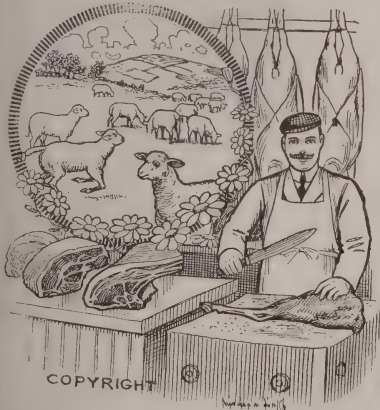
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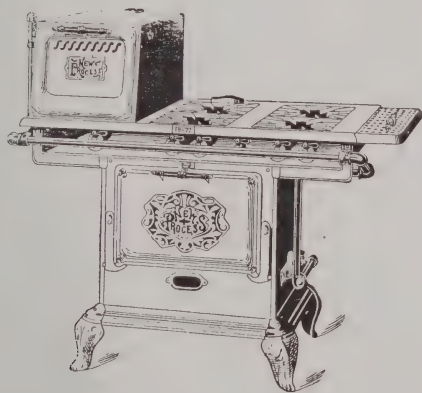
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Are Stolen Fruits Always Sweetest ?

BY NANCY T. RENN, '09.

Amy, who was just sixteen, was sitting in the back yard on an old broken box. Her chin was resting on her hands and the warm October sun was pouring down on her uncovered head.

Amy lived in a pretty house and was accustomed to all the comforts of life, but she wasn't allowed to have her own way quite as often as she liked.

"I'm just bound to go and see that game," she said, "but I don't see how I'm going to manage it, after Papa's veto. I'll go tackle Mamma, maybe she doesn't know that Papa has already refused, and if she says I may go I'll manage to get away before he comes home." Amy had no sooner come to this conclusion than she acted and went in to find her mother.

Mrs. Lord sat in the library, reading the last magazine. Amy began cautiously, feeling her way, as it were: "Mamma, did you know that our high school boys are going to play the Raleigh boys this afternoon?" Mrs. Lord read on for a few seconds, knowing nothing whatever about the game, nothing interested her less. Her children had been able to teach her why a bat was not necessary in football as well as in baseball.

"Mamma,—," began Amy again.

"Yes, dear, I heard your brother say so."

Oh, that everlasting brother. Amy was never able to tell any news at all or show anything new. "Brother" always managed to get there first. He was two years older, a senior in the high school this year; he always got good marks, while Amy did the opposite, and in his own estimation he was the king of the household.

"Is Brother going to see the game, Mamma?"

"I think so."

"Well, I can go too, can't I?"

"Not this time; you had your choice between the game last week and this one. You chose the other and you know you can't go to all of them." Mrs. Lord picked up her book again, so Amy knew that was final. She wandered out of the library up to her own room. As she passed her brother's room she saw his school clothes thrown over a chair.

"Of course Mr. Lord has to dress up and do a little extra," she thought. "He thinks he is going to see Anna Fearing, and I would just laugh if he didn't. Heaven knows he started early enough. I hope he'll be able to find a seat big enough to hold him."

Amy dropped down on a window seat in her room and began to think of all the excitement she was missing. She could almost see the grandstand filling up, the pennants waving, the buggies driving up and groups of excited boys giving the yells. Of course there would be plenty of little coons and dirty-faced urchins swinging on tree limbs; the picture wasn't complete without them.

"Now, if I were a little old half-cared-for boy, I would be up a tree seeing this grand game," she thought. Then an idea struck her. It was so daring and bold that just the thought of it made the blood rush to her face, and she sat staring straight front for several minutes.

Then she stood up, with determination on her face, and softly stepped into the hall to listen. All was quiet below. Stealthily she went into her brother's room, grabbed up the suit of clothes and a soft hat and hurried back in her own room.

She stopped for a second to think. The best place she decided would be in the barn. Wrapping the suit and hat in the paper she hurried to the barn.

In a few minutes there emerged a figure which would never have been taken for Amy. The fit of the clothes was exceedingly loose, in fact baggy, and to complete her disguise, she had taken a dirty cloth, used for cleaning the buggy, and smeared her face and hands. She started to the ball ground on a run. There was the crowd, the pennants and the rah! rahs! just as she had pictured it. Oh! how glad she was that she had come. "Stolen fruits are always the sweetest," she had often heard, and surely she never was so glad to get anywhere as she was to this game. She realized that she must play her part so she ran her hands into the pants pockets, and stopped with a sudden jerk. There was a dollar in one of the pockets. "How in the world does he manage to save his money? I never can. Think of

going to a game and having a dollar besides. I might as well buy a ticket and go in the grandstand, since there is plenty of money." But on second thought she decided not to. Oh, wise virgin! Surely the devil looks after his own.

Amy selected her tree and climbed up. This was no easy matter, for her knees and hands were both sore by the time she reached her resting spot.

Just then the game began, and everything else was forgotten. During the first half she hardly breathed. The Durham boys were not playing their best and Raleigh was ahead. After a rest, the last half began. The Durham team was doing better. Boys were shouting and throwing up their caps, and Amy waved her hat, too. Merciful heaven! She had forgotten her hair, which came tumbling down all around her shoulders. Game and all was forgotten. Could she possibly fix it back before some of the other tree inhabitants saw her? After some minutes of hard labor, she had it all tucked back, and the hat pulled down over her eyes and ears. "Just suppose I had been in the grandstand," she said, and shivered to think of the consequence.

The game was nearly over, the score was even and the excitement intense. With screams and yells, the crowd watched "Old Whit," the captain of the home team, make the winning touchdown. The crowd rose and cheered, began to mix and disperse.

"I guess I might roost here for awhile, until the crowd gets away. Such a glorious game, worth risking anything to see."

So Amy sat patiently until she felt she could make her way clear by going through a small grove to the back of the house. Just as she turned towards the barn, she stopped dead short. "Who in the world is that with Brother? Is it possible that it's Eddie White from Norfolk?" She knew perfectly well that he had come there to see her and not her brother, and she was in a pretty fix to see anybody. Of all places in the world to take company.

"Just like Brother; thinks everybody is as crazy over those old puppies as he is. They used to be right pretty, but they are getting uglier every minute. I wonder if Eddie is going back on the evening train. If they stand there much longer, I'll go up and speak to him like this, before I'll miss him altogether."

"Well, yes, do sit down and have a smoke."

"I'm just crazy about hiding behind old tree stumps with my knees and hands sore to the touch. If I don't get a chance to see Eddie I'll murder Brother. I'd give worlds to have on my own clothes and a

clean face. What in the world possessed me to put on these old clothes anyway. I always did think they were hideous. I bet Mamma has been looking for me, too, and I'll have to tell where I've been. The idea of going through all of this just to see an old game. It wasn't half as good as the one last week, and football isn't half as nice as baseball. That's right, Eddie, do steer Brother on towards the house. He hasn't sense enough to go on by himself. If I can just get inside the barn I'll never put on this garb again. I'll put on my dress and stop by the kitchen to wash my face."

With a sigh of relief, Amy saw the door close behind her brother and Eddie, and she made a break for the barn. These were her clothes—yes—but in rags. The puppies had been playing with them and while the shirtwaist was still intact, the skirt was hopeless. She knew that she was lost, and it was a doleful figure that went stealing in by the back door and caught a glimpse of her mother and brother and Eddie on the front porch. They were telling him good-bye, and she hadn't had a chance even to speak to him.

That night at the supper table Amy was noticeably quiet. Her brother gave a glowing account of the game, and the fun he and Eddie had together. Then he turned to Amy. "I say, Amy, where in the world were you this evening? Eddie wanted to see you. He had only a few minutes to stay and doesn't know when he will get down here again." Amy never answered. She had mighty matters on her mind.

In addition to the disappointment of not seeing Eddie, she had knees and hands that were stinging and burning, and a torn skirt upstairs that had to be accounted for.

Makes no difference if you're handsome,
Scholar bright and hard to beat,
You're not in it in our school
If you're not an athlete.

—Florence Green.

The Clouds

BY INEZ CROOM, '09.

The clouds they are anxious and troubled and grim,
Concealing the stars that are tiny and dim,
Gray-rimmed they hurriedly pass and repass,
Wierd, wild, in a wind-swept and hovering mass.
And ever and aye in their mad, silent shifting,
The moon gazes through, the night's heavy pall lifting.

At last in a sullen dark heap they collect,
And on the horizon's low line they erect
A stern and forbidding and staunch standing lock,
Where the sun with the daylight unnoticed shall knock.
In vain by Aurora this veil shall be drawn,
As Gloom ruled at even, so rules she at dawn.

First Down, Ten Yards to Gain

BY JAMES O. COBB, '09.

There was a fumble, the pig-skin gracefully bounded into the arms of the well known left half-back, and he made one of his famous end runs.

"First down, ten yards to gain," called out the umpire.

"84, 12, 43, 79," sang out the little quarter-back. The big full-back took the ball and hit the line; it swayed just a little, and the ball was down.

"Second down, nine yards to gain," called the umpire.

Again the quarter-back signaled for a center play, and yet again that full-back hit the line; it weakened just a little more.

"Third down, six yards to gain," called the umpire.

This time there was a determined look in that full-back's eyes—only six yards from the goal, only six yards from a touchdown, and only six yards from victory.

Again the quarter-back signalled for a center plunge,—he had confidence in the full-back.

He took the ball and determined to do or die; he hit the line, it swayed, he pushed on, that moving mass of human flesh, weakened under the plunge of the full-back, it fell, and as the crowd moved off the ball was seen lying just over the line, in the full-back's arms.

It was a victory for the D. H. S., and a victory for the full-back.

A November Day in the Woods

BY MAUD CREWS, '08.

I sat beneath a maple tree,
One bright November day,
To hear the birds and busy bee,
To rest from work and play.

The leaves fell round me everywhere
All red and golden-brown,
And silence strange did fill the air,
As yet, I heard no sound.

The winds were whisp'ring through the trees,
The sky was fair and bright,
'Twas then I heard the drone of bees,
As on they wind their flight.

The soft south winds so gently blew
It lulled me fast asleep,
And e'er I woke the evening's dew
Was falling o'er the deep.

Tell me not, in dreary numbers,
Tennis is an empty dream,
For the player's bad that slumbers,
And serves are not what they seem.
—Ruth Poteat.



RUTH POTEAT,
Captain Tennis Team.



NANCY RENN,
Captain Basketball Team.



JAMES COBB,
Captain Tennis Team.



The Survival of the Fittest

BY OWEN Z. WRENN, '08.

"Why have I a black eye, you say? That's easy—I mean the reason, and not the eye, for that not only hurts my countenance, but it also hurts my feelings. It was all caused by my generous nature—now don't understand me to say that I gave someone permission to punch me in my complexion, for I didn't; I might add that my ignorance helped me to obtain this trade-mark. As I said before, my generosity helped me in this little enterprise. You know I always was generous; my mother and father were both very generous. One time—I well remember—when I had given my goat too much line—another mark of my generosity,—and he had eaten the dome of father's newest pants, out of the goodness of her heart my mother gave me—a mark of her generosity—some sound advice, and about fifty streaks of generosity, and father did ditto, except he left out the advice and substituted in its stead the generosity. Yes, my father was more generous than my mother. But this is getting off the subject.

"To resume: Last week when I went to the city to stay for a week with my sister, who is married, and who has a couple of kids, I made out very well for the first two or three days; then things got somewhat lonesome. Oh! yes, it was lively enough every morning before the kids got off to school, and when they got back; that is, if they stayed at home when they got back. Yes, sir! they were lively kids. The oldest was a boy—twelve, I believe—and the other was a girl something like nine. That boy was a hustler, I tell you! He was something fierce. The first night I was there he brought around some of the scrubbiest, roughest looking kids I had ever seen in my life. He told me they were his 'pals' and were the 'big dogs' in their class at school, and that they all played on the basketball team at school. They all invited me out to see them play, and if possible to

play with them. I thanked them and told them I would, which I never expected to do.

"When, after about three days, becoming lonesome, I thought of their invitation, and decided to go around and have some fun with the kids. I was nearly arrested—before I reached there—for climbing into somebody's back yard. I thought it was the schoolhouse fence, but when I got inside, I found out different, for I knew that the school didn't keep any bull-dog, and I am certain it was a dog—though I never looked back,—for it had the activity of a bull-dog. I finally explained to the policeman that stopped me, my mistake, and he let me go and directed me where I wanted to go.

"Well, I got there, and what do you reckon I saw? Naw, not another bull-dog, but the most horrible looking human beings I ever saw. They had on pants—I reckon they were pants—that reached about half way between their waist and their knees, and they never looked bashful a bit! I almost fainted—Ma always did say I was bashful. She said that was the reason I did not marry, but that is another story. When they saw me they went into ecstasy—I thought they ought to have gone into a dressing room. They asked me to play with them, but before I would venture into anything else, I thought I would look about a bit. I first noticed that they didn't have any weapons to play with except a big round ball the size of a pumpkin, and two big boards on top of two poles, with some kind of small basket contraption on it. It looked harmless, but still I was dubious; I still hung back; there was one other matter, so I called one of the fellows off to one side, and asked him if I had to take off my clothes like the rest. When he said no, there came from my heart a deep sigh. I had made up my mind. The game was to start immediately. I didn't know how to play, but they told me to stand on a certain line and get the ball, and throw it in one of the little baskets up on the pole. Then somebody threw the ball up in the middle, and all at once it got to going, and I lost sight of it. Well, I got the ball,—got it in the stomach that time,—but before I could throw it, I sat down. It jarred me. It jarred my whole system. They told me it was an accident, but I had seen accidents before, for instance, that bull-dog was an accident, and I wanted to quit, but was finally persuaded to play out the half; I didn't know anything about playing out a half, but I did know that I was half played out. When we got started again I did better, that is, better for me, for I got the ball, and made a throw at the aforesaid basket. It went over the basket and over

the fence and hit an old lady on the head. There was no 'cop' around so I bribed her to keep mum, and she went on down the street. Somebody said we were losing time, but I thought it better to lose time than to 'do time.' The game proceeded. I was 'game' and tried to proceed with the game. Somebody stepped on my toe, right on my corn, but I didn't say anything, for I thought that was a part of the game. One time when the ball was in play I made a grab at it and hung my foot on somebody's neck, and fell and stuck the heel of somebody's shoe about four inches in my eye. I could see the point. When I recovered, and started to walk to the schoolhouse, I stepped in a ditch and sprained my ankle so that I could hardly walk. Of course the game was stopped and we all started for home. I was aiming to walk home, but my nephew was going with me, and when I looked at him rigged up like he was, I hailed a close carriage and went home feeling about as bad as any great general did after being defeated in battle.

"When I got to my sister's and got dressed, and got calmer, I looked myself over to count my wounds, and I found that I had the following: One sprained ankle, three sprained fingers, one sore appetite, one blemish on my countenance, and several bad words to my credit on the everlasting book of remembrance.

"So you see the evil of being so generous. I wanted to please everybody. I hated to refuse so small a matter as to play basketball with a lot of kids, and say, not a one of them was hurt in the least. Funny, ain't it? You see it is the survival of the fittest in this world, and I was not the fittest in this case.

"When I get over this soreness I expect to go to work on the railroad, or in a coal mine, or something or other, so as to toughen up a bit, then I might try another game of basketball, but I will have to gradually work up to it.

"You might bring me another glass of that brandy, if you please. This foot is something fierce."

Basketball is a game of spirit;

Baseball is a game of skill;

Tennis is a game of science;

Football is a game to kill.

—Owen Z. Wrenn.

The Turning of the Tide

BY CLARA CRAWFORD, '09.

Arthur Jackson tossed aside his books and drew his chair close to the fire. Resting his chin in his hand he gazed into the glowing embers until a deep line appeared between his clear gray eyes.

"It's no use," he thought impatiently, "they don't want me for captain after this afternoon's business. Yet—"

A light knock interrupted his thoughts. It was quickly followed by a tall lithe girl of fifteen.

"Oh, Arthur!" she cried, "are you very busy? Can't you help me? It's a troublesome old algebraic problem again. What has happened at the college today? Why didn't you come over to the prep school this afternoon and play tennis?"

"No, yes, lots of things, we had a scrimmage. Is there anything else you would like to know, sister mine?" he laughingly asked as he drew up a chair for her. The problem was soon worked and the brother and sister settled down to compare notes for the day.

"Now what of that football you were telling me of?" Alice asked, after she had recounted her success on the tennis court.

"Well," he replied, and the shadow again came over his handsome face, "you see we elect the captain tomorrow, and some of the fellows want me for captain and some want Charlie Mortemer.

"In the scrimmage this afternoon Mortemer played on the scrub team. We 'Varsity men thought we would practice a circling end run. Jones passed the ball back to Dickson and he gave it to me. I attempted the run, but Mortemer met me. In the collision I was thrown and the ball slipped from my grasp. He seized it and carried it back across the field and made a touchdown for the scrubs. That is the first time they have scored anything this season, and I am afraid it will cost me the office of captain."

"Well, Arthur, the election hasn't come off yet, so there is still hope," Alice said, as they rose to join the family circle gathered around the fire in the sitting room.

The excitement over at the college was intense. Students gathered in various rooms and corners of the buildings. All were discussing the important question of "which one would be elected." The football team of Hallam University was one of the strongest teams on the gridiron and all were anxious that she should maintain this rank.

The twilight fell, and inside the pleasant library the fire threw a ruddy glow over the easy chairs and soft couches. In its friendly warmth, Alice sat and waited for the brother who had always been her chum. A step on the veranda told of his approach. In a moment he entered the library and threw himself heavily into one of the chairs, with his face turned from the light. The silence lasted for a long time, then walking to the fire he said, "It is needless to tell you that Mortemer is the captain. Fate is a hard master to serve. After my trouble and toil I am overcome by a trick of chance."

Down by the Brook

BY AILEEN TAYLOR, '09.

I wandered down to the clear brook one day,

Alone, all alone;

I gazed on the silvery fishes at play,

Alone, all alone.

Two spring birds were tenderly singing above,

In the dawn of the sweetness of love.

The brook gently rippled o'er the rocks as it played,

Soft, so soft,

And the fish darting up to the surface, delayed

Oft, so oft,

To delight in the beauty of God's wonderful day,

So pleasant, so bright and so gay.

There is a long loud cheer,

What is it all about?

Our football team is drawing near

We'll win the game, no doubt.

—Julia Henry.



The Football Team

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE, '07.

Shout! ye freshmen, ye sophs, ye juniors, ye seniors, ye graduates, shout, for at last we have put out a football team that is a winner.

Far too often in past years has the chronicle of our football doings taken unto itself the form of an elegy; far too often in past years have our soaring September hopes turned traitor moons and moons before Thanksgiving.

Some wit has said something about a long avenue that has no turning—our dear old high school has been travelling up that avenue, but now she has come to the turning—henceforth all her teams will be winners like her last one. So it is with a pleasing assurance that he has a pleasant chronicle to chronicle, that ye humble chronicler hieth him to chronicle the doings of the greatest football team the old high school has ever turned out.

Practice was begun early in September under the able direction of Coach Stevenson, of Trinity College. Charlie Whitaker, captain of last year's team, was unanimously re-elected, and was always on hand to help strengthen the team in its weak points, with good advice and sometimes, when he thought the occasion demanded it, with a few words that savored somewhat of the *bizarre*. Every little bit helped.

Among the men of last year's team to make good was "Long" Henry Pendergrass, Durham's towering center. Mack White, who did stunts last year at left tackle, came back to his old position. Will Whitaker, '07's fast end, again donned the harness and played a fast game as left guard.

Among the new men to round into form was Howard Lea, who projects upward in the neighborhood of six feet and who showed remarkable abilities in kicking goal. Rose, another new man in school, was easily the choice for right guard on account of his sturdy line bucking, and his ideal head of long bushy hair, so essential to the game.

Clyde White developed into the best light weight quarter Durham has seen in many a year, and was sure of the position from the start. An unyielding mountain of flesh was Mack Campbell, Jr., Durham's star fullback. He was the logical choice from the start on account of the ease with which he tore holes in the opponent's line.

Walter Simon, right tackle, got there by his ready grasp of the subject—when the subject was running with the ball—and the bulldog tenacity with which he held him after he grasped him.

Hubert Scoggins was speedy, and he and Whitted both secured positions as ends by their beautiful tackling. Among other good football men who played as subs were Grover Scoggins, Vernon Cheek, John Lynch, "Buck" Lea, and Will Farthing.

Under the direction of Coach Stevenson and Captain Whitaker, the team practiced several times each week at the George Lyon Park and rapidly rounded into shape. As the date for the opening game approached, it became more and more evident to high school enthusiasts, that Durham had a strong team.

October 5, at Durham.

Greensboro High School, 5. Durham High School, 0.

Foushee—L. E.—Farthing
Denny—L. T.—White, M.
S. Grimsley—L. G.—Whitaker, W.
Crutchfield— C. —Pendergrass
McNairy—R. G.—Rose
Preger—R. T.—Lynch
Hendrix—R. E.—Whitted
H. Grimsley— Q. —White, C.
Dillon—L. H.—Simon
Hampton—R. H.—Whitaker, C. (Capt.)
Harrison— F. —Lea, H.

Durham was clearly outplayed, showing up especially weak in the interference. Some difficulty was experienced with the signals. Greensboro carried the ball over by steady rushing and missed goal. Greensboro's quarter played star ball.

October 7, at Durham.

Bingham, 0. Durham High School, 11.

A fast, snappy game in which Campbell for Durham did some wonderful line bucking. He was pushed through Bingham's line for two touchdowns. Lea kicked a clean goal. The Bingham team showed lack of practice and flunked repeatedly on the forward pass. W. Simon and M. White for Durham made some good tackles.

October 12, at Durham.

Raleigh High School, 0. Durham High School, 23.

The game was a walkover for Durham, who kept the ball in Raleigh's territory most of the time. Raleigh played a good defensive game, but was outclassed. Capt. Whitaker for Durham made several long runs, and repeatedly carried the ball over for touchdowns. C. White played a fast game at quarter. Lea kicked three goals out of a possible four. For Raleigh, Bagwell and J. Harris played good ball.

October 19, at Mebane.

Bingham, 0. Durham High School, 10.

The first out-of-town game of the season was an easy victory for Durham. Bingham played a defensive game throughout and never

had a chance. Whitaker, C., and Pendergrass played a strong game for Durham and were given fine support by the team.

October 26, at Raleigh.

Raleigh High School, 0. Durham High School, 0.

Holman—L. E.—Scoggins, H.
Newcombe—L. T.—Cheek
Sherwood—L. G.—Rose
Baldwin— C. —Pendergrass
L. Harris—R. G.—Whitaker, W.
Holding—R. T.—Simon
Utley—R. E.—Whitted
J. Harris— Q. —White, C.
Stafford—L. H.—Lea, H.
Duckett—R. H.—Whitaker, C. (Capt.)
(Capt.) Brockwell— F. —Campbell

One of the hardest fought games of the season. It was characterized by some rough playing on the part of Raleigh. Durham played a fast, clean game, carrying the ball to Raleigh's five yard line, but failing to advance it further. For Raleigh the game was played almost entirely by Utley, Duckett and Brockwell. Durham's failure to win this game can be partly ascribed to the fact that Utley and Duckett were college players and were not students of the Raleigh High School, while Durham played a *bona fide* all-high-school-team.

November 1, at Durham.

Warrenton High School, 6. Durham High School, 0.

Rumley—L. E.—Scoggins, H.
Cherry—L. T.—White, M.
Royster—L. G.—Rose
Jones— C. —Pendergrass
Tillery—R. G.—Whitaker, W.
Hughes—R. T.—Simon
B. Meredith—R. E.—Whitted
R. Meredith— Q. —White, C.
(Capt.) Mason—L. H.—Lea, H.
Graham—R. H.—Whitaker, C. (Capt.)
Chapman— F. —Campbell

A clean, hard-fought game, in which Durham met a fair defeat. Warrenton showed splendid team work. Campbell, Rose, Scoggins, Whitaker, C., and White, C., played hard ball for Durham and made frequent gains. Warrenton scored early and kicked an easy goal. R. Meredith and Hughes did fine work for the visitors.

November 9, at Durham.

Durham Ex-Stars, 0. Durham High School, 0.

An exciting game, played with a team made up largely of former high school and college men. The high school was greatly outweighed. It was an interesting game and the ex-stars showed up well in spite of their imperfect signals. The whole Durham team played fast ball, but could not break down the barrier of weight.

November 16, at Durham.

Salisbury High School, 0. Durham High School, 44.

A one-sided Durham walk-over. Salisbury played loose ball and showed up especially weak in the line. Long cross country runs by Captain Whitaker, C. White, H. Lea and eight touchdowns furnished some excitement for the spectators. The work of H. Whitted, W. Whitaker and H. Scoggins was especially good. For Salisbury the tackling of S. Devereux was fine.

At the time of going to press arrangements are being made for a Thanksgiving game, which will wind up the season.

In thus summing up briefly the games played, it is obviously impossible to give due credit to each individual player for the part he played in bringing victory to the white and gold. Suffice it to say that every man on the team, without exception, has played clean, manly football, and deserves the best the high school can give him for his loyal service this year.

Credit is also due to Prof. E. J. Green, principal of the high school, for the whole-hearted support that he has given to high school athletics and especially to the football team. The support of the student body has been much better this year than ever before, and the generous sprinkling of high school girls among the spectators was no doubt an important factor in helping to inspire the boys to greater deeds.

There are two sides to football. With one side everybody is familiar. This is the side that has to do only with the game itself. The happy crowd assembled to see the fight, the sensational runs, the touchdowns, the tackles, the cheering of enthusiasts, these are all features of the glorious side of football.

The other side is not so soul-stirring and much less poetic. It has to do with the live problem of spending several hours a day in grinding practice, productive of hard falls and twisted ankles, and at the same time maintain a satisfactory class average. There is no enthusiastic crowd present to cheer them on; nothing but their school spirit to encourage them. The team has made a wonderful record, allowing their goal to be crossed just twice, and rolling up a total of 88 points to their opponents' 11.

Rise, therefore, ye loyal students of the Durham High School and give three long rahs for

THE FOOTBALL TEAM!

Tennis

On the boys' grounds there has been laid off a very nice tennis court, and upon that court the tennis team has been practicing daily.

After about two weeks' practice we held a tournament, at which we made the teams. The first team was made by Cobb and Sasser, with P. Thomason as alternate.

Our first game was played November 8 with the tennis team of the girls. The boys won by the score of 18 to 1, or 6-0, 6-0, 6-1. The girls were represented by Misses Inez Croom and Geneva Cheatham, the boys by James Cobb and Don Sasser. The girls put up a plucky fight. Better luck next time.

Our second game was played in Greensboro, November 16, against the Greensboro High School, Greensboro winning by the close score of 18 to 16, or 6-4, 4-6, 8-6. (The last being a deuce set).

Greensboro was represented by Fry and Hunter, while Cobb and Sasser stood on the Durham side of the net.

The Greensboro men played a fine game, especially Hunter. They whipped us fair, and we hope that they will be able to say the same of us when they come to Durham. P. Thomason accompanied the team as alternate.

J. C.



It has been the custom of our predecessors to title their November issue of the MESSENGER as the "Thanksgiving Number." We do not wish to do away with a reverential custom nor do we wish to leave the impression that we are not thankful to our Creator for the manifold blessings which have been bestowed upon us since our last Thanksgiving. However, the staff has seen fit to publish an "Athletic Number" for November, instead of Thanksgiving.

Extra efforts have been made to make this the best publication we have issued. We hope every member of the student body may be pleased with this issue. If it isn't as good as you would like to see it, kindly help to improve the next issue, instead of criticising us.

We are glad to be able to say that the Durham High School has organized its first "Athletic Association" this year, which has proved to be a very helpful element in our educational life. We have girls' basketball and tennis teams, also boys' basketball and tennis teams. The grounds are well prepared, and enthusiastic contests take place often.

Our football team is the best the Durham High School has ever put out on the gridiron. The team, with aid of Coach Stevenson and Captain Whitaker, has played eight games, winning four, tying two, and defeated two.

It is the intention of the Association to put out a baseball and track team in the spring. Captain Card, of Trinity College, director of the gymnasium, is giving the students physical culture, which is developing strong, active, healthy students. The student body should feel grateful to the Board for inaugurating this element in the school, as we have often thought a hygienic study should be taught in our school.

J. A. S., '08.



PERCY BROWN,
Captain Baseball Team.



FRED HAMLIN,
Captain Basketball Team.



CHARLIE WHITAKER,
Captain Football Team.

Blackwell Literary Society

BY CLAIR YOUNG, '08.

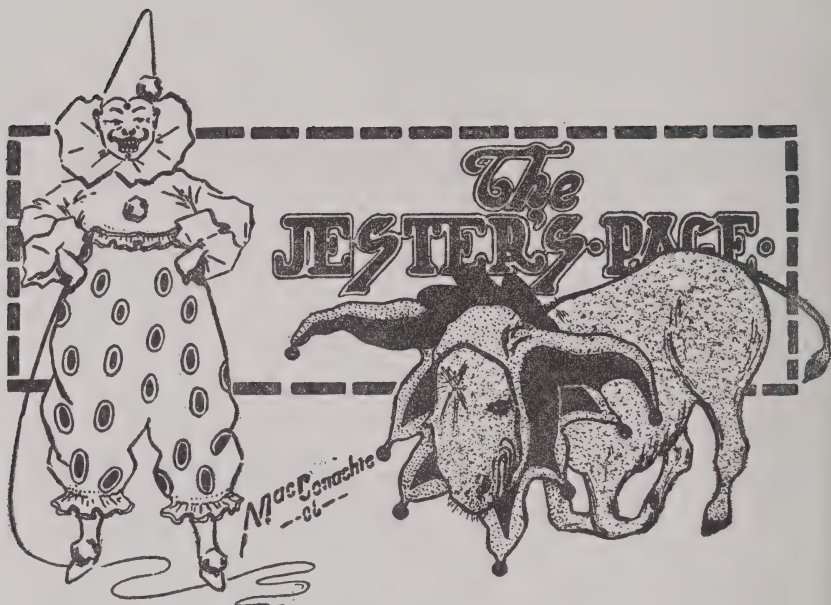
One thing that the Blackwell Literary Society has long needed is the use of an "up-to-date" library. Now we have this. Trinity College has very kindly consented to give us the use of its magnificent library. For this we feel very grateful and wish to offer the thanks of each individual member.

To increase the interest in the debates, the Executive Committee has seen fit to put on each side of the query a member of our faculty.

So, boys, get to work, buckle down to your question for debate and show these teachers your appreciation for their help and aid in assisting you in working up your query. We must debate some high school this year, and we have work ahead of us. We have the material and all they need is good, clinching, enthusiastic debates. Hit your opponent's argument like the D. H. S. football team hits the line and you have the decision of the judges. Take all aid and advice in the true spirit in which it is given. We wish to express our gratitude to the faculty for their loyalty to the D. H. S. So, come in; we are "de-lighted" to have you.

There has been organized a "Gideon's Band." This is for the purpose of increasing the interest in the debates. The boys who have joined this band have promised to speak when a regular debater is absent. We hope that this band will be as faithful as Gideon's Band of old.

Our first quarterly election takes place the first of next month. Boys, do not be prejudiced in voting, but vote for the man you think will give the Society his best work. By doing this, you will uphold the standard of the Society and we will have a set of officers that will always be an honor to the Blackwell Literary Society.



Mr. Greever—"Miss Florence, what was the most famous sport of Queen Elizabeth's reign?"

Florence Green—"Bear-dancing."

* * *

English Professor—"Can anyone name a great Scotch poet?"

Freshman—"Sir Walter Raleigh."

* * *

He—"Don't you think I'd make a good football player?"

She—"I'm afraid you would be penalized too often for holding."—Ex.

* * *

The 2b girls discussing boys, as usual:

I. M.—"Don't you think Wallace Seeman is a handsome boy?"

Mirtie Lee—"He ain't very pretty, but he sho' is stylish."

* * *

Wellie Glass, (reading Virgil)—"He wet his face with a large river."

"Why does Joe Speed like to study Physical Culture?"
"Because it treats of Boddies."

* * *

Solemn Senior—"So your efforts to get on the football team were fruitless, were they?"

Foolish Freshman—"Oh, no; not at all. They gave me a lemon.—Ex.

* * *

Inquiring Student, to "Miss" Nan—"What was the name of the first Virginia representative law-making body?"

"Miss" Nan—"Burgess (es)—Was it not?"

* * *

Macbeth—"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hands?"

A Voice from the Gallery—"Have you tried 'Soiloff?' Cleans the dirtiest hands."

* * *

Rooster—"What are you sitting on those tennis balls for?"

Hen—"I am trying to raise a racket."

* * *

You notice how the fellows on the squad are dotting their i i i i.
—Ex.

* * *

Ralph M.—"Why did the Puritans treat the Quakers so mean?"

M. L. Smith—"Why, that was a religious narrowness of that time."

* * *

Mr. Tillett—"Miss Maria, why can't a child walk when it first tries?"

Maria Murray—"Because it hasn't any gravity."

* * *

"What is that peculiar song that the tenth grade girls are singing?"

"The Campbell(s) (is) are coming."

* * *

A rush, a scramble,

A tackle, a fall;

Six wounded, three senseless,

Four dead,—that's football.

—Ex.

Two Irishmen were walking down to the crossing to see a train for the first time. They were in a hot discussion over the probability of such a thing, when suddenly the train came lumbering into view. Mike said to Pat, "Begorra, Pat, here comes Hell harnessed up."

* * *

"Why does Annie Bagwell like for nine o'clock to come?"

"So that she can go to 'Chappell.'"

* * *

"I love its gentle warble,
And I love its gentle flow;
I love to wind my tongue up,
And I love to hear it go."

—Douglas Hill.

* * *

Miss Markham—"What does alma mater mean?"

Bertha Wilson—"White mother."

* * *

Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
"Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to sweep."

—Fred Hamlin.

* * *

Lawrence Cowan likes a little "Crews."

* * *

Freshman—"May I let this shade down? The sun shines on my face."

Professor—"No, leave it up. The sun is good for green things."
—Ex.

* * *

Hannah Pope says she prefers Arthur the King of all of Tennyson's characters.

* * *

When you court a girl to wed her,
Never let the question stop;
First you have to pop the question,
Then you have to question Pop.

—Ex.

* * *

Son—"What is the football coach?"

Father—"The ambulance, I suppose."—Ex.

PROOF OF ANCIENT ORIGIN OF BASEBALL.

In Genesis we hear much of the beginning.
Eve stole first, Adam stole second.
Cain made a base hit.
Abraham made a sacrifice.
Noah put the dove out on a fly.
The prodigal son made a home run.
David struck out Goliath.
We hear much of the foul flies in Pharaoh's time.
We know Rebecca was in company with a pitcher.
Judas was a base man.
John's team was highly praised.
Even today, we hear of the Egyptians' short stop near the Red Sea.
Ruth and Naomi did good work in the field.
A slave fanned Pharaoh.—Ex.

* * *

A TOUGH JOB.

It is easy enough to look pleasant
When your automobile is in trim,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he has to ride home on a rim.
—Ex.

* * *

As ye sew, so shall ye rip.—Ex.

* * *

"Ha!" said the college athlete, as he knocked the graphophone off the table, "here's where I break a record."—Ex.

* * *

When I see a youth with his pants turned up
And his beautiful socks on view,
And over one eye perched a little round hat
With a ribbon of mauve or blue,
And the fourteen rings and seven
Pins that he got at his dear prep. school,
Why, it strikes a chord, and I say: "Oh,
Lord, was I ever that big a fool?"



By M. L. S., '08.

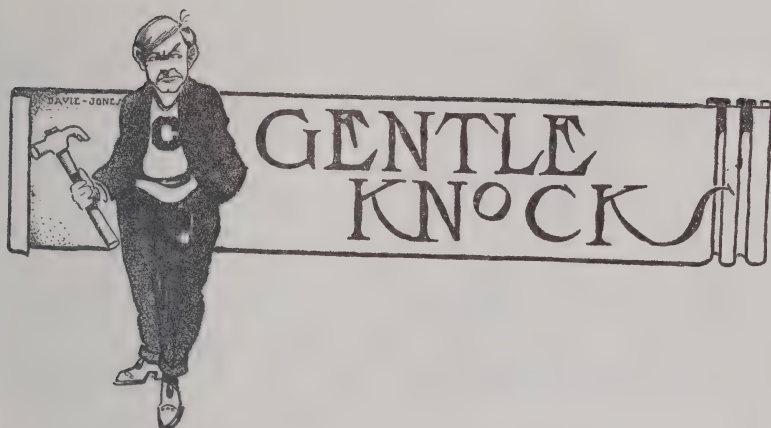
In the Spectator, "A Revised Version" is an interesting bit of fiction with a well worked plot and is worthy of praise. "A Curse Upon Bo-Yo" is good on account of the originality that it displays. It is something unique, in the way of a story, and is one which a person rarely meets up with.

The Park School Gazette for this month comes up to its usual standard. "The Pilot" is an interesting article and is well written. It connects, in a pleasing manner, an old Indian legend with the reality of the present time. The editorial department of this magazine contains thoughts that it would be well to remember. We would suggest, as an improvement in the literary department, more poetry.

The Blue and Gold is quite a creditable magazine. "A Still Hunt" and "A Senior's Translation of Virgil" are both clever and unique. The humorous department is also very good, but the magazine poets need to be awakened. Would it not be better to have more short stories instead of continued ones?

Decidedly the best thing in the Davidson College Magazine is the poem, "The Traveller," which is beautifully written. There are also several good articles on the Jamestown Exposition.

We gratefully acknowledge the High School Student, St. Mary's Muse, Red and White, The Index, and Occident.



A banner with a strange device—D. H. S. pennant.

To know him is to love him.—Mr. Campbell.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.—Football.

Another tumble—that's his precious nose.—“Bull” Cheek.

Gold, gold, gold, gold,

Bright and yellow,

Hard and cold.

—Business Manager.

She walks in beauty like the night.—“Miss” Nan.

He rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell.—Charlie W.

Magnificently stern array.—Football team.

Had sighed to many though he loved but one.—Don Sasser.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.—Miss Tuttle's eyes.

Helter, skelter,

Hurry, scurry.

—Football.

Going as if he trod on eggs.—Mr. Card.

My cake is dough.—Fourth A Cooking Class.

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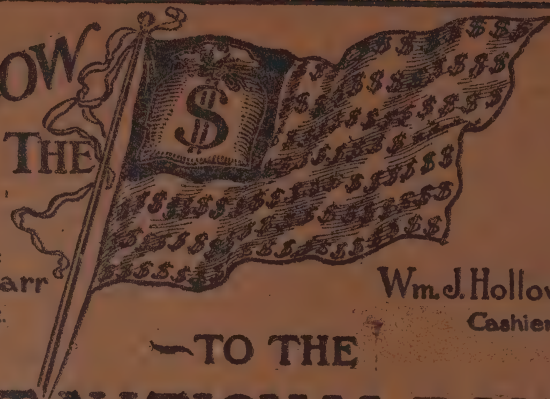
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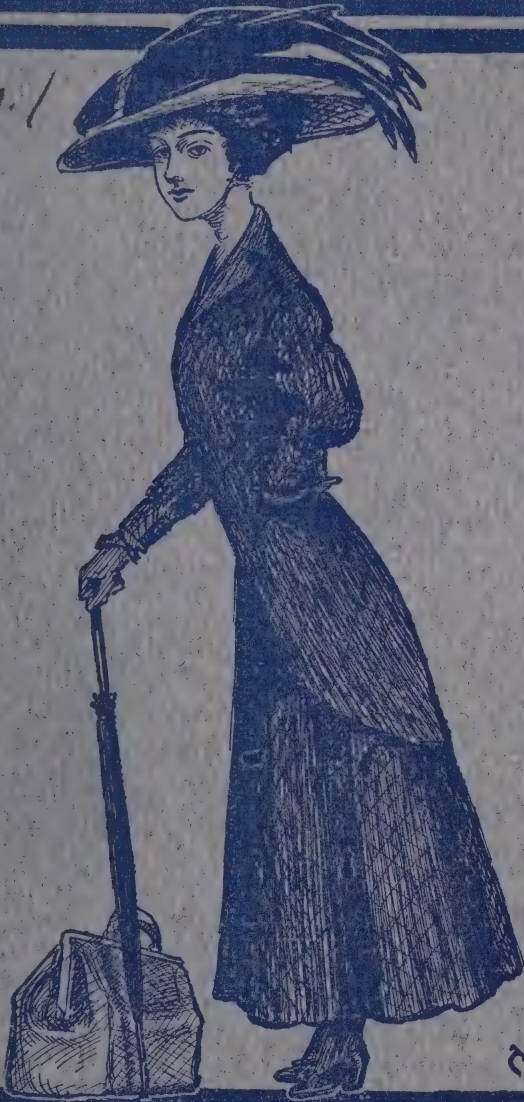
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THIS space in your first issue for the term 1908-9 can be used in no better way than as the means of thanking the teachers, students, and patrons of the Graded and High Schools for their kind patronage during the past term.

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THE MESSENGER

Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School
Durham, N. C.

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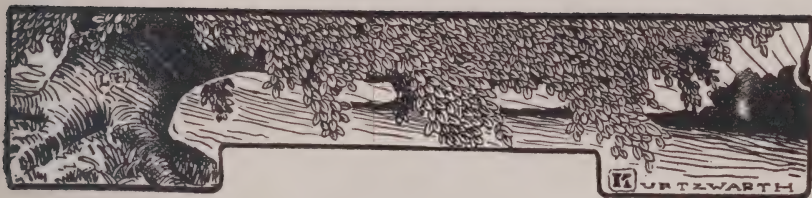
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His One Failing

RUBY ELLIOTT, '10.

"I can get Warden to take you out, I guess," said old Sackett. "He's just come in."

"Is he a good, safe man?" asked Mrs. Cranby.

"Who?—Warden? Well, he's supposed to be—safe as they make 'em round here," responded the hotel keeper. "He's been in the woods with a party for two weeks. Just got back this morning. Best guide on the lakes for a young fellow. Quiet, good-looking, and knows his business."

The Cranbys had come up to the String Lakes in quest of health and pleasure. Mr. Cranby had been called back to his home just after his arrival to attend to some important business matters, and to while away the time Mrs. Cranby and her three daughters had planned a picnic for the following day.

"I won't row four women, Sackett; you can put that down," declared Warden the next morning. "I'm willing to take two. Let 'em get a couple of boats. The 'Injun' can row one. Four females in a boat isn't safe."

Warden had considerable fault to find, and he did it loudly, addressing his remarks to the hotel man, who was on hand to see them off.

"Warden's a mite sour this morning," whispered Sackett to Emma. "Usually he don't say much. Fine-looking fellow when he's dressed up. Knows a lot, too."

But the girl was gazing at the active figure in the boat and did not seem to hear the remark. "I think I'll go in Mr. Warden's boat," she said aloud. Marie can go with me." The man looked up and their eyes met.

"She's a stunner!" thought Warden.

"He looks like a nobleman in disguise," mused Emma.

"Where are you goin', Warden?" asked the 'Injun,' who was only a tall, tanned Yankee.

"Over to Boggey Point," answered Warden.

"How long will it take to row to the Point?" asked Emma.

"Half an hour," was the short answer.

The pretty girl in the stern gazed across the lake. When she brought her eyes back to the face of Warden he was looking straight at her with an expression of respectful admiration. She smiled into his eyes a quick "I-like-you" smile, and the guide's cheeks burned through the tan.

At length he stopped rowing long enough to pull off his gray slouch hat and drop it at his feet. Then he dipped his brown hand in the lake and rubbed his hair vigorously with the cold water.

"There," he remarked, "that feels good."

"Mr. Warden," observed Marie, "you are such a fine-looking man. Isn't he, sister?"

"Hush, Marie," said her sister reprovingly, with a quick blush; "you mustn't be personal in your remarks."

"You look like a picture—"

"Do be quiet, child!" cried Emma sharply. "You mustn't be so outspoken, I say!"

Warden laughed and said, "Thank you. You remind me of—" He stopped short, then shook his head. "Not now," he said at length.

The picnic was all that was expected. After dinner Mrs. Cranby took a nap, Bessie and Marie, with the "Injun," went for a walk, while Warden rowed Emma along the shore in quest of flowers and changing scenery. The fair afternoon passed very quickly for Emma.

"Have a nice time yesterday?" inquired Mr. Sackett of Emma as she sat on the piazza the next morning trying to read.

"Lovely," responded the young lady dreamily. "Oh, Mr. Sackett, isn't that Mr. Warden—isn't he quite superior to most men about here? He uses such good language. He wasn't born here, was he?"

"Oh, well! Let's see. Yes, he does talk first-rate. He's a quick fellow."

Sackett gazed at the pretty face and smiled.

"Did he tell you about his uncle," he went on, "and his college days—the unjust charge, and how he bore it all to shield another—how he ran away and is now living in this desolate country?"

"Ah, you know about him then!" cried the girl, with vivacity.
"Please tell me more," with a spirit of sympathy and interest.

"Yes, I know about him," drawled the other. "Maybe he spoke
to you as to a friend?"

Emma nodded.

"Did he tell you," resumed Sackett, "that he had a wife and
two children about four miles east of here."

"What!" cried the girl springing up and showing color in spite
of herself.

"Just what I say," laughed Sackett.

Emma looked straight at him, then burst out laughing.

"That's right!" exclaimed Sackett. "You're a sensible young
lady."

Daybreak

AILEEN TAYLOR, '09.

The stars are shining faintly,
The moon has long been down.
A hush of deathly stillness
Enshrouds the little town.

See! Tints of red are glowing
About the eastern hills,
And proud chanticleer's crowing
The sleeping silence fills.

Now day at last is breaking
Its fair prospects in view.
Lo! cool refreshing breezes
And skies of softest blue!

A Storm at Sea

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

The sea was tossed by raging storm,
The sky was lost to day,
The waves leaped high, all white and hoar,
The wind rushed down with mighty roar,
And drove the tide the flood plain o'er,
And drenched the tranquil bay.

Loud shrieked the blast to all the world:
"Are any great save I?
Lives he who dares defy my power?
Then tempt this main for one short hour,
'S death! I will make him cringe and cower,
And prepare to die."

But none there came; it shrieked again:
"The world dares not my might!"
And laughed aloud in scornful glee.
Then chanced a ship upon that sea,
Increased the tempest's dark fury,
The waves went frothing white.

The whitecaps flashed, the ship went down
Beneath the raging deep.
Nor all the hopeless cries of pain
From anguished hearts well-rent in twain
Can call those souls from the cold main
And their eternal sleep.

The wild winds now grow low and still
And chant a mournful lay.
The waves sink down with muffled moan,
The storm subdued sings monotone,
O'er those who lie life-reft and lone
Outside the tranquil bay.



A Happy Mistake

ANNIE LAURIE LONG, '09.

Peggy and I had been engaged a month. We lived in a small but pretty village, and enjoyed the companionship of many young people, all of whom seemed interested in us, and anxious to make our relationship "one glad, sweet song." It was our desire, for the time being at least, to guard our engagement as a secret, but we were happy to hold our tongues. It was at length announced, and we followed parties, dinners, "showers," and many other happy occasions with Peggy and me as the leading characters.

We were returning from a dinner given by one of Peggy's old friends and had almost reached her home—a mansion it seemed to me—when a sudden feeling of intense loneliness came over me. There was no cause for it except the realization that I was not to see her again for two whole days, and the further knowledge that her father had refused to allow the marriage to take place at the time desired.

"Peggy," I remarked, "your father has been very unkind to us; further interference on his part will certainly arouse in me resentment, and cause me to act rashly. For weeks I have been"—here I stopped, for I began to realize that she was becoming impatient. I saw clearly my mistake, but was willing to endure hunger for the pleasure of watching the color come and go in her cheeks and lips. I did not know that her resentment was other than temporary, else I would have hastened to recall those cruel words.

At the steps she did not linger as usual to say good-night, but with no other than a casual "good-bye," ran through the doorway leaving me in great perturbation to return gloomily to my home. The next morning a messenger handed me a small package con-

taining numerous things which I had given Peggy, including the engagement ring. A very cool little note accompanied the package. She stated that our engagement was called off and that she had burned all my letters and would like for me to do the same with hers. Of course I was very, very sorry, because I loved Peggy dearly, and could not think of giving her up, even though her father and I could not agree.

But she seemed determined to revenge, and knowing this, I resigned myself to hard work without interest in things which I had formerly loved. We seldom ever met and when we did our greeting expressed no more than passing acquaintance.

I had about given up all hope of winning Peggy again, and had it not been for the kind invitation of Mrs. Durmont, a young society woman, urging me to spend a week with her at her summer home, I would even now be a lonely and overworked bachelor. I accepted without hesitation her invitation, not knowing that Peggy had received a similar message. At the station I found Peggy waiting patiently the arrival of some train. As I alighted from the car my surprise was raised to the highest tension to find Peggy comfortably seated in Mrs. Durmont's carriage, which I supposed was there to convey me to her home. We occupied seats as widely separate as possible, and at the same time struggled to conceal from Mrs. Durmont our embarrassment.

After thinking the situation over I finally decided to write my sister to telegraph for me at once. Of course no one was aware of what I had done. Imagine my surprise when at breakfast the next morning Peggy and I each received a telegram containing like messages. A guilty look rested on Peggy's face and mine was no better. We informed Mrs. Durmont of our messages and she at once expressed disappointment and regret that our visit was so unexpectedly interrupted. She was glad, however, that the lucky coincidence made it possible for us to be together on the trip, as I could care for Miss Gray and see that she returned without trouble.

The trip was a long and tiresome one, during which Peggy scarcely seemed aware of my presence, a recent novel affording her amusement sufficient to allow me to escape unnoticed.

At last we were at home again, and on learning from my mother that dinner was ready to be served, I ran hastily to my room and started in my trunk, which I found to be unlocked. Inwardly

abusing myself for being so careless, I raised the top to see that nothing was missing. To my great astonishment it was not my own, but, as further search made plain, belonged to a lady. The initials "M G." on the end convinced me that Mrs. Durmont had given me the check which belonged to Peggy. Horrible! Peggy evidently had my trunk, and the letters which she had requested me to burn were in plain sight should she raise the top.

What should I do? At last I decided to go and explain, for she must certainly have seen those tell-tale missives. I could do nothing more than apologize and leave the rest to fate.

A few moments later I was pushing the small button at the entrance of the inner door of the Gray home. Her maid, in response, curtly replied that Miss Gray was in and would be down in a minute.

A half hour elapsed before a slight rustling of skirts made known Peggy's approach. "I have come, Miss Gray," I began, "to tell you about those letters!"

"Oh! then you went through my trunk and found those letters which I had not destroyed!" she said angrily.

"Oh! Peggy, then you have never burned my letters?"

When I emerged from the parlor I was engaged "all over again" and happier than ever.

The Cry of the Weary

EDGAR SHEPHERD, '12.

Tangled is the forest,
Overgrown the way;
Will ye then despise me
If I go astray?

Even the sun is setting,
Tho' I pray for light;
Darker grows the forest,
Faster falls the night.

Heart-sore with the trying,
Weary, wan and frail;
Will ye then condemn me
If at last I fail?



"O Tempora! O Mores!"

CARRIE BELLE NOELL, '09.

The end of the college term was drawing near. It had been a wonderful year for the dignified Seniors of '08. In fact, these graduates-to-be had seemingly done more than any others for their dear old college, and they seemed to think that it belonged to no one else. But aside from all their faults of self-conceit, it was comparatively a good class.

Now, as a recompense for their labor, Doctor Blanton had surprised them by stating about a week beforehand that he would give the esteemed Seniors a dinner and afterwards an old-time dance—and best of all each girl was to be permitted to invite her select one of the inferior sex. Nothing could have pleased them more.

Myra McDearmon appeared to be more interested in the coming event than any of her classmates. Her mind had been completely occupied since the day the announcement was made. There had never been so much for any one person to do or think upon. She was naturally very artistic in all her ways and so had been asked personally by Mrs. Blanton to help superintend the decoration and other necessary preparations.

Of course Myra couldn't refuse to undertake the service, in view

of the kindness and generosity of the president and his sweet wife to entertain them so elegantly. For four long days she labored incessantly in the library, hall and dining-room, to say nothing of a half-day she spent with the others in changing the assembly hall into a ball-room.

In fact the dutiful girl had worked very faithfully all the week, and all the time was looking forward to the day when she should be with Professor Leslie. This young Apollo she had fallen in love with on first sight while on a visit to her uncle, who was dean of the college in which Leslie was professor. She felt that the fact that she was a niece of Dean McDearmon would make a favorable impression upon the young man. She would do her best to make all other things agreeable.

The time for the festival was drawing near, yet Myra was just beginning the preparations for her toilet. She didn't realize how completely exhausted she was until she dropped in her arm-chair to make a memorandum of what she needed for the memorable occasion. She thought of many things she would add to her already full supply of girlish trinkets, but foremost of all she centered her mind upon a dozen handsome hair puffs which she had seen at the hair-dresser's. They were very expensive, but just exactly matched her hair and would look so beautiful and fairy-like entwined in her comely tresses. She had been saving her pocket money with these in view for many weeks and now had the exact amount necessary for their purchase.

The desired puffs were at once secured and became forthwith a source of interest to all the girls, as the fad was new and a pretty style. This, of course, made the matter all the more attractive to Myra, and she waited for the setting of the sun with a restless heart.

At last the time had come. The affair was very informal. Myra and Professor Leslie were soon sitting on the porch enjoying the afternoon in the fullest measure. She was beginning to feel that something of the barriers were being torn away and was ready to believe that perhaps a consummation was not so far in the future after all. Just as she realized that her thoughts were wandering from the present conversation, they were called to dinner.

Myra was seated by the handsome Professor Leslie and was almost radiant in her happiness. All the girls were a little jealous of her, she believed, a thought that adds infinitely to any girl's

peace of mind. She was conversing rapidly and the tension of her excitement was at its highest pitch, when—lo! with a great splash her beautiful puffs rolled into her soup plate and floated majestically around on its placid bosom.

This was too much for poor Myra. Indeed the occurrence was small, but the significance how great! To be laughed at by her classmates! The very splendor of her beauty floating mockingly in the dish before her! To see Professor Leslie's face redden with sympathy and repressed laughter! It was all quite too much. The dethroned girl arose and went to her room. The dream had vanished, nor could all the promptings of the hurt heart induce it back again.

The Lone Mountain

CLARA CRAWFORD, '09.

In a wild and rugged region
Lifts a mountain, high and cold,
Far above the others tow'ring,
Like some noble human soul.

Bare its lofty head is lifted
Tow'rd the Guardian of its life,
While the mists its body circling
Screen it from all earthly strife.

And above the storms and mistings,
Dim it rests against the blue,
There where none dispute dominion
Grandly ruling all that's True.

The Ghost

SUSIE MARKHAM, '09.

It was the last night of the old year and the rain and howling winds were beating incessantly against the dormitory window with increasing force. The college dormitory was as cold and dreary as a desolate island and the monotony of college life was oppressive. The hall doors had not been tightly bolted and frequently they would fly back, making a clamoring noise and giving the cold wind and damp atmosphere on the outside an opportunity to venture in. It rushed in with gusts, sweeping through the long hall and making the doors and transoms rattle with a ghostly tremor which was very discomfoting. Deep sighs and moans, as the pangs of some soul lost through all eternity, resounded through the empty hall. The girls were overcome with home-sickness and could not stand it any longer. Everything was quiet and for a few minutes stillness reigned, but the silence was suddenly broken by a soft, sweet alto voice of a girl going through the hall singing in tones sweet and tender. The only words that Elizabeth Austin could catch were, "There is no place like home." "It is certainly true," she said, "though we cannot realize it until we get away and then we are conscious of it, and long to get just one glimpse of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The wind blew over the transom in a mighty gust and before Elizabeth Austin or her room-mate, Josephine Thomas, could turn the gas out the wind had extinguished it. They ran to the windows and raised them; the gas was escaping and the room needed ventilation. In a moment it was all right, but for fear that it would go out again they did not relight it. This kept them from studying any longer, so they drew up closer to the stove in which a roaring fire was burning.

Suddenly the shivering head of the pale-face moon sent its dim light into the room through the vine which entwined the window and cast shadows of fantastic figures on the wall which suggested ghosts and goblins of various description. They sat there for awhile gazing with great amazement on the figures, which now seemed very grotesque, as the moon had moved its course.

"Elizabeth," said Josephine, "I can't stand the monotony of this school life any longer. We must do something to make things

brighter. We never play any pranks or have a jolly, good time as other college girls do."

"We love Mrs. Dalton so dearly, I think it would be very unappreciative to annoy her," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, pshaw! you sit up and try to be so dignified. We could have something on the sly and she would never find it out, and tonight is so lonesome and dreary that she has retired already. If you are willing to help me, I will ask the other girls to come in and we will have a jolly time to-night." Elizabeth consented, but wondered where they would get the provisions. "Isn't it lucky," said Josephine, as though she were reading her mind, "that mother sent me that delightful box this morning. It will furnish dainties for the feast."

It was not long before the girls whom Josephine had invited began to assemble. They relighted the gas and made various preparations for the feast.

"What good sandwiches," exclaimed Stewart Wilson, and "this chocolate cake is delicious," added Sarah Merriam. Numerous compliments were given on the feast which all were thoroughly enjoying. Josephine, after cutting more cake, chanced to glance at Elizabeth and perceiving the deathly pallor of her countenance, and nervous agitation of her body, knew that she had one of her severe nervous attacks and was affected by the ghostly atmosphere which pervaded the room. She rushed to her and found her stiff and her eyes glaring. Her wits were apparently scattered to the four winds. She called her, but she didn't answer. Suddenly she began talking deliriously and mumbled words in a low undertone, as though she were talking to some unseen creatures. Although it was difficult to understand her indistinct words, Josephine caught these, "The ghost in the closet, the ghost in the closet!"

She rushed to the closet and opened the door. She was not a believer in ghosts, but now she felt as if she were standing in the presence of one. Forgetting to be cautious, she uttered a very loud shriek. The other girls losing their wits joined in the uproar. In the midst of the confusion Mrs. Dalton walked in. All the girls rushed to her and while they were explaining the causes of the confusion, Miss Ryan, one of the younger teachers, throwing off a sheet, stepped from the closet to explain to Mrs. Dalton what she had heard in the girls' conversation and how she had decided to give them a little pleasure.



With this issue the new staff takes into its hands the management and destiny of the MESSENGER for the year. And, as editors, we are not unmindful of the task that lies before us (for we are aware of the responsibility that falls upon us). We know that the MESSENGER has measured up to a high standard among high school magazines during the past, and it will be no easy matter to keep it up to this standard.

Students, is not part of the responsibility of making the magazine a success on you? Does it all depend upon the loyalty and feeble efforts of the staff? We hope not. There is resting on you a duty, though much easier to perform, just as binding as ours. You owe your school paper your hearty support. It is yours and will always reflect the interest you take in it. Subscribe to the MESSENGER and thereby help it financially; write for it and you help it to accomplish the very thing for which it exists. The MESSENGER is not published for the money there is in it, for there is none, but entirely to encourage and foster a literary spirit among the students of the High School by giving them an opportunity of bringing their thoughts before the public.

Both Miss Tuttle and Mr. Greever endeared themselves to the student body during their stay, and they carry with them to their new work our tenderest feeling and best wishes.

The MESSENGER takes this, its first opportunity, to extend to their successors a most cordial welcome, and trust that their labors with us may be both pleasant and profitable.

PRIZES FOR STORIES AND POEMS

It requires a little stimulus of one kind and another to get some people to do even that which they ought to feel obligated to do of their own free will. Owing to the fact that we have trouble each month in getting a sufficient amount of stories and poems for the magazine, a friend has generously enabled us to offer a prize for the best story and poem written for the MESSENGER during the year. The contest is open to every member of the High School, and we hope you will appreciate and take advantage of this opportunity for broadening and developing your powers of expression and imagination.

A competent class of judges will pass on all work done along this line, and will render their decision at the end of the term.

OUR ADVERTISERS

The business men of our city have been very kind to buy spaces in our magazine for advertising, and we wish to say a word for their benefit. The MESSENGER would be unable to exist without their "ads," and the advertiser cannot thrive unless he receives some benefit from them. So when you go shopping don't forget to look over the concerns that are interested in us. They solicit your trade and by advertising in your paper deserve it.

Athletics

J. C. A., '09.

Athletics in the High School were not forgotten during the pleasures of vacation, as was shown by the healthy spirit abroad among the students at the opening of the session of '08 and '09

Those especially interested are the boys who are practicing to make the football team the first sport of the season.

The candidates for the team—there being a large number—are busy at work on the field every afternoon with E. R. Stephenson, of Trinity, as coach, and Clyde White, the star quarter-back, as captain.

The coach is carrying the candidates through a rigid course of training and one would judge from this that old D. H. S. will not be behind or lower her former average and high rank in the football field this season.

The faithful ones of last year with us again are White, C., White, M., Campbell, Whitted, Lea, Scoggins, H., Whitaker, C., Whitaker, W., and Pendergraph, the six-foot center.

With the support of the school and the loyalty of the students the team will be ready to start out with higher aims for the season of '08.

The boys' tennis club has had the tennis court cleared to begin another year's playing, and from the present situation the prospects are very bright. We wish for them a most successful and pleasant year.



AMY WINSTON, '10.

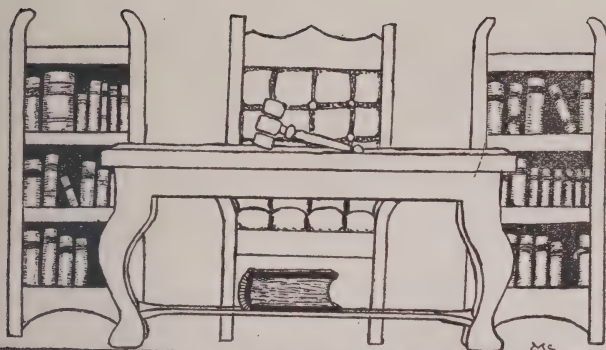
The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society has resumed its work. The first meeting was called to order Saturday, September 12th, by Virginia Badgett, who is president for the ensuing three months.

The old members were missed very much and we regret the loss of them. Miss Leah Boddie, a 1908 girl, added to the pleasure of the Society, and we hope to have the last year's graduates with us often.

The programme was very delightful. Miss Julia Henry played a piano solo, Miss Mary Louise Manning and Miss Amy Winston played a duet, and Miss Mary Alice Bass sang a solo, all of which was done quite well, and enjoyed by the members.

The Society regrets the loss of one of their valuable members, Miss Julia Henry, who is going to leave town.

Several new names were voted on for membership and we all hope to have a prosperous year in our literary work.



BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

GEO. L. CARRINGTON.

The Blackwell Literary Society is one of the most important branches of the school work. To become a member it should be the pleasure, as it is the privilege, of every boy in the High School.

The Society has done good work in the past and expects to do even better work this year. It has begun the year's work with a fine set of officers and a fine roll, which, though somewhat smaller than that of last year, has a marked absence of the undesirable class of boys, who join principally that they may say they "belong to the society." It has some fine material, and if every one buckles right down to business and gets to work there is no reason why it should not put out a team that will beat Raleigh and her boasted raters. And it doesn't take a prophet or the son of a prophet to tell that we are going to defeat her in a debate as well as in football.



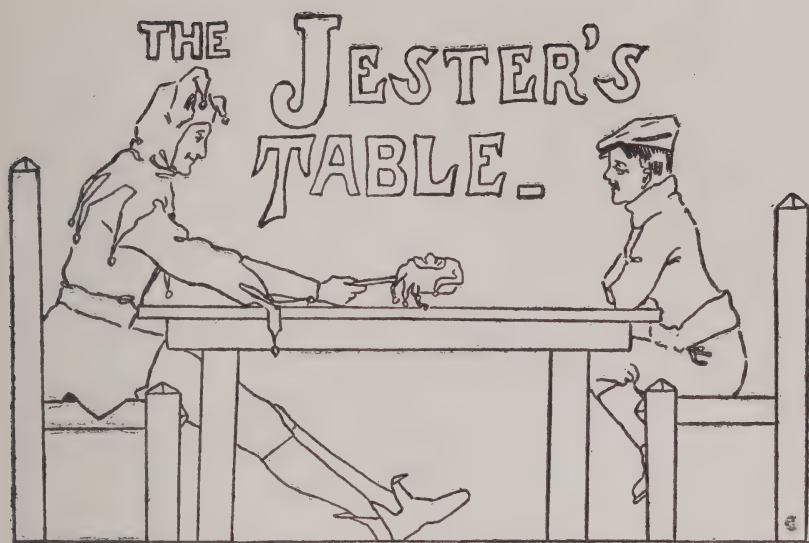
MARY YEULA WESCOTT, Editor Pro Tempore.

The Poet's Club held its first meeting for this year September the fifteenth. Most of the remaining members were present and some new ones gave evidence that the spirit of appreciation of poetry is not dead in the school.

In the absence of Mr. Greever, former teacher of English, and ex-President of the Club, we have lost an enthusiastic friend and helper. We warmly welcome Mr. Goode, and thank him for his interest and aid.

Clara Crawford is to be congratulated upon the ease with which she assumes the role of president.

By the absence of the class of '08 we are deprived of some of our most loyal members, whose places it will be impossible to fill.



"The whole world is a comedy to those that think."

Excited Lady (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, please, at once."

Telephone Girl (from the exchange)—"Number, please."

Excited Lady (snappishly)—"How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"—Ex.

* * *

Teacher (in geometry)—"When two faces coincide, what is formed?"

Pupil (blushing furiously)—"Why-er-r, I don't know."—Ex.

* * *

Willie—"Mamma, why don't chickens have teeth?"

Mamma—"They don't need them, dear; they have bills instead."

Willie—"Grandma got a bill for her teeth last week. Is that why papa calls her the old hen?"—Ex.

* * *

Fond Mother (to Margaret, who is crying lustily)—"Oh, you precious darling, whereabouts is the pain?"

Margaret (aged three)—"Right here, mamma, in de front of me back. Boo hoo!"—Ex.

Mr. Kibler—"Miss Mildred, how is the root connected to the stem?"

Mildred Muse—"The roots of a plant are connected to the stem by the sun."

* * *

Tom—"Pa, what is a Board of Education?"

Pa—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."—Ex.

* * *

Tongue-tied Boy (to sick father)—"Say, dad, when er you gonter hit hell?"

* * *

Housekeeper—"How does it happen, Jane, you never saw finger bowls before? Didn't they have them at the last place you worked?"

Jane—"No, ma'am, they mostly washed their hands before they came to the table, ma'm."—Ex.

* * *

What sub inquired for George Eliot's "Silence Mourner?"—Ex.

* * *

Laura G—"What became of that girl you were making love to in a hammock on Mt. Mitchell?"

Robert G—"We fell out."—Ex.

* * *

City Chap—"Come, let's go to the poolroom."

Greenhorn—"I can't swim."—Ex.

* * *

IN AN AMATEUR THEATRE.

She—"Do you think my husband will object to your making love to me?"

"Oh, no. He knows I wouldn't if I didn't have to."—Ex.

* * *

IN A NEW YORK RESTAURANT.

"Who are those people, Isadore?"

"Americans. They seem to be pushing in everywhere."—Ex.

* * *

"You might ask your mistress if she is at home."

"It's no use, sir; she saw you coming."—Ex.

"How long have you been in love with him?"

"Ever since I rejected him."—Ex.

* * *

New Professor (to Business Manager)—"Your brother, I believe, is your assistant. Is he not?"

Business Manager—"Yes, I want him to learn enough about it this year to let it alone next year."

* * *

"Wilt thou take this title with all his faults and manifold ailments to be thy wedded husband?"

"I will."

"Wilt thou take this American heiress to be thy wedded wife?"

"I will endeavor so to do, by the help of God."

* * *

"Did I see you kissing my daughter, sir?"

"I really don't know, sir; I was too much occupied at the time to notice."—Ex.

* * *

Percy—"Do you like corn on the ear?"

Harold—"I never had one there."—Ex.

* * *

Doctor—"I think you have too much gas on your stomach."

Patient—"Yes, I told my husband this morning we were living too near that gas plant."

* * *

Careless Student—"What is the subject of our composition for Monday?"

Willie Cox—"The excavation of Cawdor, I think."

* * *

Tax Collector—"How old are you, Jim? Twenty-five?"

Jim—"Naw, sar. I'se twenty-four. I was twenty-five last year."

* * *

Mr. Gem—n—"Miss At—t, what important work did King James do during his reign?"

Miss Al—t (looking frantically around)—"He—he died."—Ex.

* * *

Mother—"Don't you dare use such language. I'm ashamed of you."

Boy—"Why, mamma, Sherman used the same word."

Mother—"Don't stay with the naughty thing."—Ex.

He—"How much do you think I ought to give the minister, dear?"

She—"Whatever it is worth."

"But I can't tell that until afterwards."

* * *

Mr. Tillett—"John, what is the equator,"

John—"It's an imaginary line running around the earth from north to south."

* * *

Shy Young Man—"Let's play public courtship."

Nettie Tillett (a few minutes later)—"Please do let us play private courtship."

* * *

Mr. Martin—"Clarence, what is the matter with your head?"

Clarence (whose hair was badly torn up)—"Nothing, but it needs cutting."

* * *

Head of Institution—"I'm afraid we can't cure your husband of drinking, madam."

She—"Your note said it could be done in six months."

"True, but I hadn't seen you then."—Ex.

* * *

K. E. (to 1C grade representative)—"Will you please attend to getting all the Komiks from this grade for me?"

Grade Representative—"What do you want me to do, get the subscriptions for the magazine?"

* * *

I wish to say in this, my first attempt, that I am not responsible for anything my readers may not like in these columns. If anything is the matter with this, my best effort, I here wish to say it was not my fault, but that the printer was to blame. With this message I beg to conclude.

Yours,

THE KOMIC EDITOR.



GENTLE KNOCKS

Placide thinks there is nothing like a *Good man*.

"And yet he seemed a busier man than he was"—Business Manager.

Heavenly twins—Mary Louise and Amy.

1A—"Did Johnson write Webster's Dictionary?"

Why is M. A. B. so fond of *Flowers*?

When looking for wise students in the 3S, look for Hen's teeth.

"That's not what he told me"—Nancy Renn.

"Mary V., what is your favorite color?" "*Redd*, of course."



This department has in the past been exceedingly fortunate in having a large number of magazines upon the table, and we have always placed a high value upon this evidence of their good will.

At present we are looking forward to the return of our familiar exchanges and will hereafter devote this space to its proper use and discuss and criticise the work of our friends. We may not show any great ability in estimating the value of articles in the various magazines, but we shall try to give a frank opinion of their merit. We shall also be willing to receive the same treatment at the hands of other magazines.

We shall try to deserve any encouraging words that we may receive, and shall take all adverse comments in the spirit of kindness in which we feel sure they will be made.

Where Tragedy Was High

Act I—Scene I—Enter King's armor bearer who addresses Lord Vermiform Appendix.

LORD V. A. What, ho, and where's the King?

ARMOR BEARER. The King my Lord is ill. Sitting on his throne barefooted he contracted a cold that's deep and fierce and for his health, my Lord, we have grave apprehension.

OMNES. The King is ill—the King is ill—long live the King.

Enters Servants and Officers Exclaiming: Hey dey, hey dey, hey dey—His Royal Nibs is out again as nimble as a cricket and as happy as a hired man.

LORD VERMIFORM APPENDIX. Methought the King was ill with fearful cold and pneumonia sitting on his throne and he abdicated.

OMNES. He was, he was my Lord but we rubbed His Royal Nibs down good and hard with GOWAN'S CELEBRATED PREPARATION and now he is himself again. 'Tis external—not dope, but hope. The King is well—long live the King and Gowan's Preparation.

Enter the King. Zounds, and by my halberd—but it's the stuff. Put it on the banners and hang them on the outer walls: Gowan's Preparation does the work—removes all inflammation—clutched death as it tried to usurp my throne and put him on the run.



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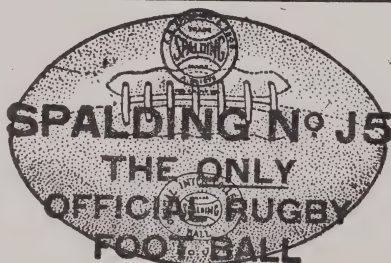
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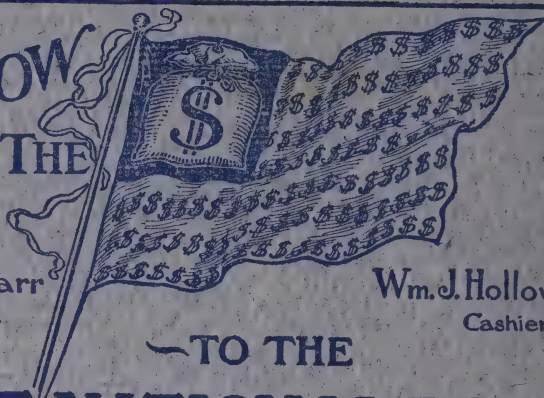
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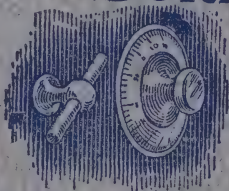
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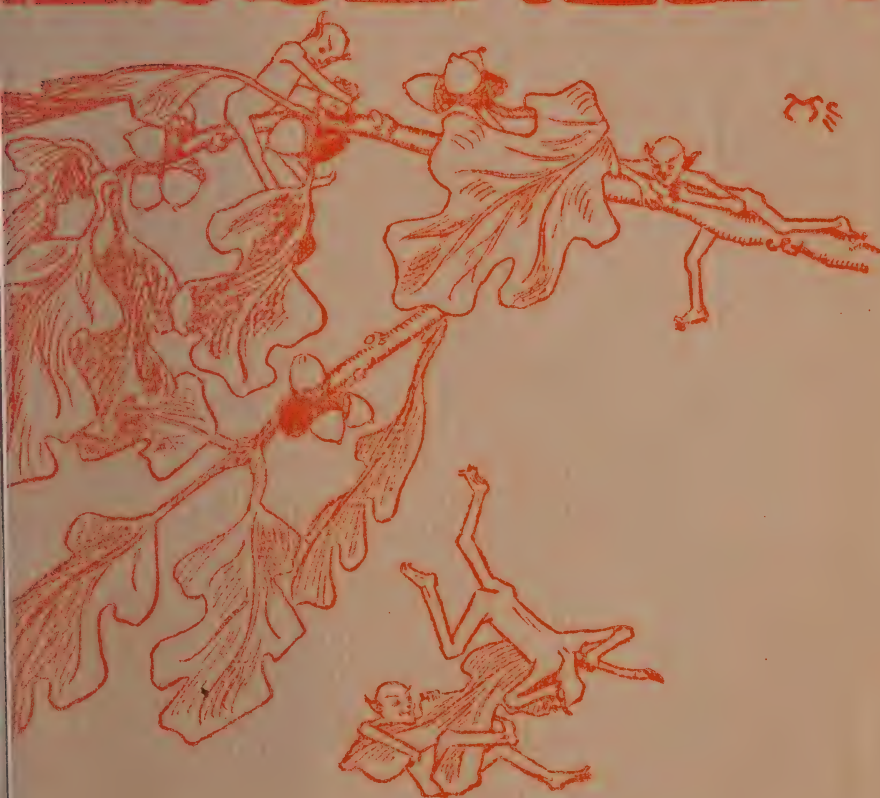
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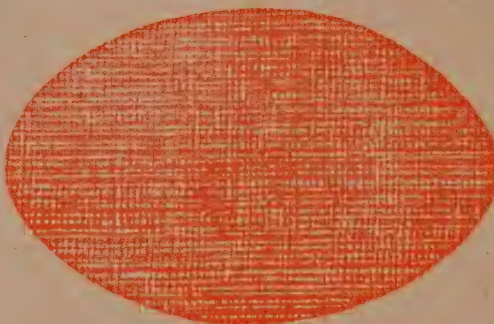
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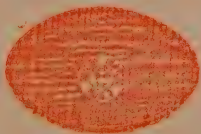


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Tragedy of a Ring

REBECCA MICHIE, '10.

Elizabeth looked admiringly at her small white hand. On her finger was a ring which she prized above all other jewels of her costly collection. It was set with a large pearl—as pure and as white as new-fallen snow.

But this treasure had been a source of annoyance to Elizabeth ever since she had entered school. She had brought it against her mother's wishes. "Why had she been so careless and so disobedient?" Every time she looked at it she recalled her mother's words: "My dear, if I were you I would not take it; you might lose it. You know it is very loose on your hand."

She had worried over the circumstances more than ever for the last few nights, but always she awoke in the morning to find the ring safe upon her dresser. Her resolution then, which she had made during the long hours of the night to send it home immediately the next morning, quite vanished.

Thursday afternoon she was introduced to a man whom she was to show over the school. During the rounds she noticed that several times he glanced at her handsome ring. Of course he was admiring it and she was greatly pleased. When he shook hands with her upon taking his leave—indeed he had seemed so pleasant he deftly slipped the ring from her finger, but Elizabeth was so wrapped up in his pleasantries that the theft escaped her notice.

Before retiring that night she walked over to the dresser, as usual, to place the ring in her dainty jewelry case, but alas! it had mysteriously disappeared. Where could it be?

She aroused her roommate and sadly related to her the story of the loss. Together they searched the room, but in vain. Then Elizabeth informed the teachers of it and retired with a sad heart and remorseful conscience. Sleep refused to visit her eyelids that night, but reproaches came in countless throngs. How would she ever be able to face her mother again?

The next morning Elizabeth was confined to her room. Her concern for the ring and its associations had induced a passing sickness. "Elsie [this was her nick-name], dear," asked one of her friends on a visit of sympathy, "have you heard about the prize that is to be given for the best poem on the boyhood of Shakespeare? Why don't you try for it? I know you could win it. It is to be a handsome piece of jewelry and will be awarded at commencement.

They all loved Elizabeth. How could they help it? The deep blue eyes, the beautiful complexion, the wavy brown hair, the sweet expression, and above all the gentle ways were enough to captivate any one's affections.

Elizabeth offered to her visitor and well-wisher several coy objections to her entering the contest for the prize, but inwardly she hailed the suggestion with delight. "I will try, but the girls shall not know it," she said to herself an hour later. "Oh, if I could only carry that to mother! It would make up for the ring."

Commencement day had arrived and the exercises for the prize were on. After three girls had read their productions Elizabeth, much to the surprise of her classmates, arose with a manuscript. The subject of her effort was, "Dreams of the Boyhood of Shakespeare," and the treatment given was as beautiful as the title suggests. When the decision was handed in Elizabeth had won, and the applause that followed showed the hearty approval of public opinion.

Elizabeth did not open the small box until the shower of congratulations was over and she and her roommate were alone in their room. "Oh, Ethel!" she exclaimed upon opening the tiny box, "isn't it . . . ! Oh, it can't be! Yes, it is, for here is the 'E' inside. My ring!"

Ethel glanced in the box and sure enough there lay the ring with the exquisite pearl almost clearer and purer-looking than before. It had somehow wandered back to its mistress uncontaminated by the sinful hands through which it had passed.

To the Violet

SUSIE MARKHAM, '09.

Ah, sweet and modest violet,
In fragrant bed of green,
Know you not aurora sends
On you her choicest beam?

So strange it is, O, Violet,
That you should wish to hide
Your blushing face from earth's sweet light
And in dark shade abide.

Pray, toss your bashful head aloft
Where sunshine gently sways,
Indeed 'tis naught but innocence
That keeps you in such ways.

'Tis yours to cheer those comrades on
That pass from day to day,
And so sweet flow'ret, be not shy,
But grace the broad highway.

A Woman's Conclusion

GENEVA CHEATHAM, '09.

Eleanor Morse was born unto trouble, for she was one of those girls who can fall in love at sight and then be out again while you wait. She already had three fellows on her string, but the miscalculated attempt to add a fourth brought her confusion.

The first of the trio she had met at a house party—a man with little to say, but who would listen to her by the hour. The second she had captured at the seashore. The third one was “just an old home beau.”

Eleanor, with her usual caprice, decided to spend a week in a small college town near by. It was to be a surprise visit to her cousin Edith.

“Oh, Edith, you don't know how great it is to be here!” said Eleanor after the first greetings.

“But, Eleanor, this is the most tragic thing I ever heard of—your coming just now!”

“Tragic! Edith?” raising her eyebrows and contemplating her companion for a moment. Then in a modified voice, “Well, tell me about him, I might have known your laces and ribbons meant a man. I'm just in the humor to hear about a love affair; some one else's. Tell me about him.”

“No, it isn't that at all!” Edith made haste to explain.

“Not a lover!” laughed Eleanor, “and you diked out like this with not a sign of the country girl about you? My coming here tragic? Of course it's a lover!”

“No, it isn't,” protested Edith. “It isn't a man—or at least it isn't that kind of a man. You see we've got a student staying here.”

“A student! and not that kind of a man!” Eleanor laughed heartily at the manifest paradox.

“But really,” insisted Edith, “you are wrong this time. Mr. Lionel doesn't know that there is such a thing as love in the world—as love-making anyway.”

Weeks passed and still Eleanor remained at her cousin's home. She had met the strangely inconsistent student; barriers had soon broken away; and they were early on terms of friendship. One afternoon when her visit was fast drawing to a close he told her somewhat confidently that he had something important to tell her before she left.

Of course her woman's instinct told her what it was he had to tell. To save time she wrote to her three "friends" telling them she did not care to keep up even friendly relations with them any longer.

A day later Eleanor and Lionel had paddled in under the willows and had tied their boat to an overhanging bough. The sun had vanished behind a cloud as the afternoon shadows continued to lengthen. A light, warmer than sunlight and gentler than the pale-faced moon, fell across the river (as Eleanor divined it). She relapsed into silence.

"Will you listen to my story now?" he asked at length with no little show of hesitancy in his voice. Eleanor dropped her eyes and waited. It seemed an age before the voice spoke again. "'Love will find a way,' you know, and I felt that I was bound to talk. I am going to be married soon to the dearest girl in all the world—one of the down-home girls—and"—

Oh, what a mistake!

How disappointing.

The Editor's Reward

"What do you get for all this work?"

I was asked the other day;

"Oh, nothing at all," I frankly said,

"Thanks is our only pay."

Then straightway 'round the corner came

Some schoolmates on the run,

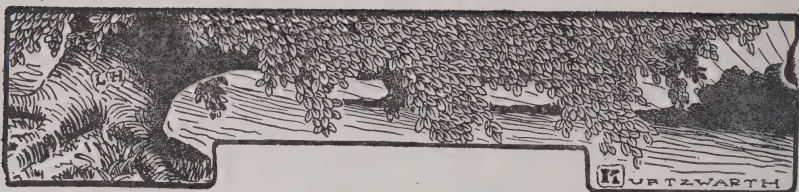
And, advancing towards my helpless self,

Said: "Gee, this issue's bum."

—Ex.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?"

"Yessum, I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—Ex.



A Line of Fate

MADGE SHIELDS, '09.

"Edith, don't hurry. I simply can't run another step, not if we miss the train."

Edith Hendrix laughed breathlessly, but only hurried the faster through the crowded station toward the waiting trains. "We have only a minute and a half," she called back over her shoulder.

"Where's the suit case?" inquired Nell, suddenly stopping at the revolving doors. Instantly the person behind her, who had been rushing at the same break-neck pace, was nearly thrown backward by her movement, and bumped vigorously into the glass sides.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," gasped Nell, catching a glimpse of a pair of masculine eyes that glared upon her.

"Not at all," returned the other, tearing himself loose and disappearing in the crowd.

Edith had also disappeared, but after a glance around, Miss Hendrix, the elder, caught sight of a familiar hat, and knew that Edith's merry face was under it.

"All aboard," shouted the gateman, gently moving Nell beyond the closing gates. Ahead strode a colored porter, who was carrying a couple of suit cases.

Edith did not even pause for speech, but kept at the heels of the porter until he handed her up to the platform of a parlor car. "Well, thank goodness, we made it anyway," she exclaimed, sinking back in the soft-cushioned seat, as the train moved out of the station.

Nell's gaze rested fixedly on the suit case. "Edith, that doesn't belong to us!" she exclaimed. On one corner of the case plainly showed the initials "T. A."

"Open it," said Edith. "It's the only way we'll find out to whom it belongs."

Nell opened the suspicious case, and found inside, besides numerous other things, a kodak, and a neatly banded package of unmounted pictures.

Edith observed the package. "Maybe his picture is with them," she said.

Nell opened the top of a case. Burnt into it was the name "Tom Allison." She ran over the kodak pictures rapidly, but stopped short at sight of one of the snap-shots. It was the picture of the man who had collided with her at the station. Evidently the porter had misplaced the cases.

"He must be on this train," but Edith suddenly checked herself, for approaching them was the young man of the picture surveying closely the occupants of the car. Nell fastened the suit case hastily, and both girls sat back in their chairs and glanced indifferently at the landscape through the window.

But this attempt to delay the fateful hour was useless. The man stopped in front of them, referred to something in his hand and looked at Edith. Looking up she saw he held her own picture, and blushed hotly.

"Isn't this your photograph?" he asked.

Edith bowed her head stiffly.

"I found it in a suit case left with me by mistake."

Immediately the exchange was made. The young man again courtesied and disappeared.

"He must have opened this and looked through it just as we did his," ventured Edith. "Of course he saw your pink kimono on top."

"I don't care what he saw. He doesn't interest me," replied the other not a little vexed.

Suddenly remembering, Edith added, "Nell, he has kept your picture."

"I don't care if he has. I hope I will never see him again," retorted Miss Hendrix.

When the train had reached the station they caught only a glimpse of the gray-clad figure, the unintentional subject of their annoyance. A rickety carriage was backed up to the platform to carry them to the little village. Just as it started the gray-clad figure swung up beside the driver.

* * * * *

Three weeks later Miss Hendrix sat on the porch at one of the boarding houses with a photograph outfit beside her. Sunset was over, but the sky was still pink with the after-glow.

"Don't you think you had better ask Mr. Allison to return that picture of yours," asked Edith.

"Nell, ask him," she was saying as Tom Allison came up on the porch.

Edith had gone when she saw him approaching. Nell, girl-like, gave no sign that she was aware of his presence.

"You haven't spoken to me for three days," he said by way of salutation.

"I have a good reason," she answered. "You had no right to keep my picture."

"I have; I found it in that blessed suit case and fell"—

But here she checked him.

"Miss Nell!"

There was no answer. After a pause he tried again. "Miss Hendrix, do you believe in fate?"

She nodded.

"Then listen. Wasn't it fate that led the porter to make that mistake in the suit cases?"

She did not answer him, but after a few moments casually remarked: "I am going home in the morning."

His countenance softened and his look became anxious. Almost like a schoolboy in fright, he stammered, "May I keep the picture? And—and—may I come to see you?"

The silence that followed was the lover's evidence to him that he had won.

Other papers all remind us
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow classmates send us
Contributions all the time.

Here a little, there a little,
Story, club note, song or jest,
If you want a slick school paper
Each of you must do your best.
—Ex.

She—"Look, dear, papa's check will pay for our wedding trip."
The Duke—"But what will we do afterwards?"—Ex.

Friendship

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

To walk the dewy fields in early spring,
And watch the sun come forth to give us day;
To sing glad songs together, hand in hand,
And back again to tread the homeward way,
Shielded with care from every bruising stone.
Is not that Friendship—you who walk alone?

To stand upon the glorious mountain top
And see the world of care stretched far below;
To feel the soul drawn up beyond the skies
And touch in awe the things that angels know—
To long and plan for wretched mankind's good.
Is not that Friendship—you who walk the road?

To lie awake at night all fever tossed,
Surrounded by dread dreams that come and go,
Fantastic monsters of a weary brain;
And then to hear your voice so soft and low,
And feel your touch upon my aching brow—
Is not that Friendship—you who sorrow now?



Two Little Lives

MARY LOUISE MANNING, '09.

Once in a cozy little nook by the roadside, under a rustic apple tree, there lived a bright little daisy. Like all her tribe she was beautiful and oh! so happy, as she lifted her graceful head heavenward to watch the floating clouds, or turned to gaze with delight upon the children who played near at hand. The sunshine, as it streamed through the alley, only gave a new light to her joy.

There lived also a cheerful little lark in the apple tree above, who became at once a devoted admirer of the fickle little flower. Every morning after his matin at Heaven's gate, he perched, looked downward and sang admiringly to her a song of the heart. And the modest little mistress, raising her eyes in response, looked her delight for the tender lay. The courtship was fit for the garden of paradise.

These two little sweethearts were so happy until at last one day a fair maiden in passing picked the little daisy, caressed her for a moment, and then left her to die by the roadside alone. How sad was the heart of the lark when he came down as usual to sing his song of love and saw her plucked and dying in the path below. He was sadly singing one farewell verse to his sweetheart when the sound of a gun was heard, and as he lifted his head heavenward, his voice grew fainter and fainter until it was hushed. Thus two little lives were gone out of this bright world forevermore.

"Model? No, I am not drawing any girls now. I'm only painting fruit."

"Well! Ain't I a peach?"—Ex.

The Parting Ways

ROBERT MURRAY, '10.

The evening shadows were softly falling over the great city of Paris; that Mecca of the artists. Alone in her magnificent studio, Eulalie Lambert sat looking dreamily into space.

Seated in a large arm-chair beside a mahogany table she made a beautiful picture. Her golden hair was smoothly braided over her classic brow. One hand rested on the table at her side, the other lay languidly in her lap.

After a time she arose from the chair and walked over to the window which overlooked one of the busy streets of Paris. As she gazed on the scene of active life below a shadow stole over her fair face.

"Ah," she murmured, "how different is this from the little city in America—my home!"

She turned from the window as if sick of the sight below and the memories it brought. Seating herself again in the arm-chair she began to contrast fancifully her past life with her present.

"There," mused she, "I was a poor girl, struggling for a bare living. Then little thought I of the fame won since coming here. Paintings, which the Americans paid no heed to, the French people extol me for now. Then I was a poor, friendless girl; now I am under the guardianship of my uncle, a French nobleman. Jack! dear old Jack, who I know truly loved me. I wonder if I did right in refusing him?"

"But why do I think of these things? They are nothing to me now. I am done with the past life and have begun the new, with nothing but brightness and fame before me. I am happy." But deep in her bosom there was a dull pain as she thus dismissed the past, a tugging sense that after all she was not supremely happy.

The darkness had fallen upon the city. The fair head had drooped upon her bosom. A faint smile rested on her face. She was dreaming of the past. She saw again the little rose-covered cottage where she had spent her early life. She wandered again among the orchard trees with Jack. How happy those days were!

A shadow stole over her lovely countenance. The scene had now shifted to a busy city. It was New York. She passed through the many bitter disappointments again. There was Jack (again). He proposed, she accepted. Then came her rich uncle from France.

She went off with him leaving Jack. She had chosen fame in preference to woman's natural way.

"Ah," she murmured in her sleep, "what rosy ways I might have gone!"

"A visitor, mademoiselle!"

She was rudely awakened from her dream by the announcement of the maid. The lights had been lit and it was quite dark outside. Before she could entirely free herself from the powers of Morpheus a handsome young man entered.

"Eulalie!" he cried eagerly.

It was Jack. He had come all the long way to know the cause of her broken engagement. Barriers break down and tears blot out. He was not honored with a cause, but was gratified none the less, for he carried back the assurance of ties completely healed.

The Best Way

CARRIE NOELL, '09.

'Taint no use er ebber sighin',
When de work's er goin' wrong.
What's de use er ebber cryin'?
Can't yo' sing some odder song?

'Taint no use ter ebber grumble
'Bout de trouble dat yo' meet,
Jes er settin' things er tumble—
Dat don't make de bitter sweet.

What's de use er allus whinin',
Tellin' fokes er bout yer woe.
Jes give up yer way er pinin',
Smile and den jes let 'em go.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

Mrs. S.—"John, didn't I hear you slipping up stairs at 4 a. m.?"

Mr. S.—"Not on your life; that was when I slipped down after crawling half-way up."—Ex.



We wish to thank the students for the generous way in which they have received and subscribed to the MESSENGER this year. The number of subscribers in the High School is twenty per cent higher than that of last year, and the responsibility of making it worth the price paid and the interest shown has also increased. We can never make this magazine what it should be until the students are made to realize that it is theirs, and will be just what they make it and nothing more. We want *you* to write something for the MESSENGER, and help to make its pages interesting. We need your best thoughts as well as your subscription. Don't wait for the editor to drive you "ten days in the week" for some promised article, but try, out of the goodness of your soul, to appreciate the fact that he has many other things to do. It is indeed a pleasure and a relief to have some one occasionally tender voluntarily some article for the MESSENGER. When we have a spirit of this kind animate the students of the High School, the office of the editor will no longer be a burden.

It is the object of the MESSENGER to publish each month the very best work along literary lines that the High School is able to produce. Now we do not wish to have our school organ misrepresent our literary abilities, and the only remedy for this is for each and every one to feel that he has a stock and share in the MESSENGER and its success.

ATHLETICS

Nothing is more encouraging than to note the steady growth of a healthy and enthusiastic athletic spirit in the High School. This is a spirit that the High School has long been in need of.

We have on the football field an aggregation of young athletes with the muscle, the speed and the skill to make ours the best High School eleven that the State can put out. They are not only noted for their fast playing, but they are marked wherever they go for their manly conduct and gentlemanly bearing. When they are defeated they have "no kick coming," but they can congratulate their opponents with not a trace of bitterness, sore feeling or prejudice. All in all, we feel safe in saying that the boys who are to represent us on the gridiron this season will make a record that will be a credit to the High School. Our team is composed of only the boys who are doing their work in school in a satisfactory manner. This places athletics on a high plane, and the school does not hesitate to give to them its hearty support. It is indeed gratifying to see the large number of students who come out to witness the games played on the home ground. Their presence and their enthusiastic support is indeed an inspiration to the team.

We would like to make mention of the loyalty and good feeling the students of last year's class still hold toward their "Alma Mater." They show that they still have a tender spot in their hearts for the scenes of their happier hours, by their frequent visits to the school. They are often with us in chapel in the morning, and are always welcome. Call again!

We stated in the first issue of the MESSENGER that there would be prizes offered for the best story and for the best poem written for the MESSENGER during the year, but the value of the prizes was not given. We are now ready to disclose this secret. There will be a prize of ten dollars for the best story and a prize of ten dollars for the best poem.

Alumni Department

There seems to be a tendency among the graduates of High Schools to forget their "Alma Mater," and the ones who first taught them the way and the truth. Such a tendency is very evident and can be easily demonstrated by the roll of graduates and the guests on the "Guest Book," who have visited the school after graduation.

Of course, you are not expected to visit your High School every month or every six months, but the act of stopping in as you pass and showing the proper spirit is a mighty good habit to cultivate.

Your instructors will be glad to see you and you should be glad to see them, even though you may have been "curried down with a rake" occasionally by them. They are entirely too busy to stop their work and entertain you and you should be too considerate to expect such individual attention.

However, we need to revive our loyalty and patriotism to an institution that first taught us to walk and endured us through our most troublesome age. They lead with such never ceasing patience and sympathetic guidance that I sometimes wonder how they could bear so many different natures and not be any more impatient than they are. These little duties, seemingly, are very small, but a thorough test will show that they are some of the essentials in the life of a school and an Alumni Association. We need unity, unity is strength and the bulwark of success.

The Executive Staff of the MESSENGER has seen fit to place among its various departments a new department and a new interest to all the readers of this magazine. This department is known as the "Alumni Department."

The purpose of this department is to show yearly what each graduating class is doing. If in college, where, and if in any other vocation of life, what, and where located. This is a new interest to the MESSENGER and we hope to make its columns as interesting and inviting to the Alumni and all who read from its pages as we possibly can. In this way we can keep in touch with each other better and watch those who have gone out into the various pathways of experience.

The Staff also wishes to have published, occasionally, under this department, an article written by some Alumnus on whatever subject he or she may choose to write on.

Below is a list of the graduates of the class of 1908 and their respective duties:

Trinity College, of course, has the majority of the class. Those who are in Trinity this year are: Mary Loomis Smith, Maye Bowling, Florence Green, Ruby Markham, Ruth Poteat, Lela Markham, Ethel Thompson, Annie West, Bertha Wilson, Rosaline Young, Daisy Rogers, Yeddie Gladstein, Maud Crews, Maria Murray, Saddle Cozart, Mamie Newman, Lawrence Cowan, Jno. Faucette, Richard Taliaferro, Leon Jones and Joe Speed. The boys are in the minority, as you can readily see, in quality and quantity.

Ella Boddie is in school at Greensboro Female College.

Leah Boddie, Mary Croom and Viola Alderman are students at the Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro.

Jas. S. Manning, Jr., and Clair Young are students at the State University, Chapel Hill.

Percy Spencer and Fred Hamlin are working with the Golden Belt Manufacturing Company, of this city.

Owen Wrenn is running the Durham Art Shop.

Roberta West and Annie Bagwell have settled down to domestic tranquility.

Janie Branson is in the office of Blackwell's Factory, of this city.

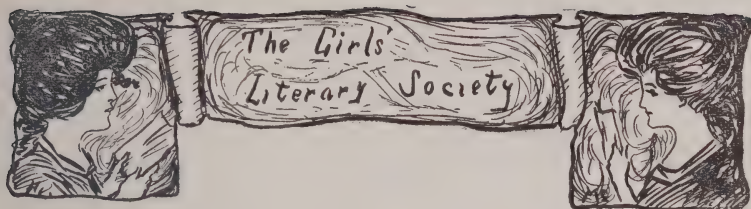
Douglas Hill is in school at Hollin's Institute, Virginia.

Willie Rogers is working with the W. R. Murray Piano Company.

Cecelia Henry is attending Converse College, of Spartanburg.

Willie Glass and Jno. Newton are following sales for the American Tobacco Company.

Several of the class couldn't be located. However, we all wish them well in whatever vocation they have taken up.



CORA WESCOTT, '11.

The Society had the pleasure of being addressed by Dr. Mims, of Trinity College, Saturday, October 3rd. His address was greatly appreciated and we thank him very much for sparing to us a few moments of his valuable time. Impromptu speeches by the visiting members of the faculty added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The interest in the Society does not die when the student ceases to be an active member was proven by the presence of so many of the class of '08 and the delightful letter addressed to us by our former president, Miss Douglas Hill.

A goodly number of new members have been added to our roll and we feel that the Society is in better shape than ever to do the work mapped out for it.

Blackwell Literary Society

GEO L. CARRINGTON, '09.

The Blackwell Literary Society now has one of the best equipped High School society halls in the State, and will soon have the best. Two years ago when the new High School building was completed the Alumni very kindly fitted out a hall in it for the use of the Blackwell Literary Society. Last year the Society improved the looks of it a great deal by having the pictures of some of the leading men of modern times hung upon the walls and otherwise decorating the hall.

This year the Society decided to begin a library of her own, or at any rate to procure some of the leading magazines of today, together with declamation and reference books, in order that the boys may not be put to the inconvenience of having to go to the Public Library to get up all the Society work. Often after they go to the library some one else has the book or magazine which they want. So, following this line of action the Society is now a subscriber to several of the leading magazines of today, and is the owner of some half a dozen declamation books and of valuable reference books which will save the boys a great deal of time and trouble in the preparation of debates.

Realizing the value of hearing another person speak and the good one can derive from it, and especially the good one can derive from hearing a person speak who knows how to speak, how to handle a subject, and how best to present that subject to his hearers, the Blackwell Literary Society has decided, if possible, to inaugurate a course of lectures to be given in the Society by some of the foremost men of Durham. It is expected that these lectures will greatly benefit the members of the Society, for by hearing these able men speak the boys will be able to profit by their good points and become better speakers.

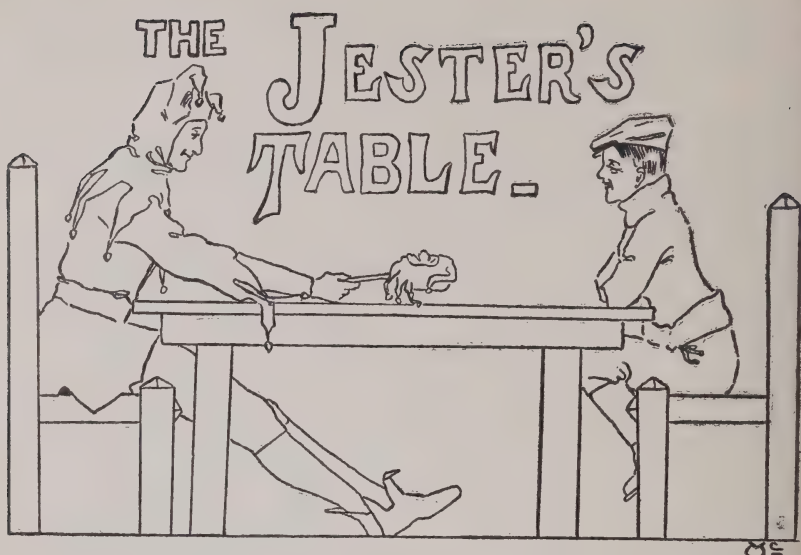


MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

This organization is not so well patronized as one would expect from such a large and enthusiastic student body. We wish to urge upon the members of the High School that this is not a club for poem writing alone, but for criticizing as well, and that this last is just as important as the first. We wish to produce poems which will appeal to the whole school and without your healthy, friendly criticism this is well nigh impossible.

We urge you one and all to attend. If you cannot write a poem you might offer a suggestion which will prove just as valuable.

In connection with this work we are contemplating taking up a course of study of the poems of great authors upon the same subjects as those offered by the students, and we wish to change the time of the meetings, which is rather inconvenient for some of the members.



We daily lament the action taken by the Advisory Board that no jokes on teachers shall be printed. However, desiring to convince former students that they are "gone but not forgotten," and believing that it will be no violation of the advice of our elders, we are persuaded to tell the following, "In Memoriam:"

Joe Speed, '08 (during the interim between bells, while monitors were giving out hats—with the memory of the third lesson on conditional sentences in Latin—with his usual winning smile—aside, to Latin teacher)—"I say, Miss ——, I bet you'll die saying 'Future less vivid!'"

Miss —— regards that as a pure clause of characteristic—coming from Joe—but a rather doubtful condition and an uncertain compliment to a spinster of good standing in community.

* * *

USEFUL.

Father—"Was your French of any use to you while in Paris?"

Daughter—"Oh, yes; when I tried to talk it, they thought I was a Portuguese and didn't charge me half as much as they do Americans."—Ex.

PROPERLY ANSWERED.

S. S. Teacher—"Now, Tom, can you tell me whose day this is?"

Tom—"Yes'm, it's Bridget's. Della had last Sunday out."—Ex.

* * *

Miss —— (in Virgil)—"Fuller, parse 'olli.'"

F. Glass (upon careful deliberation)—"That's Dative—same as 'illi.'"

Miss —— (suggesting that he should look "before and after" for its use, and being unable to get an immediate and lucid answer) —"Well, Fuller, what is the 'sub' in subvidens?"

Fuller (visibly brightening as the principal came in to observe)—"Oh! that's a supposition!"

* * *

Mr. Campbell—"Which one of Shakespeare's plays is based upon the historical fact of this invasion of the Danes?"

Third-Year Pupil—"Romeo and Juliet."

* * *

Mr. Goode—"What is meant by 'the finny drove'?"

C. C.—"Porcupines."

* * *

Who said Ex. was his favorite author?

* * *

At sweet sixteen the maiden fair,

With many lovers busy,

Will lift her nose upon the air

And ask with quite a haughty stare,

"Who is he? O who is he?"

At twenty-five she's more 'subdued,

With lovers not so busy.

Still doubtful men must not intrude,

She asks (not meaning to be rude):

"What is he, O what is he?"

But at the age of thirty-five,

With hopes deferred quite dizzy,

She works on quite a different plan,

And cries when hearing of a man,

"Where is he? O where is he?"

—Ex.

Of course we all wonder why Lizzie W., of 3a, translates "mon ami Robert" "my friend John."

* * *

Teacher—"Tommy, why are you scratching your head?"

Tommy—"Because I am the only one who knows where it itches."—Ex.

* * *

Countryman—"I want some cream, please."

Clerk—"What kind?"

Countryman—"I want ice cream."

* * *

Mr. C.—"Miss Hundley, who was Napoleon?"

Lucile Hundley—"He was an explorer."

* * *

History Teacher—"What was the Monroe Doctrine?"

Fuller Glass—"The Monroe Doctrine was to go against the Turks."

* * *

Parson—Do you take this woman for better or for worse?

Bridegroom—Well, I can't exactly say; her people think it is for better, but mine think it's for worse.—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Green—What is a straight line?

Mary Ruffin—"There's no such thing as a straight line. It keeps on going until it goes around the world and makes a curved line."

* * *

English Scholar—"You could quote 'Lay on Macbeth' as you butter your bread."

Younger Sister—"What kind of stuff is that?"

* * *

Distinguished Visitor—"Miss T., I admire your uncle very much."

N. S. T.—"Yes, Uncle Gus is very ecclesiastic."

* * *

English Teacher—"Miss Maude, if a man loses his wife, what is he liable to do? Either become a viler or better man?"

Maude Willis—"Marry again, I think."

* * *

Prof. E.—"Mr. L., why haven't you worked that example—don't you know there is no time like the present?"

L.—"That's why I waited till now, sir."—Ex.

SUGGESTION.

Wife—"The ice doesn't look very strong, does it?"

"Perhaps you'd better try it. You know you weigh more than I do."—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—"What was the Holy Alliance?"

A. D.—"The Holy Alliance was when the people joined together to go into the Holy Land."

* * *

Teacher—"Give the plural of child."

Pupil—"Twins."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. T.—"Robert, spell needle."

Robert M.—"N—e—i—d—l—e."

Mr. T.—"Needle has no i in it."

Robert M.—"It ain't a good one then."

* * *

"I'm sorry, my dear, I can't find out what's wrong. I'm afraid you'll have to walk."

"Why, George, I wouldn't ask a dog to walk on roads like these; you'll have to push the thing, that's all."—Ex.

* * *

STRANGE.

He—"I shall be just miserable when I have to go away and leave you."

"Oh! Jack, if I were sure of that, I'd feel so happy."—Ex.

* * *

"Why did you let him in the house if you couldn't trust him?"

"But, good Heavens, man! I didn't know he was going to run off with my daughter. I thought it was my wife."

* * *

"Don't you think, Mabel, it was foolish of us to have such an expensive wedding?"

"Yes, dear; but we'll both know better next time."—Ex.

* * *

"Is your engagement a secret?"

"Oh, no. The girl knows it."—Ex.



Our Exchange table is somewhat bare this month and this state of affairs is due, we believe, to the fact that many schools are unable to get out a September issue of their magazine. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the "Red and White," published by the A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C., and the "Blue and Gold," which comes from the Findlay High School, Findlay, Ohio.

We feel that we should be too presumptuous if we should attempt to criticise the "Red and White" as it is a college magazine, yet we should like to say that in our judgment it is an unusually good opening issue.

The "Blue and Gold" has some excellent cuts for several departments, designed by "Hunter, '09." We consider this a most valuable attraction and should be glad to see some of our own students follow this good example.

From the short number of productions in the Literary Department, we are led to believe that the "Blue and Gold" suffers from the same malady as her contemporary magazines—the failure of pupils to "rush" material to the editor for the first issue.

We shall be glad to see these friends again and shall welcome others that come in later.

All Gold Does Not Glitter.

*Act I—Scene I—*King Asbestos, who fears no subsequent heat. "Ah, 'twas but yesternight the Fates in unkind mood came to my royal bed and fastened upon me the dread disease Pneumonia. Royal physicians shook gravely their learned heads, and tender hands expressed the gentle grief writ in faces that uttering nothing yet spoke sublimest woe 'I have come,' said grim visaged Death to take thee to that charnel house where sleep together master and slave, prince and peasant, king and yokel—so you will come with me.' 'What ho! said I, go with you—not on my royal trappings. I have here a bottle of GOWAN'S PREPARATION which knocks into smithereens your advance agent, Pneumonia, which scatters congestions like a whirlwind's wrath—ha, ha—the horse seems on you and not on me—I'll rub my royal flesh and saturate it to the bone with this compound worth more than pure gold.

"And Death said:—'Were I a cussing character I would almost be tempted to use an adjective such as drunken sailors use and say that that Compound, GOWAN'S PREPARATION has caused me more failures than all other things the magicians monkey with. It seems, true indeed, that all gold does not glitter."



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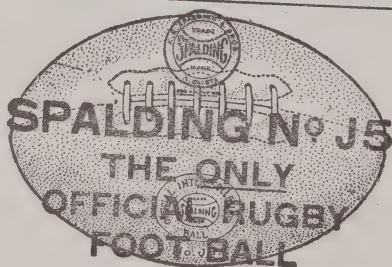
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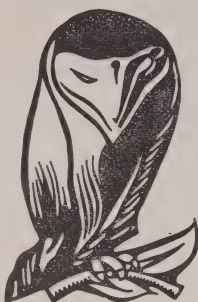
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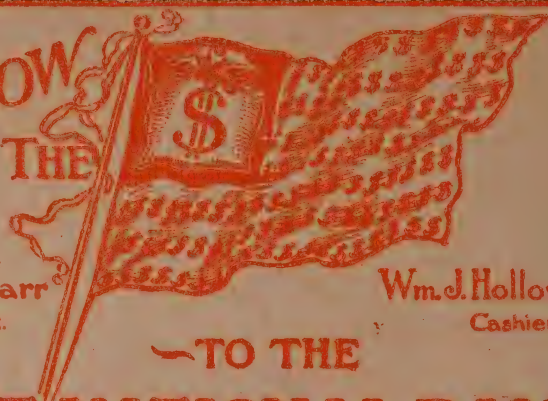
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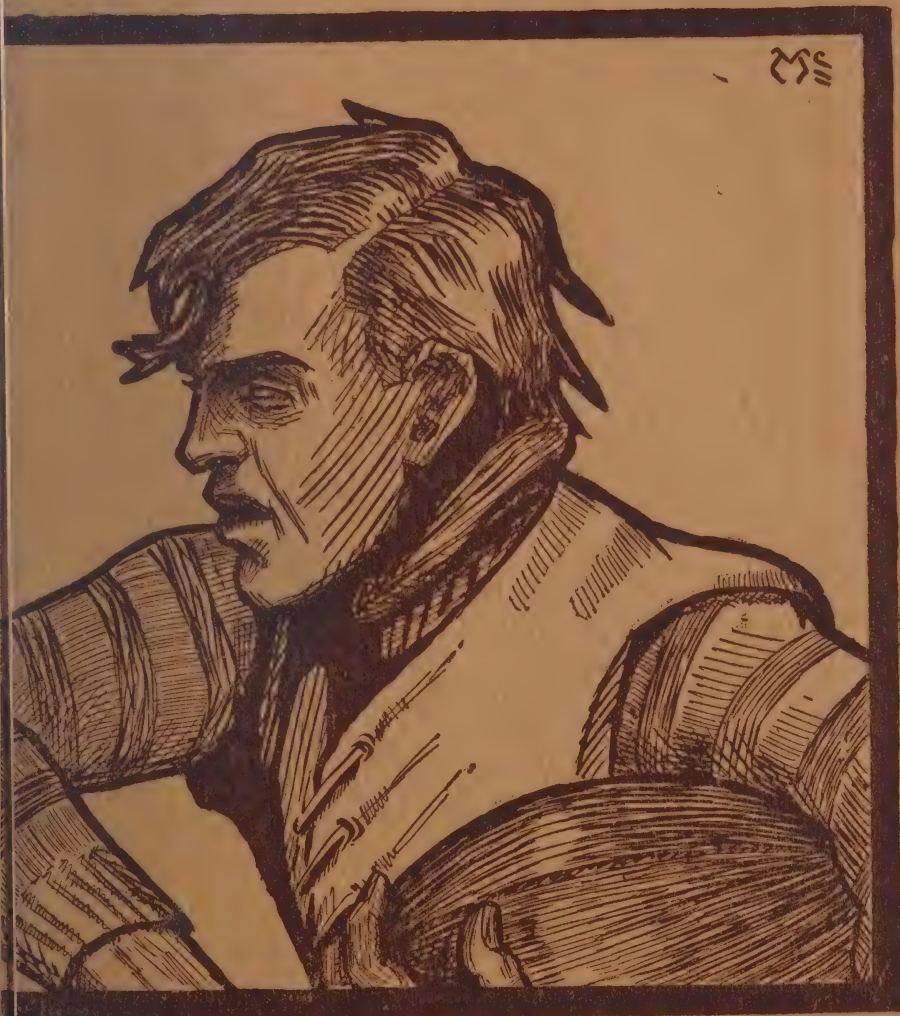


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Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School
Durham, N. C.

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter

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THE FOOTBALL TEAM, '03.

The Modern Lay

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Sing to me not of days of old,
The days of the Golden Fleece,
The apples of gold of Hespems,
The heroes of ancient Greece.
Spare me that tale how Troy was won
Through one man's craftiness.
Tell me of victories won today
By the athletes of D. H. S.

History records the wars of Rome,
When Cæsar defied the foe,
But it fails to tell what the school boy did
In Italy, long ago.
Epics sing of ancient fights,
And yet we all confess
The ones we like are those of today,
With the warriors of D. H. S.

Minstrels would sing how Arthur brave,
Defeating the heathen band,
Established his peerless Table Round
Of knighthood o'er the land,
Launcelot, the Queen, and Galahad,
And others in arms matchless,
We sing of knights renowned today,
The champions of D. H. S.



The Thanksgiving Game

NANCY RENN, '09.

It was the great Thanksgiving game to be played between the teams of Elon and Dorchester. Helen had a number of friends on the latter team and had not missed a single game. A day before this final event of the season, however, her face wore a baffled look.

"Why in the world did father have to go to hold that old court, when mother is away too? Just like him! He might have postponed it until next week, anyhow! What good am I doing here though? Mrs. Barnes does all the housekeeping, I never know where 'the kids,' are and besides Dr. Saunders is here at night. Ugh! I despise housekeeping and I'm never going to get married at all if Mack wants to keep house."

"There goes that miserable old 'phone. Some kid after Tom to come and see a billy-goat, or for Edith to come and play dolls."

But it wasn't. It was a telegram for Helen from Mary Williams asking her to come up and stay for the game. The game was to be at Mary's home, about twenty miles away. Helen in answer replied, "Impossible."

"Every chance in the world to go and then just on account of a couple of kids and a big house have to give it all up!" And throwing herself on the sofa in the spirit of a martyr the much-wronged girl

grew quiet and pensive. Now something is bound to happen, for she was quiet, and when a woman is quiet, then just watch.

"I'll do it," muttered Helen half aloud, "and no one will ever know it until it is all over. Father doesn't come home until midnight tomorrow, and I'll get back on the afternoon train."

Hastily she crammed a clean collar, half a dozen handkerchiefs, and a waist in her hand-bag and in a run started for the station, stopping only for a small bottle of Houbigant perfume, which she could not do without. She had only a few minutes within which to make the train, but she made it and in time to scribble off a note to Mrs. Barnes telling her she was going to spend the night with a friend and would stay until after supper of the next night. "Look out for the kids and leave the key with Dr. Saunders," was her admonition.

She gave a little boy a quarter and told him to hurry with the note.

When she was comfortably seated in the car she looked around to see who was aboard, and spied Lee Kingsby. He was an old sweetheart of her's, in fact they had been engaged, but that was all over and they were mere "friends" now. He recognized her and came over to share her seat.

The two had a pleasant little chat. He was bound for the same destination and after finding where Mary Williams lived decided to call that night. At the same time he arranged to take Helen to the football game and later to the matinee.

Helen was delighted with this, for Mack had not so much as asked her if she was going at all, much less if she would go with him. Of course when he saw her he would want to be with her all the time, but now she could toss her pretty head and say "she had previous engagements." It would be glorious.

The destination was reached and together they left the car and walked through the depot. Outside she took a cab, but gave him the street and number of her friend's house. Thinking of how much this trip would cost, she began to count her money. She had just enough to go to the game and get home with barely a dime for a drink at the soda fountain.

She got to Mary's about 5:30 and found the house closed and every one gone. Where in the world could they be? Finally, by continued summons, a girl came to the door and said they had all gone over to the college in the machine and would not be back for a

day or two. Then she realized that she was supposed to go with them to an entirely different game miles ago.

The girl, under no circumstances, would permit her to stay, and besides, she was afraid to stay in that big house by herself. She sat down on the front steps and began to cry. A passing policeman reminded her that it was getting late and no loafing or begging was allowed. She tried to explain, but he said he was used to these 'hard luck stories.' Better move on, I guess." Why hadn't she stayed at home? And why did she want to see the game? If Mack would only come now. But Mack was somewhere else happily oblivious of her predicament. Just then Lee came up and hesitatingly inquired the reason for so many tears and the cold seat on the steps. She confided her troubles to him, whereupon he gallantly proposed supper, then they would take in all the picture shows in the city, and afterwards the Lord only knows what they would do. It was 11:30 when they came from the last show. Both stopped impulsively.

"I'll tell you, Helen, I've paid for a room up at the hotel and you can just take it; I'll get my things out."

"But where will you go?"

"Oh! it doesn't matter about me; I'll go down in the office and,"—but seeing that Helen was about to weep again he turned for the hotel.

Lee explained to the clerk that "he—er thought—er—that—er—you—might—er—find—the——. Oh, the devil!" he said to himself, and then started fresh again. "You see me—er that is—she—no I mean—we couldn't—ere—find any one—so—so Helen's going to take the room I engaged."

"Oh, I see," said the clerk, "but wait, maybe I can help you. There is a magistrate up the street a little way. I could reach him by 'phone for you."

Lee gasped, turned red and then white. "No—er—no—I don't—we don't—that is—she won't—no—you see we don't want a magistrate."

"Oh, I beg pardon. I didn't know it made much difference. But there is a preacher just across the street; have you tried to get him?"

"No," shrieked Lee, "no! we don't want anything! I want a place to sleep, that's all!"

The clerk, puzzled and angry at the man's ingratitude, assigned him a cot in the office and turned away.

The next morning Helen came down with a red face, swollen eyes and a general manner betokening little rest. She was determined to go home on the next train. She never wanted to see Lee or this hateful place again. She was going home as soon as she could.

The clerk took note of her attitude and decided that instead of a preacher it was a lawyer they wanted.

But Helen didn't go home. After much pleading from Lee she agreed to stay. The morning was spent at sight-seeing, then they had dinner at a comfortable little restaurant and a little later started for the ball game.

They had a fine view of the game. Helen almost forgot her trouble in it. After seeing Mack play the star's part, get "knocked out" once, then get up and "hit the line" harder than ever, and finally make the winning touchdown, she was glad that she had stayed. Really, it didn't matter if all those things did happen, in fact it was rather jolly (after it was all over).

As they were leaving, while still in the crowd, Mack looked up and smiled. She knew it meant that he had played only for her and she wondered if she hadn't better break the date for the matinee. She didn't want to hurt Mack after he had played so well, and all for her too. As delicately as she could she broke the date with Lee, pleading a headache and she was so very tired.

She waited at the hotel for Mack to call, but at a quarter to three there was no message for her. The matinee was at three. Lee hurried in just at this time and begged her to go, for it was "The Merry Widow," and she really couldn't afford to miss it. She went and was seated just in time to see Mack come in with a very beautiful girl leaning on his arm. She recognized this girl as the one who sat in front of her at the game. Then it was she for whom the smile was intended. Her own little self Mack had not even seen.

She would never speak to him again—no, never—and would break the engagement this very night. And yet he was such a hero. Any girl would be proud to have him walk down the street with her. Again she wished herself at home, then she would never have known anything about the new girl.

She enjoyed the play very much, at least Lee thought so, and told her he was so glad they had got together for just a short time.

"He is going to try to get me back again," reflected Helen. "I do like him a whole lot and I never intend to speak to Mack again.

I might make Lee happy and then I guess "Mr. Smarty Mack" will feel a bit hurt once in his life.

"I'll never allow him to think I regret it a bit; no, not if I am miserable forever. I'll marry Lee in a month after he puts that ring back on my hand." Thus she meditated as she absently protested, she had enjoyed the matinee immensely. "Really, Lee, it seems like old times, doesn't it?" (with a coquettish smile).

"Yes, Helen" (tenderly), "and there hasn't been a minute that I haven't enjoyed. When I'm on my way I'll think of what a pleasant time we had together; what a sweet little companion you'd make for some one. I hope Mack will get you, for he is a fine fellow. The next time I come home I'll be a married man and bring the dearest girl in the world with me. I'm to be married in two months and I want you two to be great friends."

"Why—yes—of course we will, and now I must catch my train, but you have my best wishes."

She boarded the train and the first person she saw was Mack on his way to the smoker.

He stopped, surprised at the sight of her and passed a few remarks by way of pleasantry. But Helen was very haughty and cold, hardly deigning to answer his questions.

Mack was not accustomed to this and thought at once something was wrong. A happy thought struck him. Maybe Janet could recall her good humor. If anybody could she was the one. He would try it.

On his way back he stopped just long enough to drop a box of chocolates in her lap and say he'd be back shortly.

She could see through the glass in the end of the car that he was coming and bringing this "woman" with him.

"Well, he need not think that I'll be at all friendly to her, for I won't," she declared to herself. "I hate them both and I'll not treat them with anything but rudeness, even if I never get married."

"Helen, I'd like you to meet my sister, Janet. She is going to be with me this winter and I want you two to be good friends."

Helen blushed furiously, and could only reply, she was sure they would be. Then the new girl relieved her by starting pleasantly into conversation. They all sat together and had such a good trip, although Helen's thoughts were of how very foolish she had been, and how beautiful and sweet Janet was, how kind Lee had been to her, although he was going to marry within two months, and then last, but by no means least, how perfectly grand Mack was and such a hero, too.

Autumn

AILEEN TAYLOR, '09.

Woods once more are gay with red,
All of summer's flowers are dead.
Songsters seek a warmer clime,
There to find fair summer time.

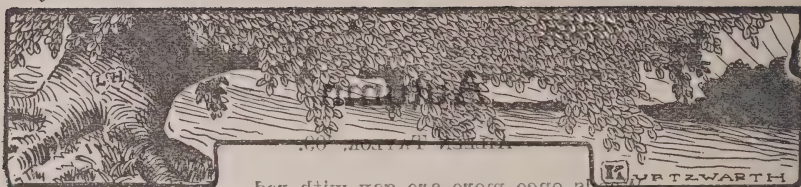
Such is life when it is waning,
Just a few short years remaining;
When our summer friends are leaving,
And we for them keep sorely grieving.

Then we feel so sad and lonely,
With our griefs and silence only,
For He, we know, our years is numbering,
Soon with the flowers we will be slumbering.

Football Romance

Autumn maiden—full of fun!
Football player—chapter one.
Maiden waves a flag of blue
From the grandstand—chapter two!
Football player turns to see—
Down he tumbles—chapter three!
Lost some scalp and what is more
Lost his heart—that's chapter four!
And he says, as surgeons mend,
"I've won my goal," and that's the end!
Except there'll be a wedding soon,
And then a happy honeymoon!

—Ex.



There to find fair summer time.
 O. Z. WRENN, '08.

His honor, the forty-third Earl of Bogushire, sat up and screwed his monocle vigorously. He had done this before. His father before him had done this. In fact it had long before become a family trait; something to be proud of; something to be admired by all the fair sex. The Earl was the last of his Noble family; that is, directly connected with the family. His father had died and left him all the family traits and very little property. He could scarcely be called a spendthrift because there was so little to spend. He had never married because of the fact that he could not persuade a certain Duchess to accept his heart and fortune. Some say that she found out that his fortune was not as big as his heart so she kept putting him off. It is further said that she explained to him that his heart was all right, but she wanted something more substantial in the way of a fortune. Therefore, in the words of those "orrid Hamerlicans," it was up to him to make good and pile up the stuff.

As I said the Earl sat up and screwed his monocle vigorously. He got up, walked around the room, sat down, and screwed his monocle again. Anyone with no more sense than a Congressman could tell that he was worried over something. After another vigorous twist of his monocle he picked up a copy of the "London Times." The first thing that met his gaze was an announcement telling about a game of baseball to be played between the visiting American team and the local team. The Earl had never seen a game of baseball, and knowing that it was an American game, he immediately put it down as some brutal game common to all Americans. As the Earl was getting desperate over his love affair, this game gave him an idea. He would go and see this game and perhaps if he could see a few men get killed it would make him feel better and do him good in many ways. Consequently he borrowed a pound from a friend—a



THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM, '08.

new friend—and at the appointed time was at the appointed place. Naturally he took a seat among the Nobles. Then he looked around and screwed his monocle. While carrying out this family trait his eye fell upon a man sitting beside him. After taking a second look he started to leave his seat because the man was a “’orrid Hamerican.” What would his great-grandfather, the twenty-third Earl of Wostershire, have said if he had seen his grandson sitting beside a “’orrid Hamerican.” Still there was something that held him back. Maybe it was the sparkle of the other’s diamond, or maybe it was the genial smile on the other’s face. Anyway he decided to break a custom and sit under the same roof, so to speak, with an ‘Hamerican.”

The American seemed to wake up.

“Old man,” he said, “there seems to be something eating you. Wake up and be sociable. Have a cigar from a friend. Going to be a fine game today, but of course you are going to be beat. Pretty bad, too, after the way you all have talked about it so much. Never mind, though, you may beat somebody yet; some little one-horse team.”

It is needless to say that his honor was amazed, stupified, at the audacity of the stranger. He choked back his anger and bit hard on his cigar. However, he was desperate, and he determined to see this thing through.

Before he could answer, the game was started. All eyes were glued to the diamond where the men were running across the field. The game started and progressed smoothly until a little squabble arose over some technicality. Pretty soon a sporty-looking young man walked up to the man beside his honor and began an earnest conversation with him. Of course they were speaking low, but the Earl could not help hearing what was said. The man was saying: “Don’t give in an inch, we know the rules, and we must have them enforced.” The young man started off saying: “All right, sir; I’ll tell Dooley what you said.” That was all his honor heard, but there was more that he had not heard.

This scrap of a conversation put the Earl to thinking. He could see that this man had power even if it was only a baseball team he owned. He knew that he owned it because he could tell by the way the young man had acted a moment before. He felt that he could afford to get on better terms with this stranger. He found in his pocket one of his cards and passed it over, and received one in return that read thus:

“Mr. J. Rufus Watson, Capitalist, New York.”

"You see," he said, as he passed it over, accompanied by a cigar, "that is my regular business, but lately my health has given out, and I had to take a vacation. I decided to make a trip around the world, and as I always like to be doing something to make a little money, I decided to bring along this team to help my expenses. But since I have reached England my health has improved so much that I have decided to go back home, besides I had a cablegram today telling me that one or two of my railroads needed looking into a little bit. I am in a pretty tough fix here too. These baseball men have signed up for one year, and if I go back now I will have to pay their yearly salary. They are making me a lot of money, but I would rather lose them than my railroads. Say! by the way, do you know of anybody over here that would like to take up this proposition with me. I would either sell outright or lease it. I've a manager that will run the team, but he has not the backing to run it by himself. I would like mighty well to find some one to take this over. You look like a smart man. Could I interest you in this matter? Have another cigar?"

J. Rufus sat with an uninterested look on his face while the Earl framed an answer.

Before answering the Earl looked around, and, among other things he noticed, he saw that there was a £1,000 crowd present. Then he said, "Hi am deeply hinterested in what you say. Hof course, Hi don't know hany one that would take hup your proposition, but will you come hout to my 'ouse tonight hand we will talk things hover. Hi like your looks." After delivering himself thus he began humming an old Dutch song, for, in a few brief moments, he had found a way into the heart of the Duchess. The way was through this "HamERICAN" (with "'orrid" left off). He would buy this man's team and make "money by the peck," and then he would claim his bride and live happily ever afterwards.

The game finally came to a close with the score thirteen to three in favor of the Americans. The Earl was glad, because he wanted his team to be a winning one. He went home with a head full of good dreams and tobacco smoke. He had given his address to the stranger, and he felt no uneasiness about his coming.

He had his plans all figured out except one thing. And that was that he could only scrape up £600 by hook or crook. Of course he didn't know the price of the team, but he felt sure that it would be more than that. He had a plan, however. He might get some money from that new friend of his. He went around to see this

friend and found that he would let him have £1,000. He didn't tell him what he wanted it for, however. With that and the property he hadn't already mortgaged he raised about £2,500. He figured that he could pay this back inside of a week, and have enough laid back in one month to claim his bride. With all these thoughts predominant in his mind he settled down to await the coming of his man.

At the prescribed time he arrived and brought with him a knotty-faced young man whom he introduced as his manager. They were soon deep into the discussion of the sale. This is the way things stood: This young manager has scraped up about £900, and he was willing to put that much into it if he was permitted to hold his position as manager at a good salary. This was readily agreed to because the Earl saw that he would need a manager, and he liked this man fairly well.

Mr. J. Rufus Watson wanted about four times what they had for the team, but he offered to lease it to them the rest of the year for what they had. They readily agreed to do this and all necessary papers were drawn up and signed by all parties. Mr. Watson was so generous as to have a headline announcement in the "Times" in the morning, as this would be a great advertisement for his honor, and would probably bring him in thousands of pounds. After smoking another cigar, and arranging some of the minor details, J. Rufus and his manager left, to return on the morrow.

The next morning there was a large announcement in the "Times" that went something like this:

"SOLD.

"News reached this office last night through a friend of the victim that the forty-third Earl of Bogushire has been buncoed out of about £2,500 by an American crook who claimed to have sold him the American Baseball Team that is touring this country. He is of an old family, and his many friends will be shocked and grieved to hear of his loss."

In the column next to this was another announcement something like this:

"BIG WEDDING.

"The Duchess of Wortington, who recently turned down the Earl of Bogushire, will shortly marry his honor, the Count of Swatski, of Petersburg, Russia. It will be an important affair."

Then followed glowing descriptions of the bride and a hint of the enormous wealth of the groom.

In Actu

CLARA CRAWFORD, '09.

Wild shouts fill all the air
And girls wave high the flag,
Resistlessly the tide sweeps on,
Nor fails one head to wag.

They raise a song of cheer
And sing assured success,
The fortune that has blessed thus far
Must follow D. H. S.

A Matter of Taste

I met a goat and said to him,
"The question, pray excuse;
Why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he, "Because I chews."

—Ex.



Winning the Half-mile Race

E. R. L., '11.

Jack Shirley sat at the window gazing wistfully across the school grounds. Who could study on such a day? Certainly not he. As he sat with an open Virgil in his hand, his eyes repeatedly wandered to the gymnasium. Presently a crowd of boys from the athletic field came into view. At sight of Jack they hailed him and soon burst into his room. They roosted everywhere—in chairs, and windows, but most of them piled upon his bed. "I say, Jack, I think it's tough luck about your failing," said one. "We went to Professor Nichols and asked him to remove your deficiency or let you stand another examination, but the old fellow flatly refused. Wish we could help you out."

"Thanks, boys, for trying to help me, but you might have known it would be of no use. Old 'Nick' would fail me or die. I believe if I got a 'max.' he'd flunk me, just because he knows how anxious I've been to make the team. And although I have made it in spite of him, he's determined to keep me out anyhow. But I hear Ellet has hurt his ankle and can't run. It doesn't make much difference for me, but without him we're sure to get beat; that's all there is to it."

"Never give up, old boy, perhaps we'll win yet," said the captain.

"Well, it's your place to be hopeful, but just tell me who's to run half-mile now, Ellet's out?"

"I'll tell you our plan if you'll keep mum," continued the captain. "I want to know what you think of it; you have a good head on your shoulders. You know that little Freshman, Austin, from your town? He's a splendid sprinter. He'll run quarter-mile as fast as he can make it, and we're hoping to draw Franklin's man out by that time so that Nelson, whom we're putting in for the regular run,

will have some chance. That's our only hope. What do you think of the scheme?"

"Great! old man. The fellows knew what they were doing when they made you captain."

Field day arrived—so did a crowd of lovely feminines with flying ribbons and pennants. The Franklin High School boys also arrived. Great big men were they, who looked as if they might in a dozen strides go around the race course. There was great excitement at the gymnasium. Jack Shirley, though feeling very much injured, was helping with all his might, and it was all he could do to keep Austin quiet.

The hour for the races was at hand. The first race, the mile run, was won by the captain of the Locustdale High School, and so unexpected was it that the boy enthusiasts, headed by Jack, took him upon their shoulder and rode him through the crowd. This joy, however, was soon turned to anxiety, for the Franklin sprinter, the fastest Locustdale had ever known, took off the laurels for the hundred-yard dash, and he, seemingly as fresh as ever, was to run the half-mile.

The Locustdale boys were nearly wild. Oh, if Jack Shirley had only been allowed to run, the day would be saved! But the time for the race was at hand. Austin, somewhat nervous, awaited the signal for starting. First he eyed his adversary, Franklin's quarter-mile man, then the boy he was put up to bluff, and lastly he surveyed Nelson. Nelson was plainly nervous and in no state for running his best, while today Locustdale demanded more than his best.

Precisely with the signal the runners sped away on the long course. Only a moment was required to fix the pace. Austin assumed first place abreast of Franklin's half-mile man, Nelson followed closely, while behind him plodded faithfully Austin's quarter-mile opponent.

In the rooters' stand there was great consternation among the Locustdale boys. Everywhere cries arose, "Why in the dickens does that little Freshman want to set such a pace! He'll give out before he runs half the distance! But you can't expect anything else of a Freshman!"

Austin turned his eyes and saw the big Franklin man a little behind him now, and a few yards ahead was the quarter-mile mark. Here his labor would be ended and there would be "rest for the weary." Then the thought darted through his brain, why stop here? He was not so very tired, but even as he thought this his feet pulled

like iron weights at his clogging limbs. It was clear that Nelson had no chance of passing Franklin's man, so he decided that he would try to hold out for the second half. As he passed the quarter-mile post, Locustdale sent up such a yell that he was encouraged to renew his effort. To say their surprise was great, when he did not stagger from the track, is expressing it mildly. The Franklin man was surprised too, for he had settled into an easy gait thinking the victory already won. Now, when he saw the kid, still running without slackening his pace a notch, breakers loomed ahead, but he continued his pace, he would save his strength for sprinting the last hundred yards.

The Locustdale boys were nearly frantic with excitement. They asked each other could he keep up. As soon as the runners rounded the last bend the boys left the stand and ran to the track cheering Austin on. He felt as if his bosom would burst if he kept on, but equally as strong was his feeling of shame if he failed to win. So he kept resolutely on. He was staggering and he could no longer hold his head erect. His breath came hard and fast, and he felt that his nostrils would split, but he was running for Locustdale and the boys, and he could not stop.

Franklin's man was running his hardest now, and if he did not give out, victory looked imminent for him. But tired as he was, Austin sprinted too. At this sign of strength the boys cheered as they had never done before. On both struggled. Just a few yards ahead was the half-mile post. Was ever any half-mile so long? Franklin's man was just behind Austin now. The latter could hear his heavy breathing. At last only ten paces remained. Austin stumbled, but regaining his balance hurled himself forward and past the fraction of a measure in advance of Franklin's man.

"Locustdale forever!" rose cheer after cheer on the air. Then, "A—U—S—T—I—N, AUSTIN! AUSTIN! AUSTIN!"

Football

Sing a song of football,
Don't it make you smile?
Two and twenty players
Struggling in a pile;
When the pile is opened,
Hear those awful groans;
Boys begin to creep out,
Looking for their bones.
Sections there of noses,
Patches here of hair,
But they made a touchdown,
And little do they care.

—Ex.

The Football Song

(With Apologies to Tennyson).

The sun's rays glare upon the park,
Where Durham's team stands in its glory,
A long, long cheer comes loud and clear,
A football game!—exciting story!

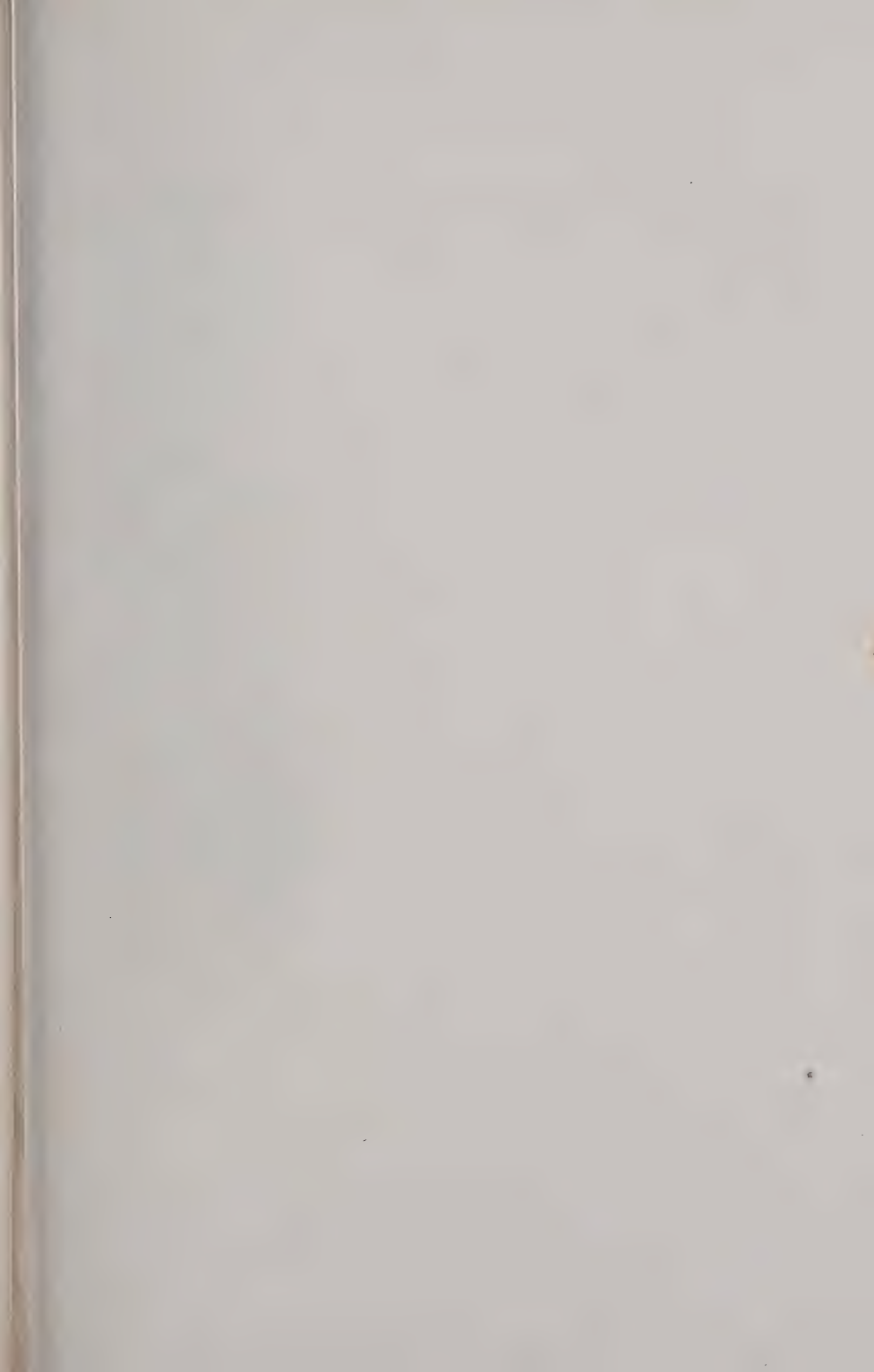
Play, Durham, play (hear the wild echoes flying),
Play, Durham, yield not though dying, dying, dying.

Oh look! oh see! one's down, now three!
They're up again and off they're going—
Oh far and long, like a happy song,
Cheers from the grandstand loudly flowing!

Cheer (give them not a chance for their replying),
Play, Durham, yield not though dying, dying, dying.

And on they play till close of day,
Now lost the ball, and now recovered,
Until at length with ebbing strength
They're victors with the glory smothered!

Play, Durham, play (hear the wild echoes flying),
Play, Durham, yield not though dying, dying, dying.





THE BOYS' TENNIS CLUB, '03.

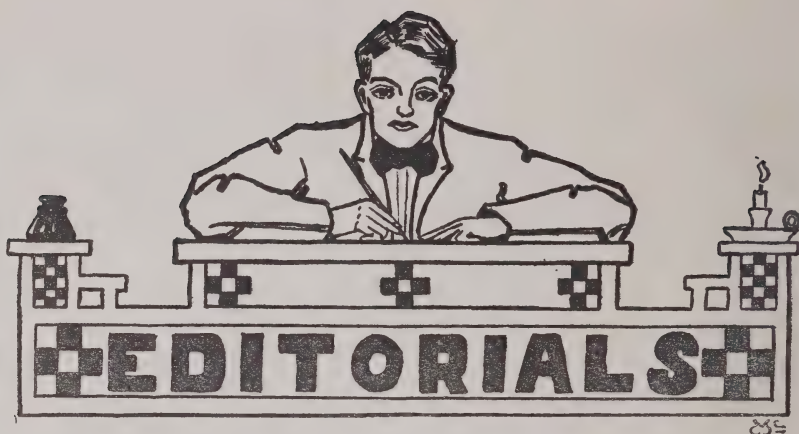
In Memoriam.

ERNEST JONES PATTON

1891--1908

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

—Ps. cii: 6.



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ATHLETICS

Athletics in the High School this year have at last reached that high plane that our principal had dreams of when he said: "Let's have *Athletics* in the High School." To him is due a great part of our success along these lines, for he is always a leader in our mass-meetings, and a source of sympathy and good cheer in the dark and dismal hour of defeat. Not only is he a friend who speaks his sympathy, but a financial friend when circumstances demands it.

Although our football team failed to win the championship of the State this season, our team has been a great success and one that our High School is proud of.

After all, success is not always measured by score, although our team has worked hard to have these in our favor as often as possible. Athletics create a spirit of loyalty among the students of a school and help to produce a good school spirit, which is one of the greatest essentials in High School life.

We doff our hats to the Greensboro football team and express our sincere congratulations to them for being able to carry off the championship of the State.

Three cheers for G. H. S.! We'll meet you on the gridiron next year.



S. K., '09.

After three months of playing, the football season of 1908 at D. H. S. came to a close with the Thanksgiving game. The season has been a very successful one. Although we have not won as many games as we did last year, we have met much stronger teams this year. Only two men crossed our goal during the entire season.

The team deserves the praise of the faculty as well as that of the student body, for each player has made good in his studies. Their gentlemanly conduct while upon the field has been of the highest type. The team always went on the field with the determination to win. They were never defeated until the time was called in the last half, for they always fought to the "bitter end."

OUR TEAM.

Henry Pendergraph, at center, measured up to his standard of last year. He did not make a single bad pass during the season.

"Bill" Whitaker, a last year's man who played right guard and full back, was always in the game. He could either open a place in the line as guard, or go through it as full back.

Powell, at left guard, was a new man in football. He was rather light weight for a guard, but his hardness, developed in the rural districts, enabled him to hold down the place well.

Walter Simon, at right tackle, was the star man in the line. He never failed to open a place for the backs and when playing defensive ball always tackled his man.

Mack White, left tackle, was ever "on the jump." He could easily go through the line and tackle the runner before he got started.

Hugh Whitted, right end, made a specialty of forward passes, handling nicely his own and also breaking up those of the opponents.

"Bill" Farthing, who played the other end, was a sure tackle and was on the spot to get the man receiving punts.

Captain Clyde White, our star quarter back, played in his '07 style. He was never at a loss what play to run and kept the team always moving. He was also keen judge of the plays of the other side.

Charlie Whitaker, at right half, excited the admiration of all by his speed. He often made end runs carrying from ten to forty yards.

Grover Scoggins developed into a splendid player this season and easily held his place at left half. Whenever there was an opening in the line he went through it for great gains.

Campbell, who played full back, added greatly to the strength of the team. He tackled well himself, but it was extremely hard for any one to tackle him, and many times he went through the opponent's line for distance with two or three of them swinging around his neck or dangling at his feet.

Hubert Scoggins alternated between quarter back, half back, full back and end. It is enough to say that he made good at all these places.

Cheatham Carrington, George Carrington and Don Sasser were substitutes. When in the game they held down their positions with much credit.

A great deal of our success must be attributed to Coach Stephenson and Mr. George Graham, both of whom rendered valuable assistance to the team.

The following games have been played during the season:

D. H. S., 17. Bingham, 0.

The football season opened at Durham on September 28th, with Bingham Military School.

We were very much gratified by the playing of the team, as it was our first game. For D. H. S., C. Whitaker, Campbell and Whitted played well. Campbell went through the line for two touchdowns, while Whitted, by a well-worked forward pass, made the other touchdown. Although Bingham was clearly outclassed they would make a good team with the right sort of coaching. The line-up was as follows:

D. H. S.**BINGHAM.**

Farthing.....	left end.....	Taylor (Captain)
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Morrow
Dixon.....	left guard.....	Thompson
Pendergraph.....	center	Gore
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....	Hewson
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Sanders
Whitted.....	right end.....	Cole
White C. (Captain)....	quarter back.....	Purnell
Scoggins, H.....	left half.....	Strings
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Taylor
Campbell.....	full back.....	Harry

D. H. S., 0. G. H. S., 5.

October 10th, we met the Greensboro High School upon their grid-iron. They had a comparatively small team, but played fast ball. Two or three fumbles lost us much distance. Captain White had to be taken out of the game in the first half. This, of course, weakened us very much. Nevertheless, at the end of the last half, both Whitakers were hitting the line so hard that they were making distance every down, and with a few minutes more time the tale of victory would have been different.

D. H. S.**G. H. S.**

Farthing.....	left end.....	Leonard
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Grimsley, W.
Dixon.....	left guard.....	Grimsley, S.
Pendergraph.....	center	Armfield
Powell.....	right guard.....	Aldrid
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Taylor
Whitted.....	right end.....	Denny
White—Scoggins.....	quarter back.....	Coffin
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Hendrix (Captain)
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Dillon
Whitaker, W.....	full back.....	Preyer

D. H. S., 0. U. N. C. Freshmen, 4.

We played the University of North Carolina Freshmen at Durham on October 17th. Although we did not win, we felt that our team had shown up well against the college team. They outweighed us,

and had been well coached. For Durham, C. Whitaker, G. Scoggins and Sasser; for U. N. C., Winston played good ball. Winston kicked a nice goal from field. U. N. C. was on the defensive a great deal of the game. The following was the line-up for each side:

D. H. S.

U. N. C.

Sasser.....	left end.....	Hemphill
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Neely
Dixon.....	left guard.....	Hill
Pendergraph.....	center	Crutchfield
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....	Daniels
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Warlick
Whitted.....	right end.....	Hoffman
Scoggins, H.....	quarter back.....	Jones
Scoggins, G.....	quarter back.....	Cook
Whitaker, C. (Captain) ..	right half.....	Herd
Campbell.....	full back.....	Winston (Captain)

D. H. S., 6. G. H. S., 0.

On the 24th of October D. H. S. defeated Greensboro High School by a score of 6 to 0. Greensboro played a good defensive game, but could not stand the heavy line plunging of our team. Grover Scoggins went through their line for a touchdown with two or three men hanging to him. Hubert Scoggins played at quarter back, as Captain White had not recovered from the injuries received in the first G. H. S. game. He played well and displayed great coolness in calling signals. The following line-up each:

D. H. S.

G. H. S.

Farthing.....	left end.....	Leonard
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Grimsely, W.
Carrington, G.....	left guard.....	Grimsley, S.
Pendergraph.....	center	Armfield
Powell	right guard.....	Aldrid
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Denny
Whitted.....	right end.....	Taylor
Scoggins, H.....	quarter back.....	Coffin
Whitaker, C. (Captain) ..	right half.....	Hendrix (Captain)
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Dillon
Whitaker, W.....	full back.....	Preyer

D. H. S., 5. Warrenton, 0.

D. H. S. defeated Warrenton High School at Durham on November 6th. Warrenton put up a good game, but D. H. S. was too swift for them. They outweighed us. In the first half it was merely a punting battle, but in the second D. H. S. hammered at the line for a touchdown. Campbell, Scoggins, C. Whitaker and Simon played star ball. Warrenton put out one of the best high school teams in the State, and it is not under the standard this year. The line-up was as follows:

D. H. S.

WARRENTON.

White, M.....	left end.....	Manning—Flemming
Carrington, G.....	left tackle.....	Cherry (Captian)
Whitaker, W.....	left guard.....	Vann—Rowland
Pendergraph.....	center	Griffith
Powell.....	right guard.....	Parker
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Martin
Scoggins, H.....	right end.....	Howell
White, C. (Captain)...	quarter back.....	Bonner
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Sarratt
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Graham
Campbell.....	full back.....	Hughes

D. H. S., 17. Warrenton, 6.

Saturday, November 21st, we defeated Warrenton at Warrenton. Durham received the kick off, and by line plunges and end runs made a touchdown after four minutes' playing. During this half Warrenton made a touchdown and kicked goal, making the score 6 to 5 in their favor. In the second half they did not fare so well. Durham made two touchdowns and successfully kicked goal each time. For Durham, Campbell, C. Whitaker, Simon and G. Scoggins; for Warrenton, Graham and Sarratt do good work. The line-up was as follows:

D. H. S.

WARRENTON.

Farthing.....	left end.....	Manning
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Cherry (Captain)
Powell.....	left guard.....	Vann
Pendergraph.....	center	Griffith
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....	Parker

Simon.....	right tackle.....	Martin
Whitted.....	right end.....	Howell
White, C. (Captain)....	quarter back.....	Bonner
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Graham
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Flemming—Sarratt
Campbell.....	full back.....	Hughes

D. H. S., 0. Greensboro, 4.

The football season closed with the Thanksgiving game at Greensboro. Lack of team work was the cause of defeat. Greensboro played a fast game. The breaking up of interference by H. Scoggins, the punting by Captain White and the tackling by Simon were excellent. Hendrix, Dillon and Humbolt did good work for Greensboro.

D. H. S.

GREENSBORO.

Farthing.....	left end.....	Leonard
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Denny
Powell.....	left guard.....	Grimsley
Pendergraph.....	center	Armfield
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....	Taylor
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Aldrid
Whitted.....	right end.....	Humbolt
White, C. (Captain)....	quarter back.....	Coffin
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Dillon
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Hendrix (Captain)
Scoggins, H.....	full back.....	Preyer



THE GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB, '08.

Girls' Athletics

CARRIE NOELL, '09, EDITOR PRO TEMPORE.

In the days of antiquity there were great athletes; many, many people joined in and witnessed the famous Olympian games, but all who took part in these games and practically all the spectators were of the male sex. In those days, grand as they were, a woman was considered too good to witness outdoor sports, much less join in them. In Durham things are quite different. The girls as well as the boys are lovers of outdoor sports and are really athletes.

In September a large number of our girls came together at the suggestion of one or two of the Senior class and organized a Basketball Club. A general captain was elected and under this one four sub-captains with their respective teams.

The members of this club have been constantly at work. The court has been fixed nicely and the well-matched teams are doing good work.

During the first week in December there will be a Basketball Tournament. This will be given free to the girls of the High School and the team which scores the most will be given a High School pennant.

We hope to do good work in basketball and from the present situation our prospects are very encouraging.

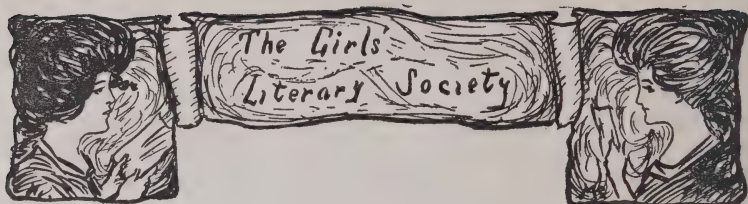
The racket girls have not begun their playing, but they have a court in good shape and expect to begin soon. They have a large club and we wish for them much success.

As It Might Have Been Written

When lovely woman lives too jolly,
And finds her hair at last turned gray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What potion wash her age away?

The only art her years to cover,
To hide her age from every eye;
To bring again the youthful lover
Back to her bosom is, to—dye!

—Louis I. Jaffe, in the Trinity Archive.



CORA WESCOTT, '11.

The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society was very enjoyably entertained in one of its recent meetings, by a musical program. The performers did their parts very well indeed. The girls show much talent and skill along this line.

The Society has of late made a study of one of the earliest Greek poets, Sappho. We find her life and what we were able to learn concerning her poems very interesting and helpful.

The members are also taking great interest in debating; they are taking hold of their work with a firm hand and bid fair to make it one of the most profitable branches of the Society work.

A committee has been appointed to select an emblem for the Society. In the next meeting there will be an election of officers. All the committees will be heard from, besides the other important business that is to be transacted. We hope that the importance of these steps will be realized by the members and that they will show care and good spirit in their selections.

A few new members have been admitted recently and other names are to be voted upon at later meetings. We gladly welcome these to our number and sincerely hope that not only will the Society benefit them, but that they will render great help to us.

Our former President, Douglas Hill, has presented us with a beautiful Hollin's Institute pennant, which we greatly appreciate. We note with great delight that the interest of the members of '08 in the Society did not die when they left us the work and went to take up their own in a larger field.

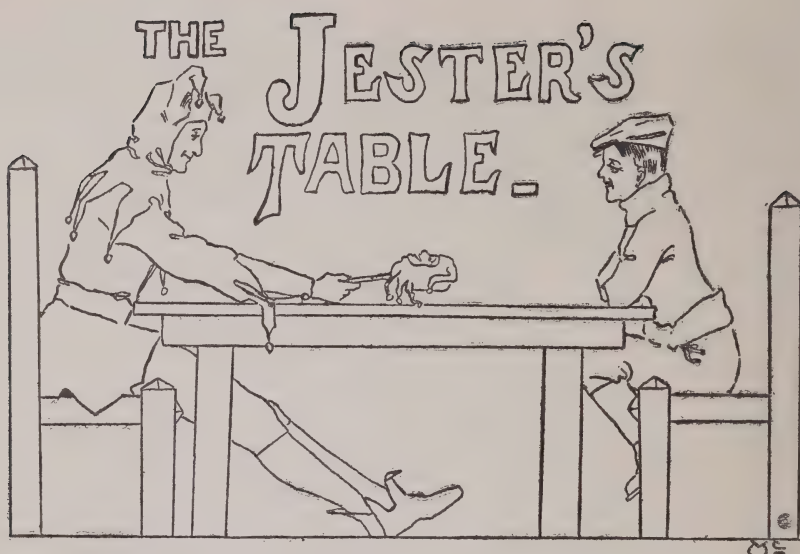


MARY ZEULA WESCOTT, '10.

This little band meets regularly in the magazine room and passes friendly criticism upon the work of the members. Here the sentiment, punctuation and choice of words is commented upon and suggestions offered for improvement. By this method the kind of poetry appealing to the school is learned and the members are encouraged to produce this sort. Not long poems alone are required, but short ones also—sometimes mere lines—which contain original thought are appreciated. No subjects are given and each one has a wide range from which to choose. The students are asked to remember, however, that the next issue will be the Christmas number and that poems in keeping with the holidays will be very much in order. All phases of this season may be used from the old, old journey of the Wise Man and its outcome to that of our modern Saint and the wonderful mission which he performs.

Concerning High School football teams,
 Too oft it comes to pass,
 The boy who's half-back in the field
 Is whole back in his class.

—Madge Shields, '09.



Ye Komic Editor, while attending the first football game, overheard one of the girls giving the following paraphrase upon the new grand stand:

This is the grand stand that Bryan built.

These are the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

These are the cheers one, two, and three which come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the joy so full and free which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the train so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the game hard fought and long won by the team so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free, which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the happy joyous throng for whom the game hard fought

and long was won by the team so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the school, renowned in song,—the school of the happy joyous throng for whom the game hard fought and long was won by the team so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free, which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

* * *

A student in one of the first-year Latin classes in a recent examination, while giving rules for gender, originated the following: "Invisible nouns are neuter."

* * *

Hugh Whitted (to news boy on returning from Raleigh)—"Say, fellow, there is a mosquito on your nose."

News Butcher—"Catch him."

Sturdy Hugh—"I got him."

News Butcher—"Hold him then."

* * *

English Professor—"Thomas, correct this sentence. It is a tremendous apple."

Thomas—"It is a magnagulous apple."

* * *

When Eve and Adam courted, she,
Like many another trustful human,
Believed him when he told her he
Had never loved another woman.

—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Green (in 2a Latin class)—"Where do you find lege?"

Pupil—"In the back of the book."

* * *

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Hark, hark the boys do bark!
The team has come to town,
Back from the toils,
Laden with spoils,
Each one with great renown.

Postmaster (to an old negress)—“What did you say your address was, Auntie?”

“Cotton-checks, sir, least ways, dat’s whut Marse John said it wus.”

* * *

Mr. Goode—“Miss Susie, what do you know about Crœsus.”

S. F. M.—“Was it a he or a she?”

* * *

FOOTBALL HEROES.

This little boy made a touchdown,

This little boy stole the ball,

This little boy recounts his deeds

(You’d think he did it all),

This little boy cries boo-hoo (he can’t play till fall).

* * *

Geometry Teacher—“Now, Lida, if the segments of a line are equal, what about—?”

L. C. V.—“But, Mr. Green, where are the sediments?”

* * *

“I am sick to death of everything,” said the society woman. “Let’s spend an evening where we’ve never spent one before.”

“Agreed!” said her husband.

“Shall we try home or church?”

“Church,” she replied, sighing.—Ex.

* * *

HE FOUND SOMETHING.

A pretty school teacher, noticing one of her little charges idle, said sharply: “John, the devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and let me give you some work.”—Ex.

* * *

ASKING IMPOSSIBILITIES.

Teacher—“Johnnie, where is the North Pole?”

Johnnie—“Dunno.”

Teacher—“You don’t know after all my teaching.”

Johnnie—“Nope. If Peary can’t find it, there’s no use of my trying.”—Brooklyn Life.



GENTLE KNOCKS

"He has a wild stag's foot and the lion's heart."—*Charlie Whitaker.*

"Least but not least heard."—*George Johnson.*

"Maude, who is your favorite *author*?" "Pope, of course."

"The all-seeing sun ne'er saw their equal since the world begun."—*Football Team.*

"Wanted—A translation of *Horace*.—*Gentle Knocks Editor.*

We do not want him any longer, he is long enough.—*George Carrington.*

Surely thy hair hath rusted!—*Floyd Goodrich.*

"The heavens for height and the earth for depth and I shine crosswise."—*Carrie Noell.*

SHAKESPEAR SCHOOL.

First Year—"A Comedy of Errors." Amen.

Second Year—"Much Ado About Nothing." Amen (signed by Mr. Green).

Third Year—"As You Like It."

Fourth Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

"None but thyself can be thy parallel—3 S.—(Boys or girls).



We are especially glad to have our good neighbor, "The Park School Gazette," this month. It is neat and attractive, but the Literary Department has a scarcity of articles. We can sympathize with the staff, for we, too, know how hard it is to get contributions for the first issue. Good school spirit, however, is evident throughout this magazine.

"The Index" ranks among the best high school magazines and is the most striking exchange on our table. "The Prank of the Season" is a well-written and very interesting story.

"The Spike," which comes to us from the West Salem High School, Wisconsin, is not up to the standard of high school magazines. Let us suggest that more attention be paid to its form.

"The Critic" of the Lynchburg High School is an attractive and well-arranged magazine. It has a good number of short and varied stories, one of which, "Juoni," deserves special mention as the real Indian spirit pervades it.

"The Wake Forest Student" has a notable memorial poem, "The Meeting," a tribute to John Charles McNeill and his mother, who recently died.

"The Dragon" has a continued story, "The Mysterious Suit Case," that is excellent enough to make readers look forward to the end of the story. We commend the fine original cuts in "The Dragon" and would suggest more articles for the Literary Department.

Had She But Known

When Jean Ingelow, the poetess, wrote:

"To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love, and then to lose,"

If she had known what the world now knows,
that

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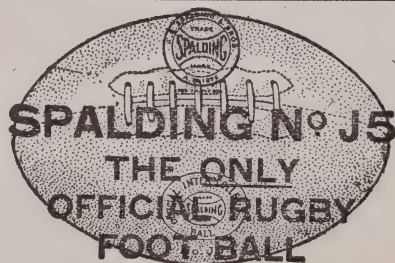
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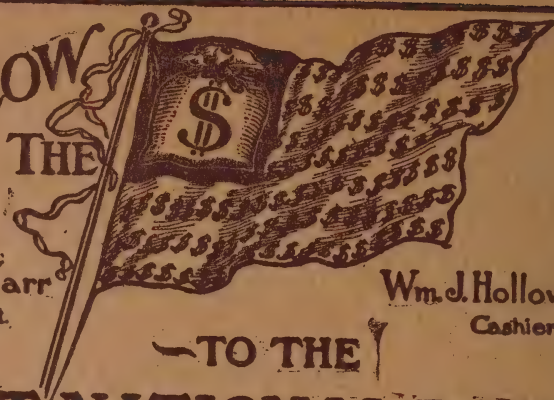
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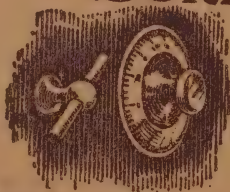
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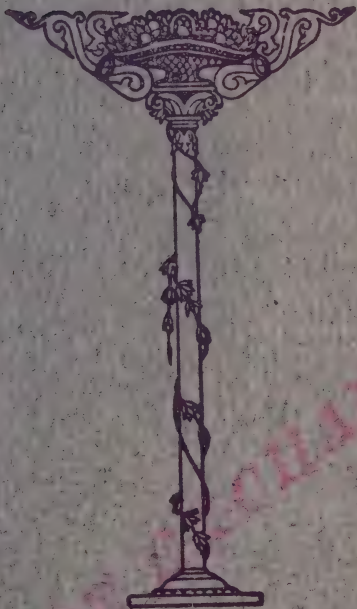
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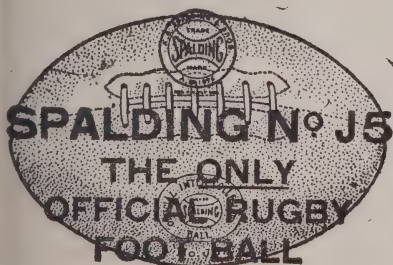
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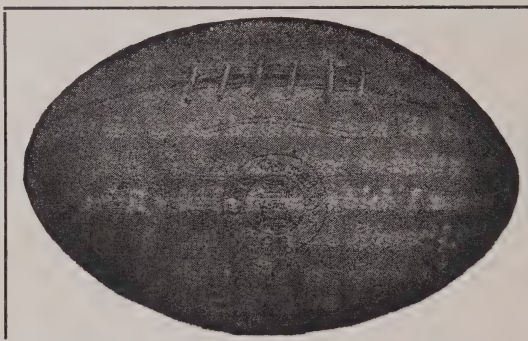
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Snatched from the Brink

'10.

Dorothy was heartbroken, she was sure of it, as she buried her face deeper in the cushions of the apple-tree hammock and wiped off another tear on the already drenched handkerchief.

To be engaged, and almost at the moment he was to call, to see him driving with another girl was something serious, enough to send one (even at seventeen) with cushions, a sad look, and a supply of handkerchiefs to the hammock beneath the outmost apple tree in the orchard. Here in a brief five minutes she had lived ages weeping copiously over the faithlessness of man. She had given to him and to him only her heart and now it was cast aside like a broken toy (she liked that expression, and revelled in its tragic meaning). Oh, the heartlessness of man!

What should she do with life? Never again could it hold such heavenly bliss as had been hers before this great sorrow. The idol before, which she had freely, gladly offered her young heart in loving devotion, had spurned the gift and she was left with desolated hopes a sorrowing victim. Perhaps sometime when he had learned of the hollow base world as she had done he would repent of his great wrong and come back to beg forgiveness—too late—over her untimely grave.

But something must be done with the little life remaining to her. Just what, she little cared, nor greatly wished to live. How beautiful it would be if, like the Greek heroines of old, she could draw near her heartless lover and stabbing herself tell him, while the warm blood gushed from the heart which he had broken, the cause of her tragic death! This picture so fed the fountains of her grief that another one of the immaculate handkerchiefs was reduced to a bit of damp lace.

But no, she resolved, though her heart was crushed and all freshness and sweetness gone out of her life, she would live for others. Stifling her own feelings she would make the lives of others happier and they would bless the day that she was born.

Perhaps she would enter a convent to be one of the gentle, sweet-faced nuns who administer to the world. Their hoods and capes would be becoming and the patient curves of her mouth would tell of the spirit which longed for flight. Perhaps some day she would be able to snatch *him* from death and despair and give him back to his sorrowing family.

This vision fled also. She wanted a more active life. Then why not be a Red Cross nurse? And there arose the picture of a bloody battlefield with its wounded and dying, among whom she found and nursed back to life a fair-haired soldier, who had the features of her false lover, only to obey the stern voice of duty and send him back to her for whom herself had been deserted. Pathos and soothing self-sacrifice were in the picture, but in spite of it she was not content. She wanted to do something which should make the world bow at her feet, be among the world. Ah, she had it now! She would be a singer. In the little town in which she lived she was a member of the choir, and her voice had been warmly praised. She would go away to cultivate it and in a few years would astonish the world with its rich, wonderful melody and her pathetic ballad of forsaken love. Crowns, coronets and wealth would be offered the beautiful singer who had so suddenly come into prominence, but remembering her early love she would sing on and continue to play upon people's hearts.

At length, after feeling assured that her long absence and great success had changed her beyond danger of recognition, she would accept an offer from the opera of her own town—now a flourishing city—to sing for a large sum, the song to be of her own selection. She would compose it herself, a song of her own wretched life and love. It would be about something given to the ocean which only toys with the choicest treasure, soon tires and casts it ashore or buries it beneath the waves to be forgotten. One line would be, "My love was cast upon the ocean," and in a voice of marvelous sweetness, which would thrill all hearers, she would sing of her own crushed life, of the suffering that had been endured without murmur, and of the longing when life is ended "to be at rest beneath the sea." Only, of course, it should be sadder than that, but she would have plenty of time to write it.

The vision continued to unfold. Conspicuous in the vast audience a handsome face would be lifted to her from a tall, erect form, which she would not recognize, but by some strange spell their eyes would meet and then she would seem to sing only for him. His handsome face would show deep emotion. Afterwards they would meet at a great reception. In the introduction the names would be missed, but later in a secluded corner cut off from the world by a mass of fern he would tell her the strange influence of her song and pour out to her the story of an early love broken by his recklessness and of a disappointed later life. Then with the divinest melancholy in her speech and mood she would tell him of her own early love so nearly like his, whereupon by some kind interference of fate he would recognize her and implore her to renew those early vows which had been made and he had broken in his youth. But she would tell him no, in the very sweetest, saddest way, that as her heart was broken long ago it was but idle speculation to dream of happiness now, and so the one course of action open to her until the flowers should bloom about her grave was to cherish the broken idol of her lost youth (with lingering pathos upon the word *lost*).

This rehearsal of her future actions was becoming interesting. The tears had already ceased to flow. She would begin the change immediately. She would be quiet and sweet-faced, ever ready to cheer the sad—with special attention to the brokenhearted—never gay and heedless as she had been that morning. How long ago it seemed! But never to anyone would she tell the cause of her changed life.

The busy train was still running when suddenly there broke soothingly upon her ear those same tones she had planned to hear years hence.

"Dot! why, Dot!"

He was bending over her, his voice full of loving concern and his breath fanning her hair. She sat up woundedly without looking into his face, a little petulant that her reverie had been broken. He saw the tears.

"Why, sweetheart, what is wrong? Did I frighten you? Didn't you get my note?"—a bewitching little pout playing about the corners of her mouth. "When mother sent me to take Annette to the depot—she is my cousin, you know—"

He had sent a note explaining that his call would be delayed because of a duty to his cousin, but as soon as that was performed

he would return. "In the hopes," as he had put it, that his "little girl wouldn't be mad." Now he had returned true to his promise—somehow the note had failed of delivery—and he had been searching the premises for her ever since.

Her vision of the sacrificial life had fled, but somehow she did not regret its flight. And making room for him beside her she told him how she had doubted him and of all her plans for her sunless future. And those two young things sat there hand in hand and devoutly thanked heaven for delivering them from the awful fate from which they had so narrowly escaped.

Simile

BLANCHE WRAY, '10.

On a high and rock-bound coast
A lonely lighthouse, lashed
Of seas and braved by Neptune's host,
Solidly stands.

Like the lighthouse, a pure life,
Besieged by all the powers
Of ill, will rise above the strife,
Regally grand.

Vacation—Exit

ELISE LLOYD, '11.

Fare thee well, O summer,
Sweet season of God's rest,
Thy ways were not of labor,
They led us pleasure's quest.

We journeyed through His meadows,
We traveled through His dale,
We listened to His warblers,
Their praises in the vale.

Thy paths lay by the brooklets,
Where glads the soul of man;
We slept by winding rivers,
And dreamed on ocean's strand.

O, we were worn and weary,
Our hearts were burdened sore,
But not too worn, O summer,
To quarry for thy lore.

Man's company had tired us,
With him we found no peace,
Hope led us to God's country
Where found we true heart-ease.

There caught we skyland glory,
The wonders of His hand;
We measured there His power
In the little grain of sand.

At length our hearts were lightened,
And healed our spirits sore.
Then came we back to duty
To stand her court before.

Her mandates now control us,
Again her bondsmen we,
But mark! the yoke seems lighter,
O summer, since fall'n from thee!



Mess

SAMUEL JORDAN, '10.

Mess was all that his name implied. When a half grown dog, handsome, dashing, frolicsome, his master had christened him. As his lithe body developed to splendid proportions and he discovered his great strength he became a *mess* in nature as well as in name.

Every boy in the neighborhood had felt the sting of Mess's teeth, and, when he stalked about, the other dogs sought safety within their kennels. For Mess made few friends with the neighboring dogs.

One morning as he lay in a corner of his front yard dozing in the warm sunshine he caught sight of the canine member of a neighboring household lying on the soft grass under an evergreen. The sight interested him. He stretched his muscular body to its full length, one strong front leg reaching far out with widespread foot displaying long vicious claws, then opened his mouth with a wide yawn flashing two rows of snow-white teeth in the sunlight.

The neighboring dog continued his recumbencies, and gazing at him awoke memory in our indolent bully, that the other had growled at him the day before through the fence, and made him mad. Mess looked at Whity, which was his enemy's name, long enough to make sure he was asleep, then slowly crept toward him.

Once within a few feet of his victim Mess gave a sudden bound and sprang forward with great fury. There was a startled yelp, a blurred quick circling mass of white and brown heads, legs and tails, and then a white streak running toward the house pursued by Mess. Whity reached his porch before being overtaken and placed himself behind the railing for defense.

Mess tried in every way to remove his adversary from his security. He tried to scare him, but this made the other cower only the closer. He made as if he would jump through the lattice, but

this failed of its purpose. Then in reckless abandon, with a growl and tremendous effort, he sprang across the railing and at the throat of the cowering Whity.

The venture was one too many. Braved in his last stronghold Whity summoned his energies, met his assailant with savage onslaught and landed him heavily against a post. And before the surprised Mess could recover himself he was shaken from the porch to the ground, a whipped bully, gratified to the fullest of his blood-thirstiness.

His desire for trespass was also satisfied. He awaited no ceremonies, but sprang to his feet and made his way home at such speed that he appeared only a black blurr as he sailed over the fence.

The rest is only moral. Mess had come across looking for something. He had found it, and in the deep solicitude of his dog's heart he was carrying back to his own the satisfaction of his discovery.

A Springtime Rhapsody

ELBERT CHAPPELL, '10.

Thy ways to me, O, sightless one,
Are all a mystery.
They've luring proved and will allure
Throughout all history.

Used, when of thee I heard them speak,
With words so new to me,
I felt that I should like to live
A thousand years with thee.

Thereafter oft I longed for thee,
But all in vain it seemed,
Until one bright and sunny day
We met by ocean stream.

And there beside the restless wave,
Where voices whisper low,
I look'd into your face—or hers—
At least it seemed so.

Her countenance was like the rose,
O, she was fair to see!
And lily-like her life appeared,
Her slave I'd gladly be.

I tried to trace her soft desires,
That favor I might win.
Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes
Like witchery drew me in.

Then closely to her side I stole,
Some tender word to tell,
But silence on my lips was hung
And speech was under spell.

Alarmed at my want-wittedness
She fled invisibly,
Forlorn I stood like one amazed
And sorrowed silently.

In vain I waited her return,
She greeted me no more,
And I was left with sadder heart
Than I had known before.

Silently then I took my way
Across the dreary lea,
But ere my destination reached
This thought arose in me:

Blind one and small, how powerful
O'er mortal man thy sway!
One shaft of thine carelessly sped
Opes wounds that live away!



A Midnight Serenade

LAURA HOLMES HUTCHINGS, '10.

Grandpa Simmons was an old man of seventy. For twenty years he had been a widower, and in the meantime had become a rather fastidious and crusty old gentleman. He lived in a big house, had a big income and, in fact, was a big man in the village. His house was filled with silver plate, oak furniture and cut glass, of all of which Grandpa Simmons was very proud. His life was full of comfort and ease, but of late one thing had greatly annoyed him.

Now Grandfather Simmons had always held that the way to be "healthy, wealthy and wise" was to retire early and to spend the long night in peaceful slumber. But for several nights past, otherwise contented Grandpa had not been allowed to follow this rule in his accustomed way, owing to several midnight serenades of feline plan and perpetration. The interruption so aroused his nature that he prepared to reward his serenaders accordingly as the entertainment offered. A glimpse into his room the afternoon of the following day would have discovered a regular military post. Ranged beside his bed were rakes, broom handles, tomato cans and rocks, in general order of merit.

But alas for Grandpa Simmons! Even these weapons of defense availed nothing. A few savage onslaughts, and he was left to the

resources of his former nights. So it was with a more resolute and determined mind that Grandpa Simmons arose next day and prepared for battle of a sterner nature. He cleaned his gun, which had not been used since the war, loaded it with a handful of leaden slugs, and placed it by his bed.

That night, when all was still and Grandpa Simmons was sleeping peacefully, again came the nightly caterwaulers. With a set jaw he reached for his gun and quietly tipped downstairs. He crossed the kitchen and reached the outside door, when suddenly he heard a noise, a soft, padded noise as of something or somebody on the porch outside. But, no, it could not be! Yet, there it was again! Now Grandpa Simmons had once been a soldier, so with this thought to encourage him he threw wide the kitchen door. There was a rush, a scurry and over the back fence climbed a man to safety outside, for Grandpa Simmons was firing his gun.

Half an hour later a limp old man picked himself up from the other side of the room, where the recoil from his gun had landed him, and made his way painfully back to bed. Whether he slept well the rest of the night is not in the story, but for succeeding nights there was little excuse because of the presence of a genuine French bulldog, his own special purchase as safeguard against "burglars and cats."

Our Last Vacation

(Echo from the Class).

ANNA LEA WILLIAMS, '10.

It was to me the last white rose
That bloomed so late in fall.
So nearly perfect it did seem
The fairest of them all.

So sad, in sooth, it is to think
That, when this year is o'er,
From these fair walls we'll pass to pluck
Vacation's flower no more.

Uncle Eph's Philosophy

NATALIE TUCK, '11.

'Tain't no use er lookin' gloomy
En er goin' off ter pout,
Kaze de cabbage pot am empty
En yer cawn pone done gin out.

Jes be happy, keep on smilin',
'N if de trials come yer way,
Dey 'll des scatter lak de raindrops
W'en de sun come out ter s'tay.

Whut's de use er allers grumblin'?
Jes sit whar yo' is en grin;
Ef yo' smile dar in yer do'way
Trubble nebber will come in.

Hit don't do no good, yer fussin',
When de worl' seem upside down;
Jes keep busy—do yer duty,
En don't stop ter sigh en frown.

Why yo' allers lookin' shady?
'Tain't no use ter snub en cry;
Try a little snatch er singin',
Yo'll fergit ter groan en sigh.

Allers keep yer face er beamin',
Yo' ain't got time fer feelin' blue;
Ef yo'll nebber trubble trubble,
Trubble nebber 'll trubble yo'.

Trubble am so mighty funny,
Allers laks er gloomy face;
Keep de ris'bles on yer count'nance,
Trubble 'll find some other place.

Do yer duty, allers laughin',
Dat's enuff fer one ter do;
Kaze ef yo' will smile at trubble,
Trubble will smile back at yo'.

Alumni Department

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

NETTIE SUE TILLET, '09.

Often in a very abstract way we talk of "school spirit," which is really or should be the first requisition made by a good school of a good student. Its hold once fixed gradually strengthens, transforming indifference into enthusiasm and disinterestedness into ardor. But there is one serious fault which the utmost school spirit is slow to correct, in fact the evil is of that spirit itself. The interest, which the term implies, embraces all phases of school life and does not, as many would have it, center entirely around any one, as for instance athletics. To be sure this is a very proper way to exhibit it, but there are others of equally strong proprieties. Surely it must include the various intellectual activities, by which is meant, not only the actual studies, but all things pertaining to literary acquirements—as the societies, and particularly the magazine work.

The athletes of a school usually have the respect and admiration of the whole student body, not to mention the worship of some, which we are not in position to question and so accord them as right. Indeed we have utter scorn for the student who has no sympathy for his home team in time of defeat, or who does not feel proud of its victories. The athletes fix the standard of the school as to physical strength and activity, and every loyal student is solicitous there about the record of his school. So "school spirit" can hardly be wrong if applied generously to athletics.

The school magazine is supposed to reveal the intellectual scope of the school in literary gymnastics. Is it not equally, if not more, important then, that the best efforts be put forth in that which represents the school from the standpoint by which most people judge such an institution? And yet often a school magazine is left wholly to the care of the editors who in no few cases have to tease and beg the capable students to write for that which the students themselves are supposed to put out. Those who are kind enough to assist then have a sort of indescribable feeling that they have done the editors a great favor. Of course, as to all rules, there are exceptions to this, but as a usual thing very few of the students put forth their best

efforts in aid of the magazine. Some do not even subscribe for it, but argue that the price for it will buy several tickets to a moving picture show. What "a prudent consideration for number one"! Even this class is superior to another found in perhaps all magazine-producing schools—those who subscribe for the magazine, but somehow manage to forget the subscription fee. Such, though, are not worthy of mention, and happily form only a small part of the student body. Another set, which beggars description, are the cynics, who are always ready to make fun of or criticise in any harsh way possible the contents of the magazine. Such as they become interested only when some misfortune befalls the publication.

But we would not do violence to a few choice spirits, such as are found behind every enterprise, who, with the editors, are the life of the magazine. They are the happy exceptions when we say that the student body as a whole does not yet recognize its duty to the school publication. It is possible for every one to assist in some way, and that possibility should be fulfilled, if for no other reason than that each owns a share in it.

High School students, support your magazine in every possible way! Write for it! Draw for it! Subscribe for it! Pay for it! Or if you find yourself unable to do any of these at least weep at the tragedies it contains and shake your sides at its jokes.



During its brief career the MESSENGER has reached and maintained a rank equal to that of any high school magazine in the State. This success has been brought about by the faithful, untiring efforts of former staff officials, and of a few of the student body. Always its motto has been "Excelsior"—higher, always higher. But no matter how good a thing may be, there is always room for improvement. Such is the hope for the MESSENGER, and as long as the student body supports and works for it, such will the realization be. But as soon as the student body ceases to have the welfare of its magazine at heart, it can but fail. There are numerous ways by which you can help the MESSENGER, students. You can help it financially by subscribing to it; you can help it just as materially by writing for it.

In the school there are numbers of students who have never contributed material for the magazine, many of whom have shown a marked degree of literary ability. Do not stand back and let others do the work, if you can do it as well or better. If you have any aptitude at all for writing, write us a story. Even if it should not be published it will do you great good and will make much easier the second attempt, not to mention the gratification it will be to the Literary Editor.

Those of the students gifted with the art of drawing can also help the MESSENGER very materially. This year, for the first time in the history of the magazine, it has been decided to have the cover designs and other pictures for the departments drawn by students

of the school, if the first issue, by the attention given it along this line, shall justify such a course. If you have any original sketches, fellow-students, or if you can make some for the magazine, your service with them will be greatly appreciated.

The literary societies are among the most important features of a high school. In them boys and girls are preparing themselves to think and speak before audiences.

This year for the first time there are two boys' literary societies in the school: the Blackwell and the McIver. The latter has just been organized under the direction and management of Mr. Holton and Mr. Campbell. Much good should come from the presence of a new society in the Durham High School, since the competition between the two should cause the members of each to work harder for their respective society than they would do under the stimulus of one.

Many boys go through school without joining a debating society. If asked to join they usually answer that they do not intend to become public speakers and therefore do not care to join. No matter in what business a person may be engaged, he is most apt at some period of his life to be called upon to speak in public. Then it is that early training in some good society asserts itself. The man who has had advantage of such training can get up and intelligently express himself, but the untrained man, even though he knows what he wishes to say, will be assailed with such nervousness that his powers of expression will be taken from him. At best he can but talk confusedly and resume his seat, having left but little impression of what he had wished to say. No person is more to be pitied than that one who tries to make a speech, and, through lack of training, fails.

There are other boys in school who would really like to join one of the societies, but who think that they cannot stand up before the society in debate. Boys, if this is what is keeping you out, hesitate no longer. Select your society and join at the next meeting. Don't be afraid to make your first speech. It will be hard to face a crowd for the first time, but be man enough to make your first attempts and succeeding ones will be much easier. The doors of the societies are gateways to great opportunities. Will you not enter?

The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society is to the girls what the

Blackwell and Melver societies are to the boys. This society was organized about two years ago, since which time it has done very efficient work. No high school girl should be out of this society.

Without the aid, by way of advertisement, of the business firms of this city it would be impossible to publish this magazine, as the subscriptions amount to very little compared to the cost of publication. And since the advertisers make it possible for your magazine to exist, it is only right that you should help them. So, whenever you go shopping, look through the advertising sections of the MESSENGER, and patronize those who patronize you.



The term *athletics* implies everything pertaining to healthful sports. But at this season of the year one's thoughts turn naturally to football. We reached and held a position last year in football circles that we were, and still are, justly proud of. We realize that we must put forth every effort this year to hold that envied position which we attained. Perhaps we have not as many of our old stars as is usually the case, many having left us, but we have new material that, when properly broken and trained, will be first-class. Every candidate's one resolve is to make the team, consequently every afternoon you may see them out on the gridiron in bad and good weather going through some sharp practice work or learning signals.

The Association this year has secured a good coach, who is out every afternoon with the boys instructing them in some new plays. We have in the team four elements which are most essential in the make-up of a football team. They are strength, endurance, speed, and grit. We have a line-up that that could withstand the rush of a tornado, and our back-field is like lightning.

Soon basketball and tennis will be in popular sway and then those games will claim the attention of a number of the students. To say the least, our athletic outlook is promising.



The Blackwell Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday, the tenth of September.

We opened with eighteen or twenty old members back with us. Six new members from the higher grades were admitted at this meeting.

Messrs. Bryan and Scott, of the faculty, will be with us this year as advisers and helpers in running the Society.

On Friday, the seventeenth of September, we held our second meeting, the purpose of which was to take in new members from the first year classes and to discuss any business which might come up.

We now have on roll some thirty members, and with these we have brilliant prospects. We hope to be able to have one or more inter-high school debates within the year.

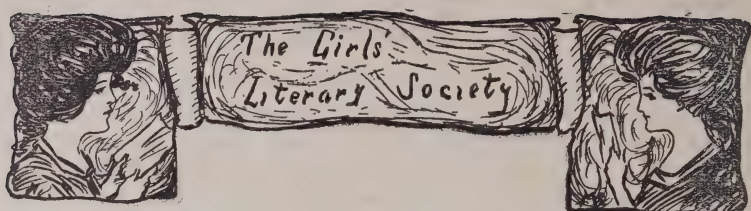
McIver Literary Society

There has been a new society organized in the High School under the name of McIver Literary Society. It was named for the late Dr. McIver, a man formerly connected with the schools of Durham, who has played a great part in the educational system of the State.

This Society was organized by students with the aid of Messrs. Holton and Campbell. It is believed that by having two societies in the school harder work will be done by each.

The McIver Society has already begun its work. It met for the first time Friday night, September the tenth, in the Tenth Grade room. It has about twenty-five members at present, including Messrs. Holton, Campbell and Goode, of the faculty. The following were elected officers: Clarence Ross, President; Eugene Currin, Vice-President; Frank Sasser, Secretary; Mr. Campbell, Treasurer. The President appointed a committee to draw up the Constitution and By-laws. This committee reported at the following meeting, September the seventeenth, and the report was accepted. The colors were also chosen and passed upon by the Society. A committee has already been working with a like committee from the Blackwell Society to arrange debates with different high schools of the State.

We wish to mention that, though the McIver Literary Society is new and largely made up of students not experienced in the work, we believe it will prove to be a credit to this school as the other societies have been.



This session marks the third year in the history of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society. The Society has had a very prosperous life the first two years, and with the help of each member we intend to make this third year the best of all. Each year the Society has grown, not only in the number of members, but also in the quality of the work. We can make this society work one of the most enjoyable, as well as the most instructive, phases of our school life. We welcome to our number all new members meaning to work for and support the Society. So come, girls, and help us to make this the Red Letter Year of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society.



The Poet's Club met for the first time this year Friday afternoon, September the seventeenth. As none of the members belonging to last year's graduating class were present and, as no new members were admitted, the attendance was small.

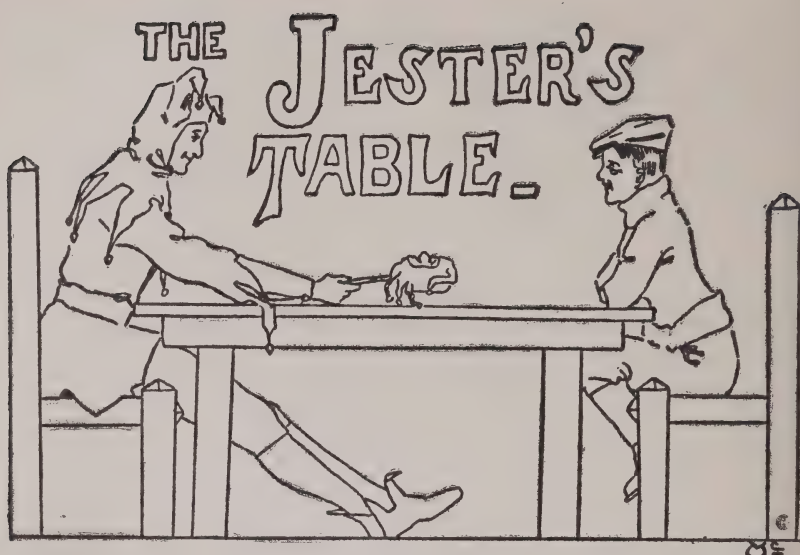
Several new plans were discussed which, if carried out, will make the Poet's Club one of the most interesting as well as one of the most profitable features of the school. It is the unanimous wish of the members not to have an overflowing Club, but to have a few earnest, active members. It is quality and not quantity that we want.

Through the English teachers we have learned that there are a great many students in the school who have shown marked poetic talent. We cordially invite them to join this Club, as it will not only be very beneficial to them, but will train and encourage them in this line of work.

Under the direction of Mr. Goode and our President, Miss Mary Wescott, we hope to make this year the most successful of the Club's career, and if we can but get the members properly interested we can do this.

We most heartily thank the old members of the class of '09 for the work they did while with us.

The same time as that of last year was agreed upon for meeting, the second and fourth Tuesday afternoon of every school month.



Mr. ———, on History—"What invention enabled the early settlers to lessen the difficulties of crossing the mountains?"

I. Strayhorn—"Steamboats."

* * *

Mr. ———, on English—"How common is Exposition?"

Adolph H.—"Not very much."

Mr. ——— "You are trying to *explain* now, aren't you? Isn't that exposition?"

Adolph (reflecting upon his own efforts)—"It must be pretty common then."

* * *

Mr. ———, on History—"What were the names of Columbus's ships?"

Anna R.—"The Mayflower was the name of one."

* * *

Mr. ———, on History—"During whose reign did colonization take on new life?"

Zeb R.—"Elizabeth's" (of course).

Mr. ———, on English—"What is the reference 'the cat in the adage?'"

Isaac S.—"It means the cat was in the attic."

* * *

Miss ———, on Latin—"I don't understand, Percy, where you got 'brazen prow' in your sentence."

Percy B.—"Why, I got it right here in the book!"

And for a wonder Percy could explain it.

* * *

Miss ———, on Virgil—"Explain the proper name 'Aeoliam,' Ira." With perfect confidence Ira Cates, in haste, answered: "He was the King of the Winds."

Miss ——— "Look at the gender of it, Ira."

Ira looked and with a smile of triumph answered: "Oh, yes, I knew that! He was his wife!"

* * *

There's a maxim of the ages

You've no trouble to recall.

"It's better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all."

You may take it as you want to—

How you'll take it, I can't tell—

But my opinion pure and simple

Is: To love and lose is—well

You know—

by Z. V. R.

* * *

Mr. ———, on History—"Where did Magellan abandon his ships?"

P. Brown—"Where he left them."

* * *

Miss ———, on Latin—"What is a natatorium?"

Zeb R.—"It is a place where you keep fish."



GENTLE KNOCKS

"Ye learned sisters"—*4th year girls.*

"I am a part of all that I have met"—*Mary Wescott.*

"The old familiar faces"—*3 B.*

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair"—*Luther Barbour.*

"But, O, those eyes!"—*Elizabeth Sugg.*

"The idle singers of an empty day"—*The choir.*

"A great, deep silence"—*Lucie Stokes.*

"Rags, Rem, Busy Bee, Peter, Walter Simon—see him—he has something to tell you.

"Where ignorance is bliss"—*Lizzie Whitaker.*

"For I am nothing, if not critical"—*The Exchange Editor.*

"They fool me to the top of my bent"—*Literary Editor.*

"I am the very pink of courtesy"—*Zeb Roberson.*

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver"—*Charles Crabtree—
Phone Monitor.*



An empty table confronts the exchange editor this month, due to the early publication of our magazine. There being no criticisms to make we wish to extend a hearty greeting to all of our exchanges and hope that the coming year will be a successful one to them.

As another new year opens we wish to thank our exchanges for their beneficial criticisms of the past and we hope that they will continue to give us their same friendly opinions. May our critical remarks be of aid to others, as we expect to profit by what is said concerning us. And we wish our exchanges to know that whatever we may say in regard to them is said with good will. In criticising other magazines we intend to commend the good as well as to condemn the bad material in them.

A hearty welcome is extended to all of the old exchanges as they come back to us and to any new ones that may be added to the list.

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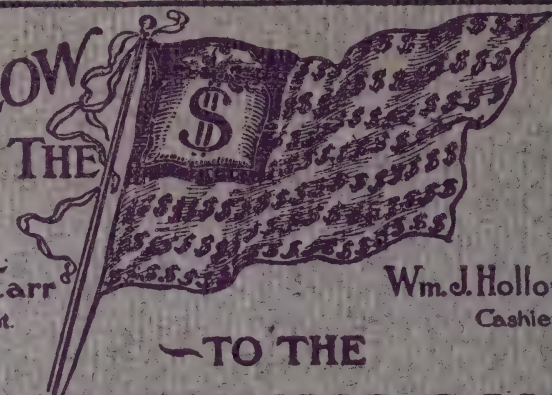
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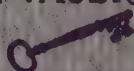
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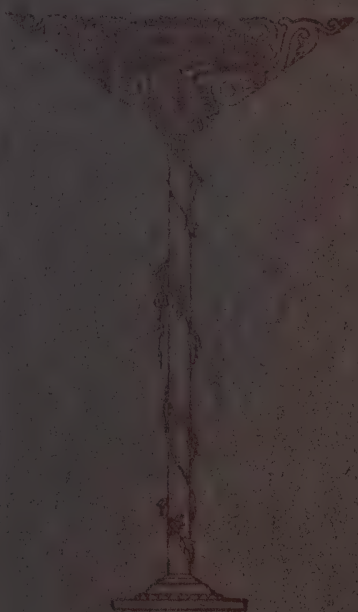
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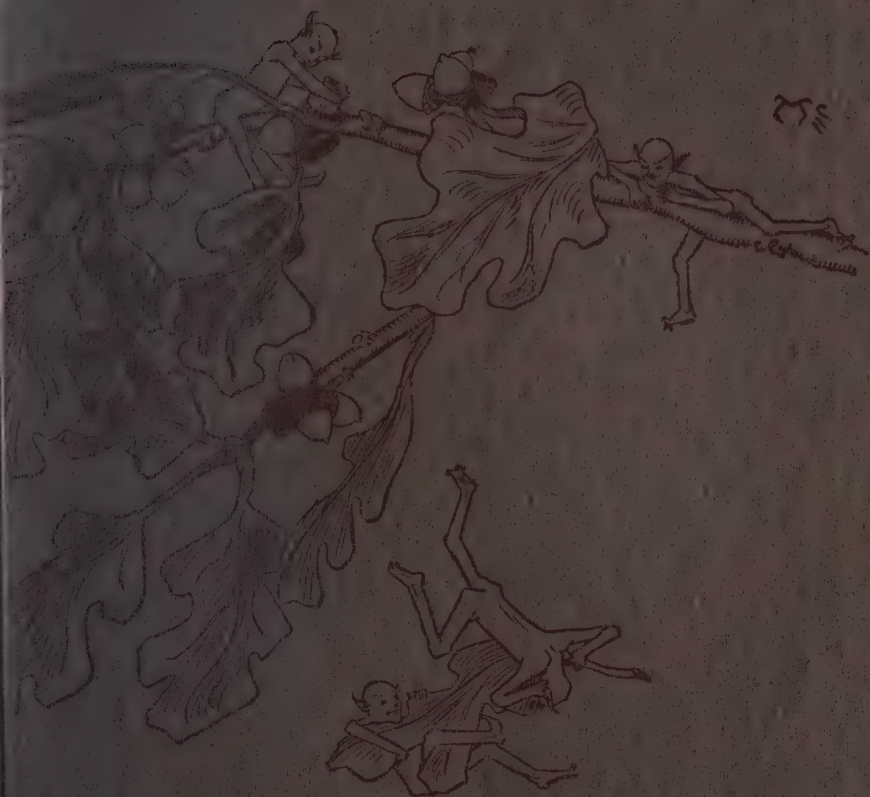
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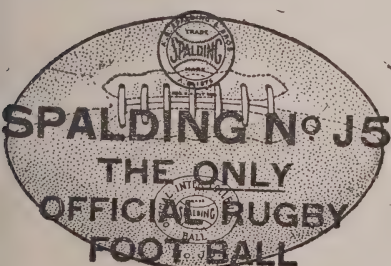
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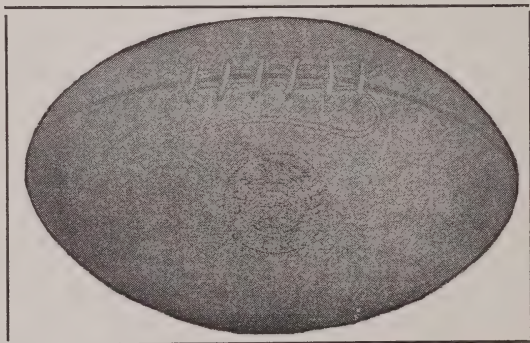


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Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School
Durham, N. C.

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter

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Stung

ROBERT B. MURRAY, '10.

John Ellsworth was considered a very sensible young man. In fact he was so methodical and regular in all he did that the phrase, "steady as Ellsworth," had come to be a kind of by-word among his associates when referring to anything of a particularly staid nature. But the night on which he met Elritha Berkeley was memorable as marking the close of his quiet, prosaic life.

Ellsworth first saw Miss Berkeley at the Liberty Theatre, where she was playing an engagement, and was at once dazzled by her remarkable beauty. Wildly he desired to meet her, but it was some-time before he was able to secure an introduction, as he had so few acquaintances among the theatrical class. At last, however, through the management of a young actor with whom he was familiar, he was steered behind the scenes, where he received the longed-for introduction. His head was at once completely turned, and the staid, precise John Ellsworth succumbed to John Ellsworth, the ardent lover.

This change in Ellsworth was not long in being noticed by his fellow clerks. Many and various surmises were offered among themselves as to its cause. Finally one young fellow, whose experience, perhaps, was in advance of the others, suggested that there was a woman in the case. The idea was instantly hailed with enthusiasm, for to them it was a great joke to think of the diffident, unobtrusive Ellsworth as having anything at all to do with a woman, much less of his being in love. But they were taken somewhat aback, when one of the young fellows, upon addressing Ellsworth upon the subject, was rudely asked to mind his own business. Thereafter nothing further was said upon the subject in Ellsworth's hearing, although each of the clerks had his own opinion of the matter.

Away from Miss Berkeley, Ellsworth seemed ever in an abstracted, almost dazed, state, going through his duties as if he found no interest in them. He gradually became very careless in his work, oftentimes leaving something important half done that he might pay his respects to Miss Berkeley. But, when with her, he was deliriously happy—time passed as in an ecstasy.

This state of affairs could not last long. Ellsworth was somewhat surprised one morning when, upon entering the office at a rather late hour, he was told that the president wished to see him. He proceeded at once to the president's private office, where he was curtly informed that, owing to the recent laxity of his work, his services were no longer needed. Of course Ellsworth protested and promised to reform, but the president remained obdurate and the poor fellow's protestations and promises were but a waste of breath.

After the disastrous interview with the president, the unfortunate Ellsworth was moodily strolling down the street, when his attention was attracted by a glittering array in the show-window of a jewelry store. He paused to look in, when he noted a beautiful pearl necklace lying among the other jewels. He at once thought of Elritha, remembering that on the previous evening she had expressed a desire for a pearl necklace. Entering the store he purchased the one displayed, and decided to carry it around to Elritha himself.

When he reached Miss Berkeley's hotel, he was informed that the young lady of his search had left that morning for Philadelphia. He obtained her address and went back to his apartments deeply disappointed. Finally he decided to send the necklace to her by mail, smiling to himself as in his imagination he saw how delighted she would be when she opened the package and discovered the contents.

Early the next morning he went to the postoffice to get his mail. His heart gave a glad bound when he saw that one of the letters was addressed in the delicate handwriting which he knew to be Elritha's. He carefully placed the letter in his pocket, deferring the pleasure of reading its contents until he should reach his room, whither he quickly betook himself.

Once in the privacy of his own room, with trembling fingers he opened the dainty envelope. With an eager smile he began to read. But the smile died on his face and a look of despair succeeded it.

"My dear friend," the letter began, "I was very much surprised, but none the less pleased, to receive that lovely necklace from you. It is an ideal bridal present. I did not know that the news of my mar-

riage had reached New York, as it was such a quiet affair. I am supremely happy. Charles and I have been sweethearts ever so long—”

Ellsworth read no more, but crushed the missive in his hand, and hissed fiercely, through clenched teeth, the one word, “STUNG!”

The Sunset Land

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Out in the sky where the sunset gleams
Is a land that is wondrous fair;
All those who journey across the blue
Will find out there in the sunset hue
A kingdom of glory rare.

The gates that ope to that land of light
Are golden and vast and high;
Bright gleams on the realms above they throw,
We catch dim shadows of the afterglow
In the tinted sunset sky.

Bord'ring that land this way is the blue
Where the wavelets softly play;
And watchers assembled upon the shore
Repeat the sweet songs many times o'er
That the waves have sung for aye.

The peaks that rise in that wondrous land
Are topped with the whitest snow;
And streamlets trickling adown each side
With murmuring music softly glide
Out into fairy vales below.

And those who live in that far-off land
Are free from all care and strife;
For only for such will they open those gates,
As leave upon earth all the fears and hates,
That burdened their former life.

Tired-out souls in the storm-tossed world
Reach out for the time to come,
When they from all weariness shall cease,
Shall lay down their loads for eternal peace
And enter that land as home.

But alas! that land is but a dream,
Which fancy has painted so white;
If you watch at eve while the sun sinks low,
You can see it fade with the afterglow
Into the realm of night.



Dorothy's Dream

ELIZABETH SUGG, '10.

It was almost dark outside while, before the big coal fire in a large and handsomely furnished room, Dorothy Dailey sat in a large arm chair watching the flames leap upward. Her maid appeared at the door.

"Miss Dorothy, don't you want a light?"

"No, Lilly," she answered almost impatiently, "I prefer just the firelight."

Dorothy's father was very wealthy and she, being the only child, was much petted and spoiled. She had never done anything she didn't want to and she had never wanted to do anything except for her own pleasure.

As she watched the flames—what was that she saw? It was not very plain, but it looked like—yes, there it was plain now—a tiny little man in the flames. In a few minutes he hopped out on the hearth and made a polite little bow to Dorothy.

"Oh! you little dear! Where did you come from and who are you?" she cried, not at all afraid.

"My name is Thought-ful-ness," said he with peculiar emphasis on each syllable of the word. "Come with me and I will show you my home."

Looking behind him she saw, instead of the fire cracking in the grate, a door which opened as he turned, and without hesitating she gave him her hand as they passed through. Dorothy was surprised to find herself almost immediately on the bank of a beautiful stream. Lifting the tiny wand he carried the little man waved it three times, when lo! the ground gradually gave way and they found themselves walking on solid earth under the stream. Such lovely things the

surprised Dorothy had never seen before. The ground seemed covered with jewels. She ran hither and thither collecting the priceless treasures, thinking how fortunate she was, when a little man much like the other appeared suddenly from nowhere and struck them from her hand.

"They are not for selfish and worldly people like you. My name is Un-self-ish-ness," said he with that peculiar intonation the other had shown. "I live here with my brothers and sisters, Thoughtfulness, Kindness, Love and Generosity. Our object in life is to make others happy." And Dorothy wondered at the strange music of those very words.

"Oh!" said she, "I never thought of it in that way. I didn't know I was so worldly. Please let me have some of these lovely stones.

"If," said he, "you will tell me of one time when you did something for some one without thought of your own pleasure, I'll give you all you can carry." This time there was almost menace in his tone.

Poor Dorothy! she had never in all her life done such a thing! And it seemed she stood there an age with his reproachful gaze full upon her, while every deed of her past life passed before her. Not one in the long procession but arose from her own selfish desires.

"I never realized before how entirely I have worshiped self," she was able to say at length. "Indeed I am going to reform."

But he had vanished. She opened her mouth to call when a familiar voice broke upon her ear.

"Dorothy, dear, you have had a long nap. Come, tea's ready."

Up she sprang, threw her arms around her mother and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I had such a queer dream, and learned a lesson I'll not soon forget. Mother, dear, do take this chair by the fire, it is much more comfortable than that one."

An Autumn Evening

OSCAR PICKETT, '11.

Dark hills against a veiled sky
Their changing dress autumnal show,
While peacefully mid those hills lie,
 Wrapped in twilight, the vales below.

Amid the dark'ning glens of fir
And through the boughs of leaf-flown trees
The harvest winds begin to stir
 And waken mournful melodies.

The chilly air is threaded through
With silver from the moon afar,
While in a gulf of deep clear blue
 Glimmers aloft a great gold star.

And as I walk mid shadows still
I look and list with rapt delight,
Pausing now and again at will
 To drink the beauty of the night.



Autobiographical

CLARA PETTY, '11.

It is useless for me to try to tell where I came from, for I have not the remotest idea. It was such a dull place when I first beheld the daylight.

But I soon left that place and entered another which was so much better that I decided to stay there if possible. I crouched down among my companions so as not to be seen by the people who kept walking around taking up things and putting them down, examining things, and asking questions and sometimes never putting some things back at all, but even taking them away as they would their own property. I found out, after a long time, that I was in a department store.

One day a lady came into the store, and after looking over other things, walked straight to where I was. I at once fell behind one of my companions for concealment. She took up my friends, one after another, but put them back carefully. I thought I had just as well be taken up and looked at, put back and be rid of my nervousness. So I popped my head into view. "Oh!" exclaimed the lady, "that is just what I was looking for, something odd, you know." And before I could dive out of sight again she had me by the neck pulling me out into the light. She soon had my dress suit put on me, and conducted me along the street to her own home.

Soon after our arrival there I learned that she was going on a journey. I was anxious to know whether or not she would carry me

with her. I hoped not, for I imagined I would not like traveling, and besides I liked to stay in such a cozy room as hers was. But to my bitter disappointment I was taken along.

After a long journey I discovered to my astonishment that she had brought me to an old country place. I know it must have been built more than a century ago, for I had never heard of or seen such an oddly constructed house in all of my life. As usual I was placed in a corner, though not by myself that time. There was another one of my race standing alongside, only he was such a giant. I am sure he must have stood in that one corner for a long time, because he did not have on the latest costume at all, and besides he was very rusty and tired looking.

I had come to love my mistress very much, and she seemed to have at least some affection for me, for she carried me nearly everywhere she went. I had changed my mind about traveling. She carried me to church one day, but wounded my feelings deeply by not even inviting me inside. And to add to the offense she was so much occupied on her return that she failed to see a projecting limb of a tree beside the road and before I was aware of the fact I was hanging to that tree by my skirt, while she was marching on. I thought I should die before she could reach me.

Next day while crossing over a fence (perhaps you know how the country woods and pastures are enclosed) she put me over first and then while climbing over herself her foot slipped and she fell on top of me. The fall came very near breaking my back. Indeed I have not fully recovered yet. At another time she let me slip into a mudhole. I thought I had ruined my dress, but after a hard scrubbing it all "came out in the wash." She almost wore out my shoes by dragging me over the rocks. But I was thankful that I was allowed to live and be the companion of so fine a lady.

When the stay in the country was over we started back to the city once more. A friend of hers accompanied us, and, owing to the negligence of the two when they changed cars, I was left to continue the ride alone. How I wished to go with them! But all in vain.

Luck to remain alive, however, after so great a misfortune, did not desert me. The conductor came through on his regular round, spied me and brought me here into his office. While waiting I thought I would write down my little life history, so that if no one should ever come for me, perhaps some one would find this and direct it to my acquaintances. Any way I shall tell you who I am. I am just an ordinary umbrella.

October

MARION GOODALL, '12.

The flowers are dying, dying,
On the stems now turning brown;
The woods are sighing, sighing,
While the dead leaves rustle down.

The nuts are falling, falling,
To the leaf-strewn ground below;
The birds are calling, calling,
As southward aye they go.

All nature is moaning, moaning,
For the summer that is fled;
The wind is toning, toning,
A requiem for the dead.

The blast is stinging, stinging,
As it blows us on our way;
But if hearts keep singing, singing,
It will cheer the darkest day.

Those Wondrous Eyes

ZEB. V. ROBERSON, '10.

I know a pair of wondrous eyes,
Which, if there's wealth in hue,
Are surely gems of priceless worth,
For they are heavenly blue.

A goddess well might envy them,
The rainbow lacks their hue,
They have the power of Siren's song,
Those wondrous eyes of blue.

I swear by moon and all the stars,
By heaven's clear blue skies,
That, search the whole world through and through,
You'll find no more such eyes.

Banqueter and Banquet

SALLIE BODDIE, '10.

Blacky was very busy getting the barn loft, or, in other words, her reception hall, ready for the banquet. Her decorations were of cat-tail and pussy-willow. All of the cats in the neighborhood had been invited. The hour was set for eleven o'clock, but the guests were not to repair to their homes until only a little before dawn. Finally the last touches were made just as the guests began to arrive.

The night could not have been darker, and was just cool enough to keep the cats from feeling drowsy. Silently they came one by one up the steep ladder, for if Rex, the dog on the lot, should be aroused there would be little banquet for them, but the rather a chase for their lives. So quietly did they assemble there was not even the greeting of a *mew* from one to another at the bottom of the ladder.

Blacky had spread the feast in an adjoining room and lingered and tasted as she fixed it, marvelling at how many things Bridget would miss from the pantry. At the first summons from arriving guests, however, she must leave for the sitting room where, in true hostess way, she entertained her comers for awhile.

In the meantime Grey Whiskers, the old barn rat, was counting himself very happy as he peeped into Blacky's dining hall just after her departure to find it filled with appetizing viands. It chanced that he had a few of his friends out to see him and he had been puzzled to know what to give them as refreshments and where to obtain them. Rodentlike, without question of ownership or title, he at once summoned his friends to supper. Grey Whiskers thought he had never seen such a happy crowd. It was, "Eat, drink and be merry, for—," but the rest didn't seem fitting at all, unless, of course, they should eat too much.

But what could have happened! Where did so many cats come from! The self-invited guests were surrounded with feline tormentors! There were cats everywhere and no means of escape! It remains to say that only one rat escaped to tell the story of what the cats had added to their banquet.

In Memoriam

MARY BARNES

"For thy loving kindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth."
—Psalms xxvi, 3.

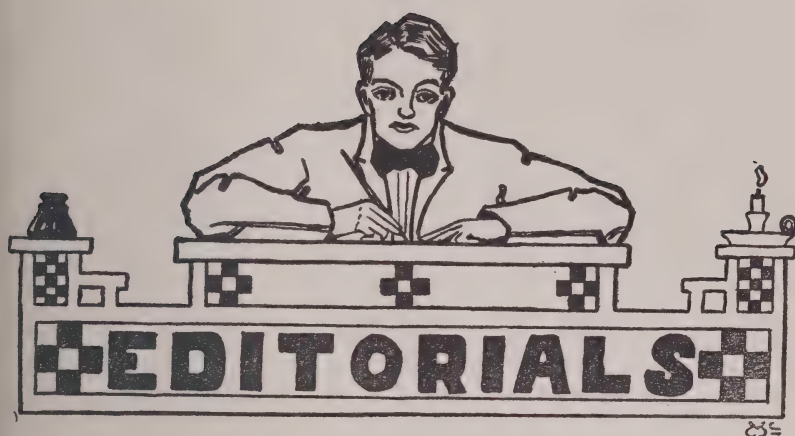
On the evening of October 25, 1909, the Master Teacher called from the ranks of our school Mary Barnes, one of our brightest pupils, and carried her to that home where all problems are solved and all mysteries explained. During the two weeks of illness preceding her death, when her place among us was vacant, we were hopeful of her recovery and longed for her return to health and our midst. We had counted upon many months of companionship with her. But we bow to that hand which ever led her and to which her will constantly submitted.

Mary was always faithful in the performance of her duties and constant in her attendance at school. She carried cheer and sunshine wherever she went and to do good seemed to be her life motive. Always thoughtful of others she sought to be a source of comfort to her teachers and of benefit to her classmates.

We rejoice to remember that in the schoolroom, in the home, in her church, and everywhere Mary was sustained by a divine grace, which made her whole life beautiful. And, though we mourn our loss and shall miss her bright face, we are glad that death to her was only to be free from pain and to rest in the arms of her Saviour.

To the bereaved family we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy. May the God of all grace not fail them in this hour of sorrow!

ANNIE E. TILLET,
RUTH P. BAILEY,
ILA M. MIMS,
JUNIE F. ANDREWS,
BRODIE M. WILLIAMS,
WILLARD J. WARREN,
Committee.



Autumn is here in brilliant array. The trees have donned their brightest apparel in her honor, and Mother Nature joyfully greets the return of her long absent favorite. The air is pregnant with an indefinable essence, which lends to the body a feeling of exhilaration, and serves as elixir to the tired mind. Both city and country are full of signs of reviving energy. The forests resound with shouts of merry children as they gather the ripened nuts, and the streets are alive with scurrying feet as they hasten schoolward. Everywhere the spirit of autumn is manifest.

With the advent of autumn and its accompanying pleasures, many students find their school work very prosaic and unattractive. The cool, balmy days of the Indian Summer, coming as they do after summer's sultry days, naturally tend to divert the mind from books and lessons and turn it toward the outdoor life. The student is apt to relax his attention to his studies and spend his energies in more alluring pursuits.

Out-of-door exercises and sports are very essential to physical health, and it is imperative that it should not be neglected, but they should not be allowed to interfere with one's school work. There was a time when the physical giant was considered the greatest man, but that time is far in the past. Mere physical strength, without a strong mind at the back of it, is now considered as naught, while the man who achieves the greatest distinction in this day and time is the one who is strongest mentally. "To every thing there is a

season," says the proverb; and if we will but adjust our actions thereto, there will no more come to us the charge of disproportionate development in any phase of life.

There is a class of students in the High School which may be termed the "Don't-care" class. To make a passing mark is their highest ambition, and if they but do this, they are perfectly satisfied. They learn that which may be got with little effort, but they never disturb the equanimity of their little minds by thinking out anything for themselves. If you belong to this class, fellow-student, change your association at once, cast off that indifferent air, cease that parasitic existence, and do something for yourself and so find out how it feels to accomplish something really worth while.

Numerous opportunities are daily offered you for the higher life in this school. Are you taking advantage of them, or are you letting them pass you by unheeded? Remember, fellow-student, the same opportunity never comes to one a second time. If you allow an opportunity to escape you, it is gone forever, leaving behind only that grim skeleton, "it might have been," for contemplation. In this progressive age the man who grasps every opportunity is the successful man. But the man who, Micawber-like, is always waiting for something to "turn up," without any expense or effort to make it so, never amounts to anything. Be not a sluggard, fellow-student, but grasp and make the best of every opportunity that presents itself.

Alumni Department

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE CLASS OF 1909

N. S. T., '09.

As it was impossible for the class of 1909 to publish a final issue of the MESSENGER as a souvenir edition of the class, the invitation from the present staff to tell the school, not what has been the record of the class according to its historian, nor its end as the prophetess saw it, but what the class is really doing this first year after graduation, is gladly accepted.

The class is widely scattered. Indeed it would have been difficult to locate every one the day after the commencement exercises. And yet we have been able to find how the majority of them are spending this year.

As usual Trinity has received a large number from the class. Those who entered there are: Lucile Hundley, Susie Markham, Pannie Petty, Gladys Taliaferro, Nettie Tillett, George Johnson, Leonard Hurley, Paul Mitchell, Rufus Powell, Donald Sasser, and Charles Whitaker.

Those who are away at college elsewhere are: Annie Laurie Long, in the Greensboro Female College; Madge Shields, at the State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro; Mary Ruffin Green and Mary Venable, attending Salem Academy, Winston-Salem; Mary Louise Manning, at St. Mary's, Raleigh; Clara Crawford, at Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.; Nancy Renn, at Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn.; and George Carrington and Bruce Mason, at the University of North Carolina.

Blanche Whitmore, Geneva Cheatham, Aileen Taylor, Lida Vaughan, Willie Cox, Hannah Pope, and Elizabeth Rigsbee are in Durham studying music.

Several of the class secured positions, professional or business. Among them are: Carrie Noell, who is teaching at Teer, N. C.; Nellie Barbee, employed by the Robbins Dry Goods Company of this city; Irvin Muse, with the Durham Book and Stationery Company; and Henry Pendergraph, with the Southern Express Company.

Virginia Badgett, Lola Duke, Minnie Cole, Clyde Hobgood, and Samuel Kramer have decided to rest a year before continuing their studies.

It was impossible to locate the other members of the class, but we wish them a most successful year in whatever field they may have cast their lot.



Certainly D. H. S. is holding her former record in sports. The football team has been whipped into shape by Coach Maddox. Every man playing is qualified for the position he holds and there are lots of good men on the line waiting to be called. The games played show clearly the fact that Durham has a winning team. The line-up this year is something like the following:

Watts Carr, center; Simon and Johnson, tackles; Jordan and Roberson, guards; Whitted and Carrington, ends; Clyde White, quarterback; Scoggins and Scoggins, halves; Underwood, fullback.

The principal subs. are Lipscombe, Levy, Manning and Wall.

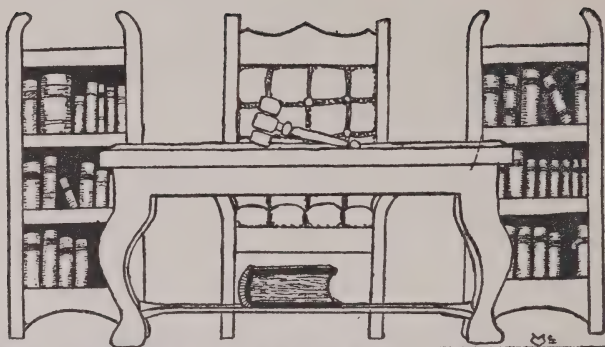
The opening game was with Cluster Springs, Va. The game was played on Durham grounds, October the 9th. The Virginians were outclassed from start to finish, the score being 18 to 0. Durham received the ball and scored in about eight minutes, making two touchdowns in the first half and one in the last. Clyde White made all three place kicks, not failing a single time.

On October 16th, we met and held our most dreaded foe, Greensboro. It was a battle royal from start to finish, neither side scoring, and neither goal being dangerously threatened. The two teams were pretty evenly matched in both weight and speed. Then followed a week of hard gruelling and signal practice.

On Friday, October 22d, we met and held, possibly the heaviest prep. school team in the State, Warrenton. They outweighed Durham, but were not so fast. Warrenton kicked to Durham, who lost

the ball on a fumble. Soon Warrenton had the ball over Durham's line for a touchdown. They then made a place kick, and the first half ended 6 to 0 in Warrenton's favor. The Durhamites went into the second half with the determination to do something. In the last four minutes Durham succeeded in scoring, owing to the excellent work of Jordan and Whitted. Jordan succeeded in getting through the line and breaking up a punt, knocking the ball back over the line. Hugh Whitted got on it, making a touch down. Clyde White then made a beautiful, but difficult place-kick, tying the score. The team then lined up for another kick, but time was up, the score being 6 to 6. Star ball: Jordan, Whitted, White and Underwood.

The next and last game up to this writing was a second game with the Cluster Springs boys. On October the 30th the Durham aggregation went over to Cluster Springs, Va., and there defeated the Virginians again by the score of 20 to 5. The Durham boys showed good form, playing for the first time this season on hostile soil. Two new men were tried out in this game and they made good. They were Roy Levy and Stirling Lipscombe. It was their first game and they deserve credit in holding the line the way they did. Captain Hubert Scoggins made all four touchdowns. Underwood played good ball, breaking through the line for forty yards, and nearly making a touchdown. Durham scored in about four minutes after the ball was kicked to them, making good distance on her forward passes.



BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

During the past month we have been having some very warm and very interesting debates. The new members have been showing up very well indeed in these contests. With these new members and with our old material and the help of the McIver Society we hope to win several Inter-High School debates this year.

We are now trying to arrange a triangular debate with two other schools.

Some of the members of the Faculty have been kind enough to visit us and to give us some of their good counsel and advice. Members of the Faculty, we always appreciate your interest in us and will be glad to see you again, and also some of you who have not been to see us. We promise you an hour of good entertainment.

The Blackwell and McIver Societies have arranged to have social debates between the two every three weeks. We of the Blackwell wish to extend to you of the McIver our hearty coöperation in this arrangement and in everything else that we can.

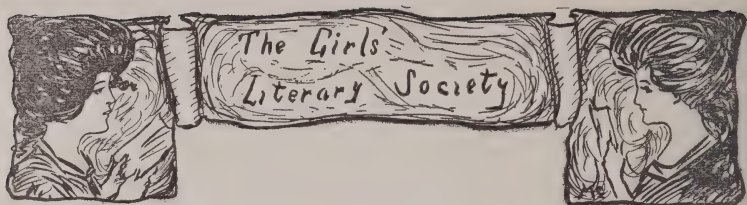
McIver Literary Society

The McIver Literary Society has been doing very good work indeed for the past month. All the members are working hard and they always come up well prepared. Each meeting shows an improvement over the former in some way. A small number of new members has been admitted since the beginning of the Society's career.

The Society has started its library by buying some very good books. The Blackwell Society and the McIver have decided to use their libraries together. This plan gives the boys of both more material to work with.

The committee from each Society, that was working together to get a High School debate, made a proposal to Greensboro concerning a debate. The proposal was that these schools debate the same question at the same time, each school upholding one side of the question at home with one school and the other side away from home with the other school. Greensboro accepted and named Raleigh as the third party in the debate. Raleigh also accepted. In this case, where three schools debate, each school gets the benefit of both sides of the question, and also a chance to whip two schools at the same time. The committee has made a proposal to Greensboro and Raleigh that the debate be held the first Friday after Washington's birthday. They have not been heard from yet. The McIver Society hopes to be represented in this debate and will use every effort to do so.

The McIver Society has challenged the Blackwell Society to a social debate Friday night, November the 12th. This will be their first appearance of members outside of their own Society and they hope to make good.



The interest shown in the work of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society by the members has been very encouraging. Many of the new students have become members, and by their earnestness promise to make the Society stronger and more instructive by their membership.

The Society has agreed upon a new program for the meetings. This program will differ from the old one in that there will be original contributions from the members, as well as the study of the lives of our greatest literary geniuses. The original contributions will consist of poems as well as prose.

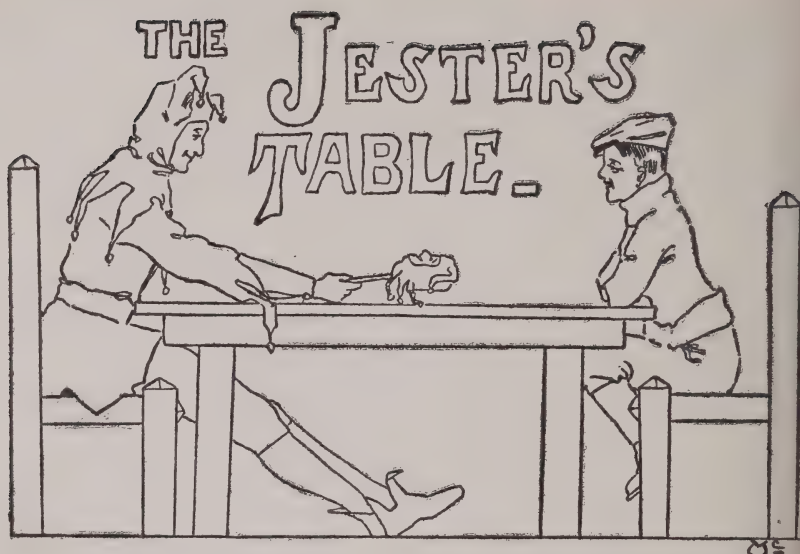
We welcome any new member to our midst. We know that the benefit derived will be mutual.



The Poet's Club held its second meeting Tuesday afternoon, October the 12th. This was the first business meeting we had. We were sorry that we could not hold our regular meeting the last of September. The President was unable to be with us and it was decided to postpone that meeting until the next.

The attendance at this meeting was a great increase over our former record, as several new members were added to the enrollment. We were very glad to welcome them to the Club. The committee previously appointed by the President to invite new members, was wise in its selections, as was shown by the interest those who were invited took in the business we had on hand.

Some of our old members are not attending as we should like for them to attend. We especially urge them to come, as they have done some very excellent work for the Club in the past. Old members, if you have not been coming to the Club this year, renew your interest and come. Your names are still on the roll book.



Jake was complaining of having so much work to bring in that he couldn't do his Latin too. When advised that one had to pay the price for everything worth while, he unhesitatingly said, "Well, that's a big price!" And then Ira came up with, "Oh! yes, Jake's looking for a bargain!!"

* * *

Mr. — (on English)—"What is a political platform?"

C. Andrews—"Why, it's what you stand on."

* * *

One of the High School Math. students at Barnum & Bailey's parade was heard to say in excited tones: "Where is the hypotenuse? That's what I want to see!"

* * *

Mr. C.—"Where are the steppes of Asia?"

L. C.—"In Africa."

* * *

Mr. — (on English)—"On what subject did Demosthenes make his greatest oration?"

Isaac S.—"The Impeachment of Warren Hastings."

Mr. — (on History)—“What is legendary history?”

M. K.—“Taint so.”

* * *

Elise L. (on English)—“Miss —, how did Milton learn so much mythology? Did he have a copy of Gayley’s classic myths?”

* * *

Miss — (on English)—“What’s the feminine of billy-goat?”

Lillian C. (quickly)—“Billy goatess, of course.”

* * *

2A G.—“Correct the error in the sentence, ‘John’s father died before he was born.’”

F. M. (laboriously, after various readings)—“John died before his father was born.”

* * *

2B Lit.—“Who is meant by ‘friar’ in the line, ‘I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,’” etc.?

F. M. (with perfect assurance)—“The cook.”

* * *

Isaac S. was having great difficulty in translating a Greek sentence, and in trying to lead him to a translation, the question was asked, “What are the acoustic properties of the Opera House?” and Isaac readily answered, “They are what you get out of fire with.”

* * *

“ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.”

(Extracts from Written Work).

(R. W., 1B)—The Schotch hilander is a outlaw who lives in a tree.

(E. S., 1B)—A proposition (preposition) is a word which induces for “I stood on the bridge at midnight.”

(D. T., 2B)—Colrige was borned at Dovonh, Eng. . . . he lived in a army under a assured name.

(L. A., 2B)—Coleridge had many bad habits such as a poetical fever and being quick and hard headed.

(B. P., 2A)—English is to learn people how to talk correctibly. . . . History tells us all about the first foundations of Rome.

(L. H., 2A)—My grammar would be something awful if I had never went to school. I would be like I had stolen a sheep. Knothing would I know.

(E. M., 2A)—Then when we have finished the High School we can secure a collegiable education.

(H. W., 3B)—One thing that does you a lot of good is Mathematics, French, and English, while Latin and Algebra is studies that are not needed.

(W. W., 3B)—A man is worth more above his shoulders than below.

(T. S., 3B)—Some studies help you to be acrid in your work.

(F. W., 3B)—When I have been playing ball I feel just like someone has been after me.

(M. B. I., 3B)—I go to school to be fited for future life, both sociably and mentaly.

(J. McC., 3B)—“Why I go to school” is rather a hard subject for me to right on.

(C. P., 3B)—Should I want to distinguish myself in the light of my fellow men I would have to go on the battle's front and win some name of honor by doing some deed of fame.

(Yet some would ask “Can any good come out of 3B?”).

(C. M., 2B)—Quotation from Coleridge:

’Tis a gentle thing to sleep from pole to pole.

Mary sent this gentle sleep that sled into my soal.

(L. R., 3B, on the circus parade)—The steam piano played sweeter than the band of clowns and that was saying right much.

(B. J., 2B)—And atejective mortifies words, phrases, and clauses.



GENTLE KNOCKS

"If small things we may with great compare"—Fourth Year Boys with Girls.

"Sighed and looked, and sighed again"—Tempe B. and the First Year Boys.

"They laugh that win"—a blue ribbon—Sam McCracken.

"The slough of Despond"—The Fourth Year Boys' Science.

"He jests at scars"—Watts Carr on the gridiron.

"Dire was the noise of conflict"—Football games.

"A fellow that had losses"—Henry Faucette with his credit business.

"A poet soaring in the high regions of his fancy"—Robert Murray.

"She walks in beauty like the night"—Ruby Elliott.

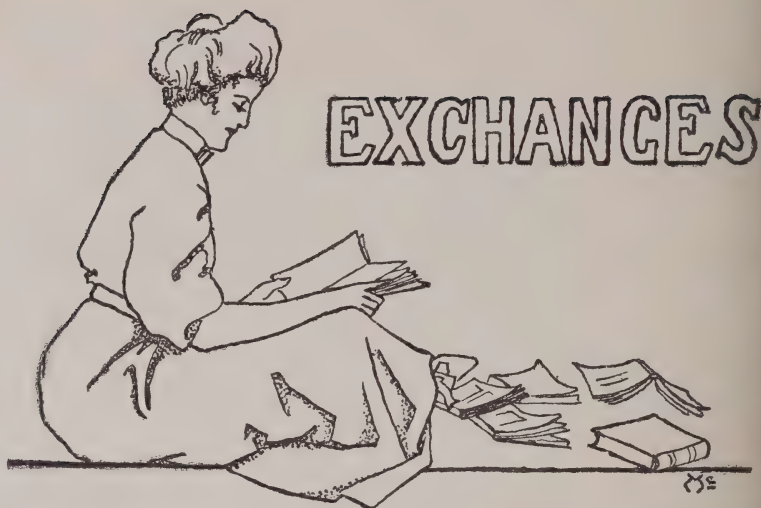
"Within that awful volume lies the mystery of mysteries"—The Retain Book.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains, which only poets know"—Ask the Poet's Club.

"Eternal sunshine settles on his head"—Jacob Zuckerman.

"I am pressed down with conceit"—Elbert Chappell.

"Jokes of all kinds, ready, cut and dry"—Jester's Table.



Only a few exchanges come to us this month, and we believe it is due to the inability of many schools to publish a September issue. We are very glad to acknowledge the receipt of the *Blue and Gold*, which comes to us from the Findlay High School, Findlay, Ohio; *The Booster*, from La Crosse, Wis., and *The School Journal*, published in the interest of the schools of Grove City, Pa.

The *Blue and Gold* is a very good magazine, indeed excellent for the first issue, but we think that a few more cuts would make it much more attractive. The literary department is unusually good for the first publication, for we appreciate the difficulty of getting out an early number.

The unique and fascinating style of the "K. K. K. Club" makes it a very interesting story. The other literature is also good, and I am sure we are all glad that the stories are continued.

The Booster is an exceedingly neat magazine, but don't you think you could improve it by having more stories from your students?

We are very glad to receive these old friends again and hope by the next issue of our magazine to welcome many more.

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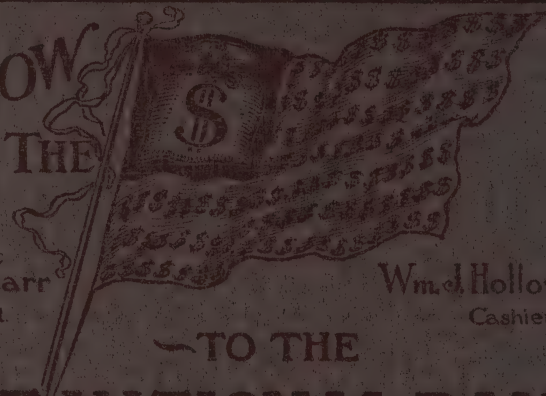
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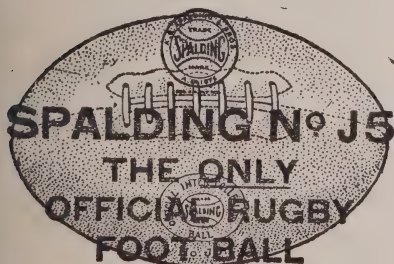
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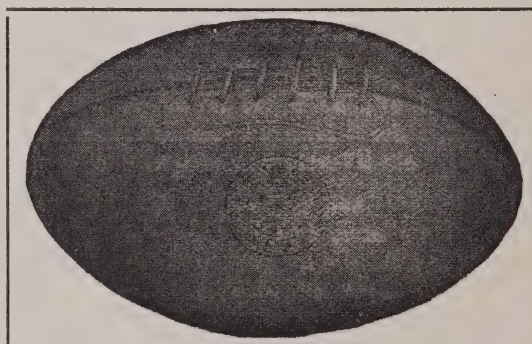
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Volume VI, No. 3

November, 1909

THE MESSENGER

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The Passing

A SENIOR.

The rays of the setting sun flickered through the tiny window into the squalid room, there revealing the drooping form of Margaret O'Ryan huddling close to the fireplace, wherein gleamed a few last red coals. From the house next door the vibrant music of a violin, borne through the cold evening air, was wafted to the tired old woman. In a state of semi-consciousness she listened with rapt delight to the old Irish ballads.

A sweet smile lighted the wrinkled features of the old woman as the stirring strains of "Killarney" rang out on the quiet air. Again she was strolling through the green lanes of the "ould country" by the side of a gallant soldier boy who was vowing eternal love for her. She was beautiful then. Ah! happy were those days when first the melody of love was heard. Her wedding day rose before her. Again the glad feeling of requited love swelled in her bosom, and the tears began to trickle down her sunken cheeks.

The scene then shifted to a great ship in which she beheld herself and husband fleeing from the oppressed Ireland to America, the land of the free. What a dreadful voyage, but she was happy, for was she not going with him, for whom she had given up home and friends, to free America, where he would in time become a great man?

What terrible trials they had to undergo at first! Again she saw a look of despair gathering upon her erstwhile hopeful husband's face, as day after day he sought employment without finding. After all, this America, the home of liberty and easy life, did not support the wonderful tales told of it. Indeed, it was quite as hard for the *poor* to live in America as in Ireland. But at last the clouds seemed to lift a little. Fickle dame Fortune smiled upon them for once. The husband secured profitable employment, and they bought a lovely little cottage with beautiful flowers growing in the yard. Then the children began to come. Ah! what joy is so complete as that of motherhood? Husband became light-hearted and merry as in former days, and she remembered actually to have grown jealous of the children, so fondly did he love them.

Once more the scene changed as the mournful strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen" filled the air. The woman shuddered as the vivid picture of bloodshed and strife arose before her imagination. At the beginning of the war her beloved husband, ever loyal to the country of his adoption, had donned the uniform of grey, and joined the ranks to fight for the honor of the fair Southland. With heavy heart and tear-dimmed eyes she had bidden him farewell. What terrible days had followed! Indeed she had not spent the time in complaining, but had worked almost incessantly for her children and the Southern cause, as did so many other women of her type. Each night an earnest petition for right she had lifted, on the wings of prayer, from an humble heart, to the throne of Justice.

One June day—how well she remembered that day!—news had been brought to her that her husband was killed in a skirmish with the enemy. The word stunned her, and for a long time she had lain on her bed, hovering upon the borderland between life and death. Then she had longed for death and the eternal peace. But when she had begun to get well and seen her fatherless children around her, she had prayed for a speedy return to health; for it was necessary then, more than ever, that she should live for her children's sake. Again she remembered her resolution to drown her sorrow in hard work. The shadow of a second great disaster rose before her. The poor woman groaned in anguish. She saw the yellow plague stalking like a death through the land, and one by one her children dropping by the wayside at its fatal touch. What agonies she had endured! But unlike Niobe, she had not gone about loudly lamenting her loss, but in an endeavor to diminish her own poignant grief had

spent her time among the suffering people in tender ministrations to their needs. Many times then, as since, she had prayed to the Heavenly Father to take her also, and now she was patiently awaiting the final call.

The violinist meanwhile had changed his song and was playing "Come Back to Erin." The old woman's head had fallen low upon her breast as the vision of her past life passed before her. A gentle breeze was stirring and it seemed to the tired soul the rustle of angels' wings. As the sweet music floated through the room she fancied a triumphant chorus of celestial voices joining in the refrain: "Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth." And she beheld a fairer land by far than the flower-studded fields and winding rills of Erin's sunny isle. A heavenly smile illumined the care-worn face as she lifted her faded blue eyes upward, and softly murmured: "Oh, Fatherland, I come."

The last ray from the setting sun lingered a moment to kiss the cold, white face, and then hurried after its departed companions.

The Nightingale

ROBERT MURRAY, '10.

At eve, when Phœbus sinks to rest,
And darkness spreads her pall
O'er all the scattered haunts of man,
We hear the night-bird's call.

Still she bewails her grievous fate
To list'ning Zephyrus,
And tells in sad and mournful tones
Of cruel Tereus.

Sing on, thou deeply wronged one,
Throughout the solemn night;
But cease ere dawn, thy tale suits not
The clear and joyous light.

O Wait for Me

'10.

O wait for me!

I never knew
The way could be so long.
I thought the sun would shine from skies of blue
And birds would carol song.

O wait for me!

I never dreamed
Your footsteps were so fleet.
And I—I've tried to keep beside you still,
But stones have bruised my feet.

O wait for me!

'Tis kind that you
Should bear my weary load,
And take me by the hand and lead me on
Into the smoother road.

But O, the wasting pain that fills my heart
Grows fiercer when I cannot bide with thee—
And I am lame and ill and weak and faint,
Kind heart, O wait for me!



"Some Have Greatness Thrust Upon Them"

ELISE R. LLOYD, '11.

Few in this world are they who are born great, few who achieve greatness, and fewer still who have greatness thrust upon them. Yet I, even I, am one of the last mentioned. My fond sisters surely thought I was born great and I know I have achieved greatness, although the world may not think so. None will deny, however, that I am one of the poor unfortunates, chased by greatness up into my thirty-fifth year and at last overtaken.

I had attended to the business for the company in a satisfactory manner, and, well pleased with myself, I entered the Pullman at Boston en route for home. There I saw my friend Smith, who asked me to look after his wife and daughter as far as Washington. As the wife was a fine woman and the daughter most attractive, and as I have often been called a frivolous old bachelor—well—I was sure we would get along splendidly.

The next morning two beaming officials waited on us to know when we would have breakfast served. When we were ready, two other officials appeared and led us into the dining car. There no fewer than six men bumped their heads together while trying to assist me to be seated. If it had been Miss Smith who caused all this excitement it would not have surprised me, for she is noted all over the State for the uneasy lives she has created. But to see three men jump for the menu to hand to me seemed like a dream. Then indeed I began to entertain a higher opinion of myself. After all I was certainly a handsome fellow. This sentiment was intensified when I glanced in the mirror. The face and form pictured there were not only handsome, but distinguished looking! There, I told you I was called a frivolous old bachelor.

But the eighth wonder of the world was discovered when I attempted to tip the porter. He refused to accept! Then upon my offering to pay for the meal, I was told, with great deference, that it had all been settled, and I was to make myself comfortable and enjoy the scenery. A *waiter* refuse a tip! A *railroad* company fail to ask an exorbitant price for a meal! Oh, world of incongruities! No wonder I kept asking myself if I had lost my mind.

Upon returning to our car I perceived that we were a target for all eyes. Here again I noticed with some surprise that I seemed to be the center of attraction, and not Miss Smith. I saw necks craning far out into the aisle to catch a glimpse of me, and every one seemed to be observing my suit case, which was just outside the seat. Then it was my heart sank. What if my precious package had been broken! Fearfully I cast my eyes to the floor, fully expecting to see the little treat I was taking home to our dry town mingling with the dust of the floor. But no, the only object to meet my gaze was a suit case, much battered, it is true, with the one initial standing for my distinguished name, "Chadwick," upon it. Then I observed with astonishment that this initial "C" was the cause of much soliloquizing. Indeed, I even heard some one say in passing, "Yes, he is the man, for there is the 'C' on his suit case."

Finally the course of things began to tell on my nerves, although my younger companion was enjoying it hugely. For while we were breakfasting she had pulled aside the portieres, thus encouraging the inquisitive as they peeped at me.

"Thunderation! do they think I have some one else's baggage?" I remarked very genteelly. But the young lady only smiled. I was glad when we arrived in Washington, and I thought this publicity would soon be over. As the train glided into the station, however, great shouts rent the air. Some one tapped me on the shoulder and said, "That's for you, doctor."

"For me?" I asked. "Good friend, pray tell me what I have done to deserve this ovation?"

"Oh, well, we all know you are very modest," he said, and passed on.

Now at last Mrs. Smith was visibly worried, but the girl was sixteen and took the greater part of life as a huge joke; certainly she enjoyed the situation. I began to wonder who I was. Had I discovered some great secret for giving youth back to the aged? Was I a medical doctor, or a doctor of divinity? I knew it was absolutely

impossible for me to be taken for a D. D. But then, well, I wondered who the deuce I was, anyway. Six or seven brass-buttoned officials assisted my party to alight. I turned to pursue the even tenor of my way, but the crowd before me shouted wildly as I faced them. I reviewed the deeds of a long and useful career, wondering which was the meritorious one that had purchased me so much notice. A pompous gentleman, evidently seeing my perplexity, came forward to escort me to a taxicab. The throng divided on each side of us and I heard whispers of "There he is!" running through the crowd. One woman actually said: "Oh, there's the dear at last!" At length I was becoming greatly interested in the experience. Would it not be a great joke to tell the boys at the club? Women calling *me* a dear! As I was stepping into the taxicab the portly gentleman at my side said, "Do speak to them, doctor." Not knowing whether I was expected to speak on the Golden Rule or the latest treatment for pellagra, I simply raised my hat. The wild acclamations proved that it sufficed.

At the hotel the driver told me he had been paid, and he, too, refused a tip. But now I was used to being bowed down to, and so accepted his refusal. The street was lined, although the day was raw, and everywhere eyes seemed only for me. In the lobby the crowd was even greater. The proprietor himself met me. After shaking hands cordially, he added still further to my astonishment by saying, "Doctor, although your train was ten minutes early, your dinner awaits you, if you care to dine now. After dinner a committee will wait upon you to arrange about your lecture." Inwardly quaking with wonder, I replied, "Don't you think we had better register first?" He assured me that any time would do, and that his place was only too greatly honored by my presence.

I turned to the registry clerk's desk and five men sprang to hand me the ink, which resulted in spilling half the contents of the bottle on the drugget. But in the excitement of the moment the little mishap was overlooked and three other men offered me their gold fountain pens, with which to write. It is not exaggeration to say that dozens of men, women and children crowded around me, as I stood ready to write. Feet of pet dogs were trod upon, children began to cry, but for once the mothers were deaf, as with bated breath they gazed at me with pen poised in air. I wondered if I should sign as Julius Cæsar or Napoleon, but, recollecting that these two mortals had not been doctors, and that for the present at least I seemed to

possess that title, I brought the pen from its suspension in midair, and with a flourish signed, "A. B. Chadwick."

In a moment all was in an uproar. Voices of protestation arose on every side. Then, almost angrily, from the proprietor, "Then you are not Dr. Cook?"

"Gracious, *no!*" I replied in the tone of an ordinary citizen, for I was fast descending from my exalted perch.

The Meed of Conflict

SAMUEL H. JORDAN, '10.

I dreamt I saw an angel take
In hand a pen of gold,
And with its point of diamond make,
With stroke both free and bold,

A noble name, ere written not
On any page of fame
Or in the list of noble lot
That earth honors to name.

Tenderly then he closed the book,
Methought, and thence did turn,
Whereat the page with eager look
I sought, that name to learn.

It seemed of one who sorrows knew
And others' griefs had shared,
No flowers along his pathway grew
And few his course had dared.

And is it thus that fame is won?
Thought I, and musing stood.
And then: But if such meed will come,
O! who would scorn the Rood?



The Champion

RUBY ELLIOTT, '10.

"There's no use talking about it, dear. We challenged them and as they have accepted there is nothing for us to do but play. You are the only one in the whole club, really, who can play tennis, and—well, Patty, don't be stubborn, but please help us out, for there is the tiniest bit of a chance for us if you will play."

These words were uttered in eager pleading tones by a pretty girl of the Winfield High School, as she sat on the side of a bed in her companion's room, her hands clasped behind her head. The other smiled and thought for a long time before answering.

"Well"—at length—"I'll play if you want me to, but there is not even the tiniest bit of a chance for us, for you know I can't beat one of those big men, and I think it was foolish of you all to challenge them. Besides," she laughed, "if they send a good-looking fellow I will forget all about the game and look at the man."

The first laughed delightedly, and, jumping up, threw her arms around her friend and kissed her rapturously. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I knew you would. You are a dear, anyway. There is no boy at Oakwood that can beat you playing tennis."

"We will see about that later," replied the other, dubiously. "But must you go now? When is the game to be? Just a week! Well, good-bye."

Pauline Kerman, commonly called "Patty," was a tall, slender girl, graceful and athletic, and was considered the best tennis player in the High School. "Just for fun" the tennis club had challenged the club of the Oakwood High School, a school for young men near by, for a single set. Of course, the challenge was accepted, and the day was arranged for just a week later.

The day came at last, as all days have a way of doing sooner or later, and the grandstand rapidly filled with pretty girls, handsome young men and flowing pennants. The crowd waited expectantly until a beautiful girl dressed in white walked composedly across the court, carelessly swinging a tennis racket. As the crowd cheered and yelled she lifted her head and smiled to her friends.

From the other side a handsome young man in white flannels, also carrying a tennis racket, gazed admiringly at the girl without heeding the applause of his schoolmates.

Soon the game began, and it was thought evident that the girl had no show at all of winning. But, strangely, just as the unaccountable will happen sometimes in such contests, at the end of the sixth game they were a tie. The grandstand grew wild with excitement as the players took their places and began the seventh and last game.

Pauline served and, as the man watched her strong, white arm as it raised the racket and sent the ball flying through the air, he forgot himself until the inflated rubber whizzed by, and in his confusion struck blindly into the air. The girl laughed gaily and the crowd cheered as the game progressed.

"Fifteen—Love!"

"Fifteen—All!"

"Thirty—Fifteen!"

"Thirty—All!"

"Thirty—Forty!"

"Deuce!"

So ran the score. Again they were playing and as the ball went back and forth the crowd held its breath with excitement.

"Add in!"

"Deuce!"

"Add in!"

"Game!"

A wild burst broke from the grandstand, even the young men from Oakwood joining in. Ropes, barriers were borne down as feminine effusion swept in the direction of the champion. In a little while the defeated candidate, embarrassed, but manly, made his way to the same spot.

"Congratulations," he said, as he extended his hand, "to the girl who has beaten me so fairly in this exciting game and whose name I would feel honored to know."

"I am Pauline Kerman and you are Mr. Jack Parkam," she an-

swered, releasing herself from the others. "You are surprised that I know your name? Perhaps I will tell you sometime how and why I found it out. Really, I am a little sorry for you, for I know all boys consider it a disgrace to be beaten in anything by a girl."

"Not by *all* girls," he returned gallantly, if a little feebly, as he was pushed away by Pauline's enthusiastic friends.

"Well, Jack," said his roommate that night, "I am certainly surprised at you. That girl was conceited enough without the honor of having beaten you at tennis."

"The trouble was," returned Jack, "I lost my head and with it the game, and now I can't get my mind on a thing but those dancing eyes. I'll bet I dream about her tonight. But say, Bill, don't give me away, will you?"

Old Mose's Lament

LYNNE HOLCOMBE, '11.

De grass am a tu'nin'
An' de leaves am gone,
Winter is a-comin'
As sho's yo' bawn.

My ooman's po'ly
An' de hens doan lay,
Jack Frost sholy
Am a-comin' dis way.

De gray clouds 'ginter
Gedder in de sky,
T'am a sign old Winter
Comin' bye and bye.

The Red Man to the White

(Adapted from Edward Everett's Prose.)

ELBERT CHAPPELL, '10.

Stranger, thou dost not own these shores,
The Great Spirit decreed them mine.
Thou canst not spread out thy parchment
Over the whole and claim it thine.

Thou sayest for a few bubbles
All these fertile regions were bought,
But I understand not such claims,
To me paper rights are but naught.

Thou camest few, timid, feeble,
Soughtst on the red man's couch to lie;
Now thou art strong and want it all,
But here I've lived and here I'll die.

In yonder woods I'll bend my bow,
O'er yonder waters I'll still glide,
My winter's store of food I'll still
Lay up by yonder mountain side.

I'll quit not the land of my birth,
Nor my father's, but with my life;
And whilst thou bidest there will be
Between us everlasting strife.

Remember that whilst thou remainest
Thy lasting foe is the red man,
That there will be between us war
Till one shall vanish from the land.

Stranger, thy lust forego in time,
Thy way retrace across the sea,
And, remember, stranger, that there
Is endless strife 'twixt thee and me.

A Happy Mistake

ILA HOWERTON, '10.

Ethel was comfortably seated at her writing desk, seemingly intent on the contents of what she had written. She wore a long kimono of a light blue background, cast in Japanese figure, and made with long, flowing sleeves. The room was prettily fitted up with a brass bed, and dresser and chairs of bird's-eye maple. The blue walls were partially hidden by pennants, pictures, and various souvenirs. On the table in the center of the room was a vase of tastefully arranged roses, "the last of the summer," for the November night was chilly, and a bright wood fire glowed upon the hearth. As the reflection of the flames fell on the girl's soft pink face, she seemed all the more beautiful. But her deep blue eyes held a puzzled expression as she gazed in the fire below and sat there seemingly in deep meditation.

At length she gave a sigh as her thoughts came back to the task she had completed; then, softly saying to herself, "I guess I'll have to see him in spite of it all," she folded the letter, placed it in an envelope, and thoughtlessly directed it to "Mr. Jack Harbinger." It read something like this:

"Dear Jack:—Yes, you may come to see me Friday night. We'll adjust everything then.

Hastily,

ETHEL."

"Oh! well, maybe I won't mind seeing him so much after all," she said, as she rose from her chair and walked across the room to the dresser. In a few minutes the light was out and she was cozily tucked away in bed.

But the ghostly figures on the walls set her thoughts to wandering again. She wished that it were Saturday instead of Wednesday and the dreaded visit were over. Somehow she had led Jack Barnes to believe that she loved him, though she did not know just how, for she had hardly done it consciously, and when he told her on his last visit of his love she had responded somewhat in a kindred manner. But now, upon reflection, she was shocked.

"I don't see why he persists in coming to see me," she said half aloud. Then in almost a pathetic tone, "I love Jack Harbinger, have never loved anybody else, and never expect to!"—with emphasis. "But why don't he write to me? Why did he get mad, anyway, I

didn't mean anything? But that's all right, I'll make everybody think I'm in love with Jack Barnes, for I do love the *Jack* part of it, and maybe *my* Jack will hear of it and get jealous and come back." With this comforting thought she nestled deeper among the soft coverlets and soon fell fast asleep.

Friday came in the regular weekly round, and that night Ethel found herself in her room preparing to receive Jack Barnes, pouting all the while. The door bell rang at length, and somehow she rushed down to answer—she hadn't done that before when she expected him, why should she have done it tonight? As the door folded away, she came face to face with Jack Harbinger, the young man whom she really loved. She stood bewildered for a moment, but unconsciously extended her hand. He caught it rapturously and the silence was broken by his low, gentle voice, "Ethel! did you really mean it?"

"Mean what?" she returned almost in a whisper.

"You wrote for me, and now you seem not glad to see me."

"I didn't! but—I—I am!"

Finally they found their way into the parlor, and when he left that night "everything was adjusted."

A Strange Country

BEVERLY SNOW, '11.

I love the place I live in,
But on the map I've seen
Another little country,
All pink, while mine is green.

If ever I should go there,
Where everything is pink,
I'd say, "Your country's lovely,
But mine is more, I think."



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Nearly three hundred years ago a sturdy little band of men and women landed on the bleak New England coast. Winter was then raging, but the devout Pilgrims were undaunted, preferring the hardships and privations of a new country to the land of their birth in subservience to a hateful creed. The long and dreary winter was in some way withstood, and when spring came, bringing balmy winds and giving life and beauty to the dismal landscape, hope whispered words of encouragement to the well-nigh discouraged band and they again took heart and set to work to better their miserable condition. They perceived that it would take hard work to live on that desolate shore, but before many months, as a result of their unceasing labor, the barren grounds were transformed into fields of thriving maize. The first year yielded forth an abundant harvest, and the hearts of the Pilgrims were glad. When the harvest had been gathered, a bountiful feast was prepared, and all the Pilgrims, together with a few friendly Indians, assembled about the banquet board in a common fellowship. Thanks for all their numerous blessings were reverently offered to the Divine Giver of all good things, after which the feast was attacked with the utmost good will. After the feast the whole party proceeded to the little church where the evening was spent in praising God. This was the first Thanksgiving Day, and, although nearly three hundred have been celebrated since, perhaps none have been observed with so truly a thankful spirit as that one.

One bad habit, perhaps peculiar to all schools, and particularly prevalent in this, is that of putting off work which should be done today to some indefinite time. In other words, it is the well-known habit of procrastination. This evil is the cause of so much of the written work being handed in late, and of so many unprepared lessons. Some one has said that procrastination is a disease, not a habit. That, however, is a false conception. Procrastination is simply a habit and, like all injurious habits, the more it is yielded to the more obstinate it becomes. It can be overcome, nevertheless, if sufficient energy and will-power are used against it. Let us guard against and ward off so abominable a habit, fellow-students, and so, if possible, banish it from this school.

If we persist in putting off work, what will finally be arrayed against us? Each succeeding day brings its own labors, and if we do not fulfil each duty at the proper time we will find ourselves deferring what we would in order to accomplish what already should have been done. In such an abnormal state as this, how can we ever hope to accomplish anything really worth while in life? Let us rouse ourselves from this indolence, fellow-students, and get into the habit of doing our work in a regular and systematic way.



On November the tenth the football team of the Durham High School met the Greensboro High School team at Greensboro and was defeated, the score being fourteen to nothing. This was the only game lost during the season.

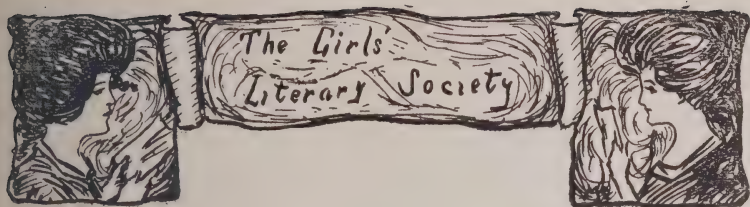
The game with Greensboro marked the close of the football season. We have played six games; lost one, won three, and tied two. Twenty-five points have been scored against us, while we have fifty-one points in our favor. We feel that this has been a creditable season, and we regret that we had to leave Greensboro with the championship, but we take off our hats to her.

The Girls' Basketball Tournament began on Monday, the twenty-first of November, with the following schedule: Monday—Third and Fourth Year teams; Tuesday—First and Second Year teams; Friday—Final for winning teams. Great interest centered in the contest Monday because the First Year girls longed to bring down their opponents, who have so long waved the championship pennant. The Fourth Year goal proudly waved the class colors—light blue and white—and navy blue and white streamed from the Third Year goal. The game was played in twenty-minute halves, with ten minutes' intermission. The line-up was as follows:

Third Year.	Fourth Year.
Hallie Lea.....Goal.....	Tempe Boddie
Rachel Leary.....Forward.....	Blanche Herndon
Natalie Tuck.....Right Centers.....	Laura Tillett
Elise Lloyd, Capt.....Left Centers.....	Emma Noell, Capt.
Lilian Fuller.....Centers.....	Lucie Stokes
Roxie Riley.....Forward.....	Mirtie Lee
Margaret McGary.....Goal.....	Lizzie Whitaker
Mr. Green.....Referee	

At the end of the first half the score stood four to three in favor of the Fourth Year. But the Third Year champions renewed the fight in the second half and put the ball into the goal for ten points and held their opponents down to one goal and two free throws, making the final score thirteen to eight.

The Fourth Year did some valiant work and Tempe Boddie deserves credit for her fine defense of the goal. Lizzie Whitaker did creditable work at the goal, considering the fact that prolonged absence from school had kept her from practice. The Third Year owes its victory to the fine team work of Elise Lloyd, Lilian Fuller, and Hallie Lea, for this skillful trio would strike terror to the strongest-hearted opponent.



The report of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society for some weeks has been showing, we think, an improvement in programs as well as in attendance. Members who did not attend regularly and new members when urged to join gave the same excuse—that they did not think the meetings as interesting, instructive, and entertaining as they might be. At once the faculty managers and directresses began to search for a cause for this state of affairs. They finally came to the conclusion that the literary studies and readings attempted were beyond the understanding of a number of the members. They then turned their attention to remedying this condition, and finally hit upon an idea which we hope will prove successful. We had about exhausted the list of greater literary men, anyway, so to increase interest and attendance we decided on a new line of study. Never having taken up many of our own American authors, save the New England poets, Poe and Lanier, we now plan to give our attention to minor writers, some of whom have so clearly shown us such true pictures of phases of American life. Following this plan we have already studied John Hay, Bret Harte, James Whitcomb Riley, and Thomas Nelson Page, reading some of their best known poems and stories and having original sketches of their lives. Besides this, we propose now and then to have literary contests with a standard book as a prize for the best answers. One such contest was put on our musical program this month, and the prize, Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads," was won by Pauline Dowman.

In this way we hope to make our meetings still more interesting, and we flatter ourselves that already there is marked improvement.

McIver Literary Society

The McIver Society has not been idle during the past month. The members have done some good work, both in and out of the Society.

A social debate was held with the Blackwell Society Friday, November the twelfth. The question for debate was: "*Resolved*, That women should have the right to vote." Those on the debate from both Societies did well. Junie Andrews and David Brady did the debating for the Blackwell, while William Zuckerman and Leon Powell did it for the McIver. The declaimers from the Societies also did well.

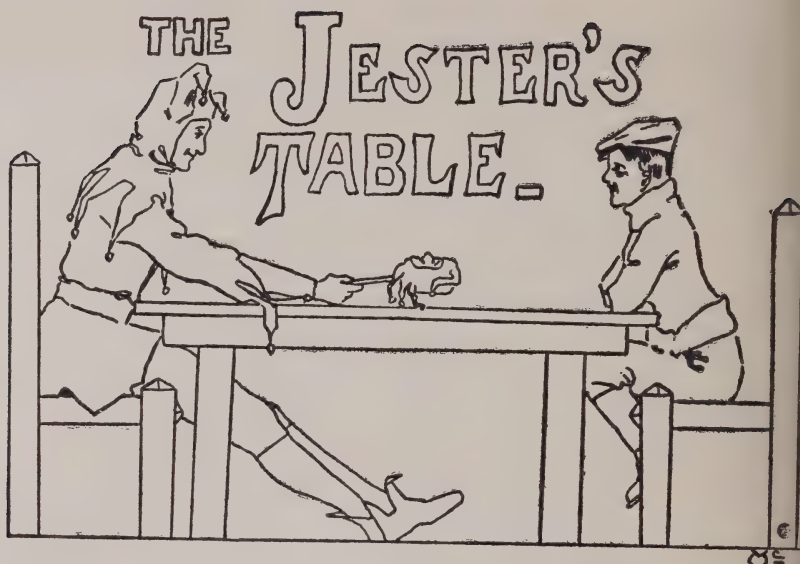
The McIver feels especially proud of this social debate, because it was its first trial of any kind outside of its own Society. A new plan has been adopted by the Society for a while. This plan is, that instead of the members being put on the program, as has been done, that they will volunteer for the work. This plan gives the members the chance to work a great deal more on debates or on declamations, whichever they like best. In the past month the McIver has also ordered pins and added some more books to the library.



The Poets' Club held only one meeting last month. The second meeting of the month was postponed on account of the absence of so many of the members.

We appreciate the work that has already been done this year, for so far it has been very good. Yet we feel that the proper interest has not been shown by the students of the school. Some of our old members still do not come, even when we especially urge them to come to the meetings and renew their interest in this work. Most of them have done very fine work in the past. So, old members, do not let the new ones do all the work. You come back and take up the thread where you left off at the end of last year.

Students, if you have any talent for writing poetry, or if you have a sincere interest in this club and its work, we cordially invite you to join us. It will not only help you, but it will do us good to have you.



In trying to help a student recall the meaning of "muralium" the teacher said, "Don't you know what I mean by 'mural decoration?' What would you bring in tomorrow if I should ask you to bring in a 'mural decoration?'"

And J. M. promptly answered, "an excuse."

* * *

Mr. C. (1A Girls' Science)—How do we get seedless oranges?

J. M.—By taking the seeds out before they are planted.

* * *

Miss —— (in 2B Girls' English)—Inez, I cannot accept a composition with so many blots on it. You'll have to copy it.

I. B.—Well, Miss T., I couldn't help it; I had no ink and had to write it with shoe polish.

* * *

Mr. —— (on History)—Where did Pompey win so many battles in fighting?

M. C.—In war.

* * *

Mr. —— (on 4th year English)—What is meant by *feudalism*, as connected with Burke's "feudal baronage and feudal knighthood?"

H. P.—Two persons quarreling, like they have in Kentucky.

N. C. (in 1B Girls' English, illustrating explanatory modifier)—
Milton and Shakespere, the great English poets, lived and died in
America.

* * *

Mr. — (1A Science)—What do reindeer eat?

H. T. (thoughtfully)—They haul hay up to them, don't they?

* * *

EXTRACTS FROM WRITTEN WORK.

(L. K., 2A Girls)—Girls play basketball also boys, but it is not as
popular with them as girls for it is not rough enough.

(B. W., 2B Girls)—Parades are very good things if there isn't but
one a year and that on Saturday.

(H. B., 2A Girls)—On Hallowien night you may look in a mirror
and see your future husband, But all the ugly things we would see
by looking. I would hate to know that my intended husband would
look like these horrible inflections.

* * *

O Tempe with your eyes of brown and lashes long and black,
Why will you smile at first year boys behind the teacher's back?
You know that smiles from Senior girls may make them lose their
place

And surely you would never like to cause them this disgrace!
And pray which one on seeing you and your bewitching smile
Would not straightway a victim fall to all these living wiles?
And this you know and others know is strict against the rule
You must not smile at *any* boy while you are yet in school.
So Tempe, naughty Tempe, with your lashes long and black,
Don't smile again at first year boys behind the teacher's back.



GENTLE KNOCKS

"These are times that try men's souls"—Examination week.

"'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' of the right sort"—One of the Fourth Year Boys.

"A ton of dreams"—Hallie Elliott.

"In my joyful school days"—Vernon Cheek.

"Thinking of the days that are no more"—First Year Students.

"Qui non dat quod habet, Daemon infra redet"—Those who don't subscribe to the MESSENGER.

"The march of the human mind is slow"—Irving Yates.

"And sikerly she was of great disport"—Annie Turner.

"With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in press"—Percival Augustus Brown, Jr.

"My only books are Evie's looks"—Ira Cates.

"It's better to be captain, even though of the scrubs"—Clarence Andrews.

Exchanges

Among our exchanges for this month is *The Record*, which is indeed a creditable magazine. Although we do not think the cover very artistic or very appropriate for a High School magazine, we think the rest of the magazine very good. It contains many good stories and the original cuts are especially good. We should like to suggest, as an improvement in the literary department, more poetry.

The Spectator, a very attractive magazine, not only on the outside, but also on the inside, we consider one of our best exchanges. The articles are interesting and the editorials contain some good thoughts that every High School student should remember.

The Thanksgiving number of *The Sotoyoman* is fine, and this magazine is to be congratulated upon its full as well as good literary department. "His Burglar Career" is a very unique story, and indeed all of the stories are well written. The editorials are good, but few. It is evident that the student body is interested and supporting this magazine.

We are very glad to find among our exchanges this month *The Park School Gazette*. This is the first issue, and we do not think we would be raising its standard too high if we say it is excellent. The "History of the Class of '09" is very good and well expressed.

The Blue and Gold comes up to its usual standard, containing many good continued stories, but it seems to us it could be improved by having more short stories.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *The Sage*, *The High School Student*, *The Courier*, *The College Message*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The University of N. C. Magazine*, and *The Almanak*.

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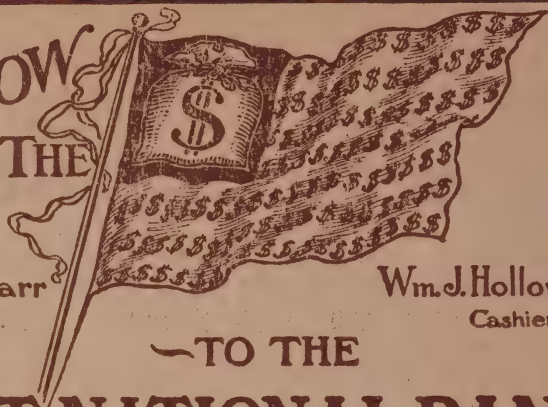
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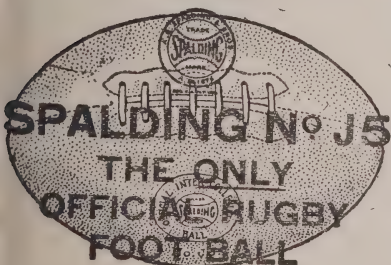
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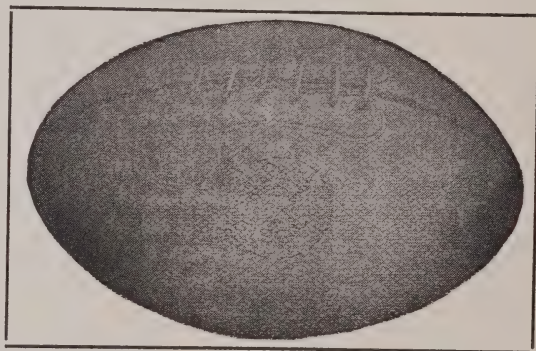
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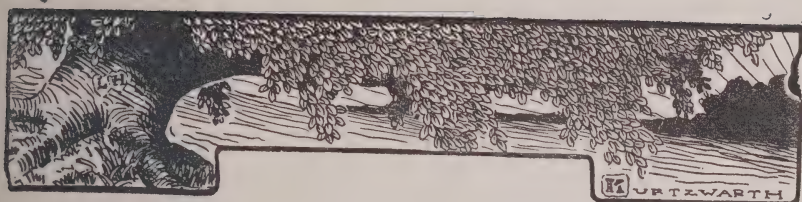
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George Washington of Chickendom.

J. H. THOMSON, '11.

The barnyard one bright morning was a scene of the liveliest activity. All the fowls were engaged in a search for their morning meal in the usual way. Among them was an old patriarch, and his lineal descendant two generations renowned—George and Little George Washington. The old hero thought more of this one youngster than of any other thing in the world. So when the little gamester wanted to go off in search of adventure, the old sire would saunter along after him, muttering to himself in his pride, just as the lord of the barnyard will do. On this particular morning Old George saw that his tiny kinsman had found something, which had rolled a few inches out from a cozy corner among the boards, with which he did not know how to deal. Old George, according to his custom, very deliberately walked over to see what the new find was. But young George was impatient, and before his grandsire could arrive, vigorously pecked the object of interest—when presto! out popped a young chicken.

Old George arrived on the scene of action and inquired in his stately way, "George, my son, who did this?"

Little George, with tears in his eyes, replied, "Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it. I had to *hatch-it*."

"My son," said Old George, "come with me, I will make you president of all Chickendom."

Restlessness.

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Oh, better than the life we are living now
Is the dream of the life to be;
When we leave the port where our ships are moored,
And sail for the open sea.

Out where the waves leap mountain high
And the winds blow loud and strong;
Where the sails are wet by the dashing spray
And the cordage creaks day long.

Out where the stormbirds shriek and call,
And hover about the mast;
Where the sun is hid in a mist eclipse,
And the gray clouds hurry past.

But those on shore who have sailed afar,
Say tempt not the stormy main;
For none who venture upon its waves,
Ever return again.

But we—Oh, we long for the mighty sweep
Of the winds o'er the briny sea;
For if greater the dangers that lurk out there
Then greater the joys must be.

And we fretfully wait on the peaceful shore,
And long to sail far away;
Out where the winds blow wild and free,
Into the fuller day.



A Trip in an Areoplane.

TEMPE BODDIE, '10.

"Why don't something happen so that we can have a good time!" said Gladys to her friend Mildred. "Our Christmas holidays are really tiresome!"

Gladys and Mildred were home from college. They both lived in a beautiful little town in the mountains of New York, and as they were the best of friends, they stayed together most of the time.

"We certainly have had the dulllest time of our lives," Mildred declared.

"There goes that door-bell again. I won't answer it this time, for I have already been disappointed about twenty-five times this morning."

"A telegram for Miss Gladys," said the maid, entering. Gladys snatched it up and eagerly read it.

"Oh, Mildred! it is from Mary, and she is coming up here—Oh! do take it and read it. It seems too good to be true!"

This is what Mildred read: "Father successful with aeroplane. Want you and Mildred to take trip with us. Coming for you in auto at once."

"How perfectly grand!" cried Mildred. "It is ten o'clock now, and they will soon be here." Almost overcome with excitement, they immediately began to make preparations for going, and the time flew swiftly by. Mary was one of their best college friends, and lived on a large country estate not far away. Her father, who was young, was her chum when she was at home.

The visitors arrived in due time, and at two-thirty they left for Mary's home. The trip was short, but the girls enjoyed it immensely, and especially the night in the beautiful old home. Mary's father, Dr. Blackstone, took them to his shop and explained many interesting things about the aeroplane. He had made some fuel for it, that would enable him to make a trip of almost indefinite length. And most interesting of all, they—Dr. Blackstone and the three girls—were going to travel above the mountains next day. Wasn't it going to be a 'lark', and wouldn't the girls at college open their eyes when they were told about it? Thus jabbering and talking into the wee hours of the night, then dreaming of gliding in and out among the stars, and even flirting with the men on Mars, they spent the night before the wonderful adventure.

Next morning the girls were almost afraid to open their eyes, lest they should behold a rainy day. But the Fates were kind, and the weather perfect. They were not hungry that morning—no sir! time was too precious to waste at eating. Would Dr. Blackstone never be ready?

After what seemed ages to the girls, the aviator called, "All aboard!" and with the school-girl's love of the unusual, and lack of fear, they joyously climbed to their places. They held their breaths as he turned the lever and the machine began to soar—at first slowly, but gaining as they rose higher and higher. Overcome by the very joy and pleasure of it all they were silent for a time.

"Isn't it all a dream?" said Mildred, as the novelty wore off a little, and she found her voice.

"If so, 'tis the happiest I ever had!" cried Gladys. "I never knew until now just how an angel feels," she added, as they passed over a fleecy white cloud.

On and on they went, forgetful of cold or hunger, forgetful of the world which yesterday seemed so stupid, and mindful only of the scenery above the clouds, in the land of the sky, and feeling the wild joy of living. Thus passed the morning hours.

At length they had begun to descend to try to spy a suitable place

for lunch. "There it is, among those lovely trees," said Mary, and they all agreed. But Dr. Blackstone had begun to descend too rapidly, and before they knew what had happened, they struck the tall trees, and one of the wings was hung in the branches.

"Sit still, girls," said Dr. Blackstone, as he cautiously climbed to the top of the tree to unfasten it. But he had forgotten the delicate poise of the machine, for as his weight was taken off, the aeroplane rose again, leaving him in the tree, and the three girls alone in the airship.

It gradually ascended, and the poor girls were almost dead from fear, flying at such speed high above the mountains. Indeed, they knew not what to do. But when they had regained speech, which had deserted them at first, Gladys jumped up and cried, "Oh, what on earth shall we do!"

"None of us know how to stop it, and we shall keep on going for ever and ever!" gasped Mary; "Father put in lots of fuel."

Only Mildred seemed to have any control of herself. "Do sit down, you will unbalance it, and it might turn over!" she said. She was thinking rapidly. What could they do? The situation was getting exceedingly dangerous, for just before them was a dark snow-cloud, and the atmosphere was growing much colder.

"Oh!" said Mildred, "why did I lose my head and forget!" Remembering what Dr. Blackstone told her the day before, she went carefully to his place and turned a lever. The aeroplane turned so quickly it almost took her from her feet. There was still much danger for the aeroplane was violently swaying from side to side. The girls could hardly stay in their seats. But Mildred gained self-confidence and kept working till it was balanced again. Cautiously guiding the airship, they retraced their course to find Dr. Blackstone. He was just getting down from the tree, for it had all happened in a few minutes.

They had their lunch and Mildred was proclaimed the heroine of the day. Dr. Blackstone declared he would not be afraid to make many trips with such a level-headed young lady with him.

Gladys and Mildred had had enough excitement to last them the rest of the holidays.

The Soíree.

NATALIE H. TUCK, '11.

Miss Meadow's lawn wuz ready
'Gin de risin' o' de moon;
All de critters wuz invited
Fum de rabbit ter de coon.

In honor o' Miss Junie-bug,
Miss Meadow's summer guest,
Dis grand soíree wuz given,
De bigges' an' de bes'.

De charmin' Missus Junie-bug
Gwine ter leave dar purty soon,
Dey wanter say adieu to 'er,
Twell de comin' June.

De Messrs. Firefly Company
Furnished de 'lectric light,
A thousand bulbs wuz lighted,
En 'spelled de shades ob night.

At las' upriz de moon,
En she begun ter smile;
Dar wuz all de critters
Drest in dar ebenin' style.

Miss June-bug wuz de hans'mes'
In dress o' brilliant green,
De raccoon en de possum
Dey voted her de queen.

De bar' he wore his beaver,
His di'mon' studs en cane;
On his arm hung Miss Babboon,
Her style wuz sorter plain.

Bre'r Bull-frog came in swallow-tail,
En wore his snow white ves';
Miss Turtle say it seem
He outdid all de res'.

De crickets in de ban'-stan'
Struck up a lively tune,
Den de leaders ob de party
Hike out ter dancin' soon.

De scrapin' ob de fiddles,
Hit started all de res';
Er prize wuz ter be given
Ter de one dat dance de bes'.

Bre'r Bar en Miss Babboon
Danced de Highland fling,
Dey no more en got started,
When de goat come buttin' in.

'Tu'n yo' opp'site partners,
Now de ladies chain,
De gents tu'n ter de center,
Er prize yo' gwinter gain.'

Miss Cricket wuz de lucky one
Ter win de highes' prize,
De owl he 'sented it ter her
Wid speech what's pow'ful wise.

Miss Jay-bird sung a song or two,
Ober de scales she roam,
An' ended up her repertoire
By singin' "Home, Sweet Home."

Den all de critters parted
Away fum dat soiree,
Kaze de oninvited chickens
Had 'nounced de crack o' day.



Found.

ILA HOWERTON, '10.

Easter had come at last. The whole town of B— was enthusiastic over the baseball game that was to be played on Monday afternoon.

B— was a thriving little town of about one thousand inhabitants, and when one person began a thing, the whole town was ready to follow. Ball was a great game there. In the springtime all minds were turned toward baseball, and in the fall football was the rage. Every girl in the town could be relied upon for being at every game. with her pennant and voice ready for use.

The visiting team that day was a group of college boys, which fact of course held special charms for the B— High School girls. That afternoon, on the top seat of the grandstand, in the center of a long row of girls, stood Louise Herring, her pennant waving high and her cheers ringing loud. So intent was she that she seemed unconscious of everything save the game.

But suddenly there came a change over the girl. In an instant she dropped in her seat, silent, relaxed her hold on her pennant, and sat with eyes fixed on one spot.

Will Daniels, of the visiting team, had been hurt, and had fainted. All the boys and men crowded around, and it was found that a doctor's assistance was necessary. In the grandstand, inquiries were being made as to the identity of the injured student, but no one knew him except Louise, and she kept silent. With hardly power to control her feelings, she sat wondering at her foolishness, as she mentally termed it. Why should she feel unnatural? Nothing had happened out of the ordinary. Boys were always falling and being hurt during a ball game. What else could be expected?

"It is true, I met him last summer at the mountains, and he was one among a crowd that went to take snapshots. He was there only two days, and I know I had never seen him before nor have I since—until now." All this flashed through Louise's mind, and then she was aware that young Will was being carried from the field.

During the remainder of the game Louise did not seem to care which team won, and when the girls wanted to know the cause of her dejection, she said she was tired and hoarse.

On the way home, after the game, Louise was with the girls, but her thoughts were elsewhere—she didn't know exactly where, but she could picture a wounded boy with a doctor at his bedside.

Once at home she retreated to her room, and there found comfort in a long flow of useless tears. As soon as she had made herself presentable, she came downstairs to join the family gathered around the sitting-room fire. As she opened the door she caught these words, from her father, "He is crippled up pretty badly." What a pang it brought to her aching heart!

"Just what I expected," she whispered to herself.

"I had him brought here so I could attend him regularly through the night," Dr. Herring continued.

"Can it be true? But after all, why am I so interested,—I won't be silly any longer." With this determination, Louise left the family and went to the parlor to find relief in her piano.

In the room above, listening to the sweet melodies, wondering who could be the performer, and thinking of a tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, Will Daniels lay wrapped in bandages.

"I met her one day last summer, and I have a picture that I took myself. I left the mountains the next day and didn't see her again. I intended writing her when I got home, but what was her last name? She may be miles and miles away from me now, but I expect to find her yet."

A week passed and little did Will know that it was the maiden of the snapshot whose playing he had enjoyed so much, or that it was she whom her father and brother had spoken of as "Kid." For Louise had taken care that he should not have so much as a glimpse of her. In this way she had hoped to banish her "silly notions."

One week from the day he was hurt, Will was allowed to go downstairs. It was growing dark, and the sitting-room was only dimly lighted from the grate. At the west window he sat with the

picture in his hand, thinking of —. The door was softly opened, and, as he looked around, he saw a vision of the one girl whom he had longed to find. Could his own eyes deceive him?

Louise did not see the figure at the window, and walked to the fire to replenish the fuel. She was kneeling on the hearth, and the fire shone bright enough for Will to know that he was not mistaken.

"Yes, I have found her at last," he said, half aloud, and started at the sound of his voice.

Louise caught the words and looked around, surprised to see some one in the room.

Perhaps the situation was a little embarrassing to both for an instant, but it wasn't long until they understood.

A Rheumatic Complaint.

LYNNE HOLCOMBE, '11.

I tell you folks I'm jes' erbout dead,
Kase I'se got de rheumatiz;
It started in me lef' foot toes,
And riz and riz and riz.

I fust tried yearbs and co'n whiskey
Dat ol' Sally Burke gib me;
But me leg jes' kep' a swellin' up,
Till it fotched me above de knee.

I limped down to de horspital
To see de great Doctah Breeze;
He jammed a knife clean t'rough me leg
An' said, "Ten dollars, please."

I'll neber consult wid a doctah agin,
I'll jes' stay at home an' groan;
An' try de only cure dar is—
Possum an' hot co'n pone.

The Mystery of the Silver Watch.

SAMUEL H. JORDAN, '10.

I was sitting in my room one night reading, when there came a gentle tap at my door. Almost unconsciously I answered, "Scratch under!" at the same time abashed, and wondering why this relic of college days should have returned to me just at the time. Imagine further my surprise when I was greeted by a chum of those old days, whom I had not seen for years.

After the first effects of the meeting were over, and we were seated, he produced a watch with the remark, "Here is something that will amuse you for a while."

"What is it?" I queried. "A silver watch, why that isn't anything unusual."

"No," he answered, "but there is something a little unusual about this one."

I took the watch and looked carefully at it and handed it back to him.

"Do you see anything peculiar about it?" he asked.

"Nothing except a cross, with the letter O in the center, on the inside of the lid."

"Well," he continued, "isn't that enough?" Observing my perplexity, he at once began to unravel the mystery of the watch.

He told me briefly of his travels, which were extensive; and particularly of his life on the plains, where once he came very near losing his life.

"It was after this manner," he continued. "I had been on the prairie all day, but in the afternoon was hoping for the appearance of civilization again. As I was passing one of the few farmhouses of that section, a man overtook me, riding on horseback, and we rode along for some distance, engaged in friendly conversation. Suddenly we became aware of shouts behind us, two or three shots rang out, bullets whistled past us, and turning, we discovered a man riding furiously towards us. My companion became nervous.

"Take my watch, for it is dearer to me than anything on earth!" he said. "Your horse is faster than mine; ride for your life, and leave the man to me!"

"I did as he told me, thinking only that I was escaping robbing,

and not doubting my companion's ability to take care of our assailant. Two or three shots were fired at me, but the aim was bad, and no harm was done.

"I rode on to the nearest village, and took up lodging for the night, expecting my companion to appear later. Next morning I was up early, and when I went downstairs, I found an officer awaiting with a warrant of arrest for me, charging murder. I demanded explanation, and insisted upon innocence, but to no avail, for soon I was locked up in jail to await trial. All the knowledge I had of the matter was that I had killed a man out on the prairies.

"I soon saw the mistake. They had me charged with killing the man I had met out on the prairie, as I was found with his watch. Indeed, all the evidence was against me. I was convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged. Out in those waste places too often bare suspicion means conviction. Could I expect anything else? My time to die drew nearer, and indeed I had given up hope.

"But a few days before the execution a stranger entered my cell. Despair directed little attention to my visitor at first, but on a second glance, I was made aware that my companion of the fatal afternoon was in my presence. Had the dead returned to life? Not so; it was a case of mistaken identity. Our, his assailant, was the man killed on the prairie. Briefly he told me his story, which meant life to me. He had slain his antagonist, who was attempting to rescue the watch from him—an inexplicable talisman between them. But upon reflection, the difficulty of establishing self-defense had dawned upon him, and he had fled the deed, only to return upon hearing of my condemnation. I was released, and so was my deliverer, upon my testimony, in appreciation of which he presented me with the watch.

"And," he added a moment later, "though there is more evil fortune than good attached to it, I can't part with it, and so I have it still."

The Modern George

MILDRED MUSE, '11.

"George Washington, did you say? What a noble name you have chosen for him! I am quite anxious to see the little fellow. I know he must be a perfect dear. Oh! did you say he named himself? How interesting!"

"Yes, he chose it himself, after hearing the story of the little hatchet, and decided that he would like to be a second George Washington. And he really is. I must say that the noble example he has chosen has already influenced his life to a great extent."

The speaker was interrupted at this interesting point by an unearthly howl coming from somewhere in the rear. Presently the door was opened, admitting another deafening howl, and a very tear-stained face.

"Mamma, George hit me on purpose with the axe, and its bleeding."

His mother at once bathed his head and told him to summon the offender.

After much slamming of doors and other noise, the guilty son presented himself, not the manly George with the three-cornered hat that one always thinks of when one hears the name—but, instead—well, the first thing the visitor saw was a little freckled face, and then just an "every day" looking little fellow, whose personal appearance showed that he had been in a scrimmage of some kind.

"Well, what have you done to Jack?"

"Nothin', Ma."

"But, George, he says that you struck him while he was out on the back porch."

"But, Ma, he wasn't even on the back porch, and anyway he said he was going to take my kindlin' I cut."

The mother roused herself for the "final rub." "Now, George, tell me exactly what you did!"

George put his hands in his pockets and tried to look brave by whistling, "If It Doesn't Concern You, Let It Alone."

"Speak, George!"

But silence reigned. As the mother reached for "the strap" she was interrupted by "Yes'm, I didn't, Ma."

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't touch him ; I just touched the ax and that touched him."

"But, George, you absolutely contradicted him, in saying that he wasn't even on the back porch!"

"Well, he wasn't when I hit him, because before I had time, he was half-way down the steps."

This last with a note of victory which was seemingly unnoticed by the mother, as she silently motioned him to a chair, where he remained the rest of the evening in absolute dejection.

Humanitas.

MAMIE EVIE MORTON, '10.

When upon life's toilsome pathway
You are sadly trudging on,
Won't you sometime stop and ponder
On the good that might be done?

And when those around you falter
Or are halting on the road,
Won't you kindly show some mercy
And help them to bear the load?

Lo! by making others happy,
You will happy grow yourself;
And the journey will be brighter
Both to you and those you help.

An Encounter with Wolves.

GORDON M. CARVER, '11.

It was in the mid-winter of 1870. I had driven a party to a distant town and was returning along the solitary way, when I heard, deep in the forest to the right, a dismal howl. I knew from experience that it was the gathering cry of a pack of wolves, and that before long I might have the encounter of my life.

I was still some miles from a settlement, and the winter twilight was fast settling into the darkness of night. I lashed my horses into a faster pace, and the sleigh fairly spun over the snow. Nevertheless, in the gloom of the pines, which lined the sides of the road, I fancied I could see dark objects darting in and out among the trees, and ever narrowing the distance between themselves and my sleigh.

Soon my horses began to show some uneasiness, and I, too, felt alarmed, for I perceived that it was not with one or two animals I had to deal, but with a pack.

A few hundred yards further told me that my position was fast becoming perilous, and it was still some eight miles to a village. The wolves seemed content at the time simply to follow the sleigh, but I knew that before long they would change their manner.

When I had covered nearly half of the remaining eight miles, the wolves had shown no design of attack, and my spirits began to rise. It was the delusion of hope, however, for almost instantly three or four of the wolves, bolder than the rest, rushed forward, and with yelp and snarl, savagely attacked my terrified steeds. It was now a moment for action. I managed with difficulty to crawl out on the back of the middle horse, (they were harnessed three abreast) and there, with my long knife, fought the wolves away for another mile.

But the fierce creatures had tasted blood, and having done so, became bolder in their attack. Plainly, I would have to devise some other means of defense. Realizing that something must be done, and done quickly, I slashed the ropes that held one outer horse. Finding himself free the loosed creature broke for the woods as fast as terror could urge him, and with him went no less than a dozen of the pack.

Another mile was passed, and now barely two lay between me

and safety. On rushed the maddened horses, followed by the blood-thirsty pack. Another half mile was covered,—fiercer grew the fight until it seemed certain that my remaining outer horse would be pulled down despite my efforts at defense. With a slash of my knife, I gave the poor brute his liberty, and, as in the case of the former horse, he dashed off, carrying a great part of the pack with him.

But snarling fiends were still everywhere to renew the attack upon me and my last horse. Springing from his back into the sleigh, I cut the traces and set the last of my faithful animals free. Like the others, he darted away, followed by all but some half dozen of the pack.

I stepped out into the snow. Seeing me on foot and at bay, yet unable to overcome that fear of man which is inherent in all beasts, those wolves so fierce only a few moments before, slunk away to some distance, and there followed until I came to the edge of the village. Then looking around guiltily before finally retreating, they licked their chops hungrily as if their imaginations dwelt upon the delights of a feast that might have been.

Trust Crushed in Youth.

PRESTON HERSCHELL EPPS.

Trust crushed in youth is like a young tree writhed,
Like broken bones maturity knows not,
Like youth's fair hours spent with degrading lusts,
Like palsied limbs that shake perennially—
Like tendrils, youthful bones, or hours, or limbs,
Writhed, broken, squandered, hopelessly unnerved.

As young tree writhed ne'er gains its primal form,
As broken bones their former strength can't win,
As fair hours spent with sin their taint ne'er lose,
As palsied limbs full firmness never reach;
So trust o'erwhelmed in youth, prime course can ne'er regain,
Despite her gallant efforts, infirmities still reign.



Enthusiasm.

After a long and dreary winter we joyfully hail the approach of spring. Again she comes, restoring life to a dead world and bringing with her the fresh, invigorating air, so different from the biting chill of winter and the sultry heat of mid-summer. Truly, in the breath of spring is the very spirit of the seasons.

At the coming of spring, one's thoughts turn naturally to out-of-door sports, and especially to baseball. At this early date the outlook of the High School for a winning team is very promising. Already much enthusiasm is being shown in regard to the game. Some of those who have been failing in their work in the past are now preparing their lessons in order that they may be eligible for the team. There is no substantial reason why we should not have the best public high school team in the State this year, for we certainly have plenty of good material. The only thing that is wanting, we believe, is the enthusiasm of the student body. If the whole school would only catch the enthusiasm that is embodied in a few rare spirits of the school, what could our baseball team not accomplish this year!

Enthusiasm is an element almost unknown to many students of this school. Indeed, its benefits extend beyond the athletic park. In the schoolroom, in the society halls, and in fact, in all the phases of school life, this important quality is most decidedly lacking. If we would only employ more spirit in our everyday life, how much

brighter and more profitable would that life be! Think, fellow-students, what a trial we must be to our teachers in their efforts to impart knowledge to us when we sit back in that listless attitude, which some of us know so well how to assume, and show no interest whatever in what is being presented to us.

Not only in our school life is a zealous spirit necessary, but in all pursuits of life is it imperative. No matter in what business one may be engaged, he cannot attain to any great success if he be indifferent. Let us endeavor to cast off this apathy, fellow-students, and try to catch some of that spirit which so distinguishes the choice lives of time and history.

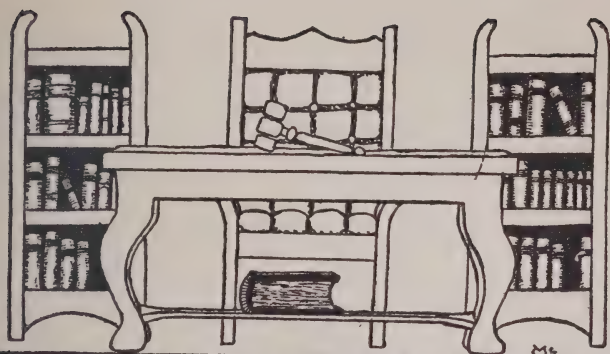
Prizes.

This year several prizes have been offered to the high school students of North Carolina for the best essays written on certain subjects. These prizes are offered as a stimulus to encourage the rising generation to take more interest in the leading questions of the day, as well as to promote the interests of journalism in the State.

Two prizes of ten dollars each have been offered for the best essay on the following subjects: "Waterway Conservation and Improvement," and "Forest Preservation." Each of these essays is limited to five hundred words.

To those students who write well this is an excellent opportunity to bring their talent before the public. To carry off one of these prizes will require no little work and ability, for students anywhere in the State are eligible to enter the contest. This fact makes the prize all the more worthy to be striven for; for the one who wins will secure for himself the distinction of being the best juvenile writer in North Carolina. Surely such an honor is worth any student's best efforts.

Dr. T. A. Mann, of this city, also offers a prize of ten dollars in gold to the student of the Durham High School who shall write the best essay on the subject, "The Relation of the Sanitary Department to the City." Students, get to work!



BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The preliminary contest for the declaimers and debaters has taken place within the past month.

As was mentioned last month, the boys entered the declaimers' contest with a will, with the result that the following men from the Blackwell Society were chosen to take part in this contest: Beverly Snow, Robert Murray, Carson West, Charlton Pope, and Henry Greenberg. This contest will take place sometime in the near future, and the winner will receive the ten dollars offered as a prize.

On Friday night, February the twenty-fifth, the debaters' preliminary was held in the assembly hall. The object of this was to select the men to defend D. H. S. in the coming triangular debate, and to select the best debater from the Blackwell Society.

The boys of both societies did well in this debate, all contestants showing excellent preparation on the subject. The successful men were as follows: Elbert Chappell, first place; Zeb Roberson, second place; Preston Epps, third place; and Isaac Strayhorn, fourth place. Beverly Snow and William Zuckerman as alternates. Elbert Chappell was awarded the debater's prize of ten dollars. The Society offers its congratulations, "old man,"—let the good work go on.

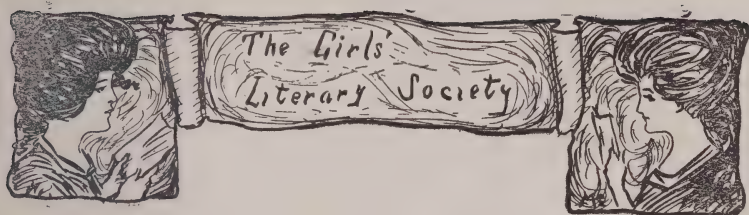
The triangular debate is scheduled for March twenty-fifth. Unless some other arrangements are made, Elbert and Zeb will defend the affirmative at home, while Preston and Isaac will uphold the negative in Raleigh.

McIver Literary Society

The declamation contest took place Friday evening, February the fourth. The contest was a hot one and the contestants from both societies worked hard to get on. The McIver Society came out well, getting three on and both the alternates. Those who made it from the McIver Society were: Lawrence Moore, Hunter Watkins, and Clarence Ross. The two alternates were Wyatt Dixon and Allan Markham. The final contest for the prize, which was to be held February the twenty-fifth, has been postponed until April the fifteenth, so that it will not interfere with the Inter-school debate.

The triangular debate with Raleigh and Greensboro, by request of Raleigh, has been postponed from Friday, March the twenty-fifth until Friday, April the first. The query for this debate is: "Resolved, That the plan of vesting all the powers of municipal government in a single commission is the policy best adapted to North Carolina cities." Durham will uphold the affirmative at home, against Greensboro, and the negative at Raleigh, against Raleigh. Each of the three schools uphold the affirmative side of this question at home, and the negative away. The preliminary, to choose the speakers for Durham, took place Friday, February twenty-fifth. From those who entered the contest were chosen: Zeb Roberson, Elbert Chappell, Preston Epps and Isaac Strayhorn.

The McIver Society has progressed so in its work that it has made plans to challenge the Blackwell to an Inter-Society debate at their next regular meeting. We have a good chance to win in this contest.

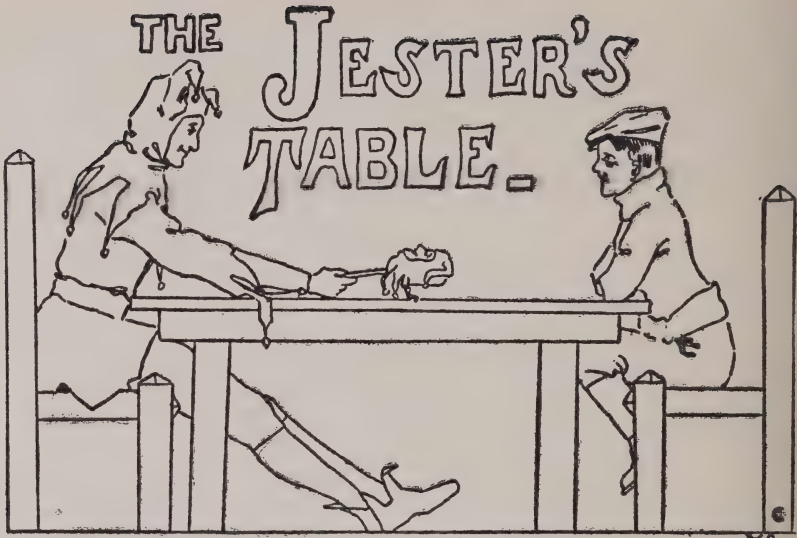


The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society held its regular meeting Friday, January the twenty-eighth. At this time Greek myths were studied, and enjoyed very much by all.

On February the fourth, we expected to have a debate, but owing to the illness of one of the debaters, it was postponed.

A business meeting was held on February the eleventh. Some amendments to the constitution were proposed, and adopted. The by-laws were read, and as there was no further business we adjourned.

The Society met again February the eighteenth. The first number on the program was a declamation by Miss Elise Lloyd, which was indeed rendered well. Then followed the debate. The query was, "Resolved, That High School girls should not belong to social clubs." Misses Ruth Chamberlain and Margaret McGary had the affirmative while Misses Evie Morton and Laura Tillett had the negative. Miss Bessie Whitted, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Scott were the judges, and while they were out, a declamation was rendered by Miss Laura Holmes Hutchings, in a creditable manner. The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative, and after this, we adjourned to meet again a week later.



Mistakes! Who does not make them? Show us a man who thinks he never does, and we will show you the biggest mistake-maker of all.—*Ex.*

* * *

Mr.— (on 2A Boys' English, reading from Merchant of Venice)—
 "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. Everette, what touch do you discover there that Shylock had seen better days?"

E. G.—"There where he says, 'When I was a bachelor.'"

* * *

Mr.— (on Fourth Year French)—"Miss L—, what were some of Dante's writings?"

L. S.—"Paradise Lost."

* * *

DEFINITIONS OF COMPARISON IN GRAMMAR.—(2A BOYS).

W. S.—"Comparison means to take two things and see if they have anything alike, as the apple and orange: they both grow on trees and both have seed, etc."

S. W.—"Comparison is that distinguishing of an adjective to tell what degree it is."

F. M.—“Comparison means to compare words in the three comparisons.”

* * *

Mr.— (on History)—“Would it be treason to kill the President?”

I. P.—“No, it would be assassination.”

* * *

Mr.— (on English)—“What was a gleeman?”

C. C.—“A wheat cutter.”

* * *

I. S.—(translating from Virgil)—“She hung intently on his lips.”

* * *

Mr.— (on Fourth Year History)—“C—, where have we heard of Thomas Jefferson before?”

C. W.—“Writing.”

Mr.— “Writing what?”

C. W.—“Review of Reviews.”

* * *

Mr.— (on History)—“What is a patent?”

H. S.—“An invention.”

* * *

Mr.— (on Fourth Year History)—“What is meant by implied powers of Congress?”

E. C.—“The powers not defined in the Constitution, but are necessary for her to do what she do do.”

* * *

Teacher—“What do you mean by the ‘quick and the dead?’ ”

Boy.—“Well, the quick get out of the way of the motor cars, and the dead don’t!—*Ex.*”

* * *

Foreigner—“What was the total loss of life caused by your Revolutionary War?”

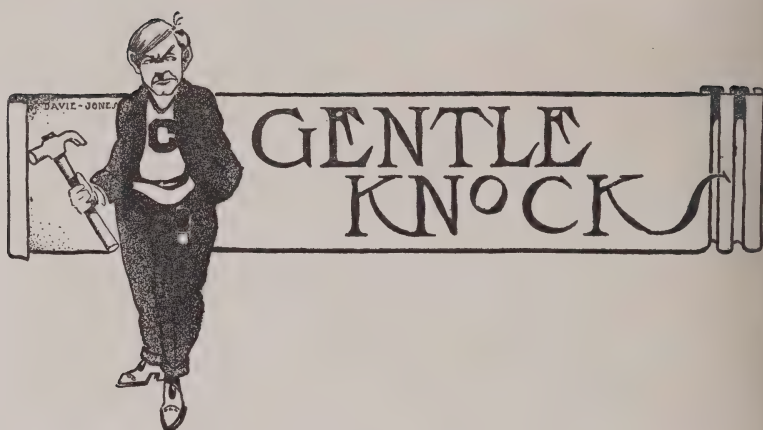
Native American—“Nobody knows. We keep adding to it every Fourth of July.”—*Ex.*

QUAINT EXAMINATION ANSWERS.

“A blizzard is the inside of a hen.”

“The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth.”

“Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides.”—*Ex.*



"Oh, my prophetic soul!"—*Ruby Elliott.*

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form"—*Edgar Dinwiddie.*

She knows Watts what—*Lucie Stokes.*

"My mind to me an empire is."—*Ruth Chamberlain.*

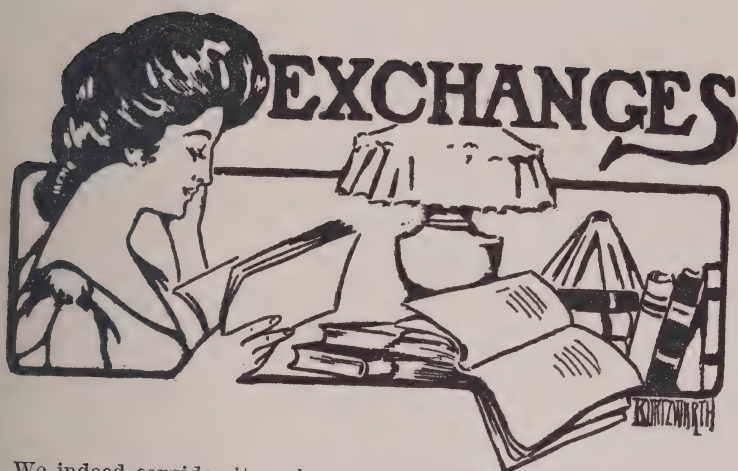
"Two Stars keep not motion in one sphere."—*Ellie and Mary.*

"A surfeit of the sweetest things."—*Henry's doughnuts.*

"The wisdom of many and the wit of one."—*Beverly Snow.*

Ask the Fourth Year girls what the unique power of the Supreme Court is.

"That eternal smile."—*Charles Crabtree.*



We indeed consider it an honor to have among our exchanges *The Wake Forest Student*, and we welcome it with pleasure. We do not deem ourselves worthy of criticising it, but only hope that our magazine may some day be as excellent as it is.

The High School Student, from Newport News, Va., retains its usual good standard among high school magazines. We like the variety of articles contained in this magazine very much, but we wonder why they have no cuts. A better arrangement of the advertisements would add much to its attractiveness and neatness.

The cover design of *The High School Enterprise* is very pretty, and the colors blend so nicely. It has a good number of short stories and one continued one, which deserves special mention. The department "Fun and Rhyme" is very full of good jokes and rhymes.

The Record for this month has many interesting stories. "A Visit to Bills" is excellent, being expressed in a very entertaining way, but "Gertrude's Sorrow and Joy," although the plot is good, could be improved in many ways. We think more jokes would add to *The Record's* interest.

We are glad to see on our Exchange Table our old friend, *The Dragon*, published by the Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Ohio. All of its departments are up to their usual good standards and we commend its original cuts.

The Courier, a monthly magazine devoted to the art and literature of music and drama, certainly fulfils its purpose. The articles are all good, and this magazine is especially appreciated by us, as it is the only magazine of its kind we receive.

As there is more than one school magazine called *The Messenger*, we would ask our exchanges, when criticising any magazine by this name to please specify which one is meant. We ask this favor as we expect to profit by the criticisms we receive.

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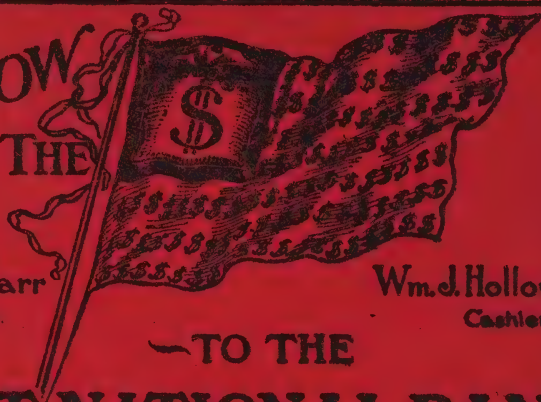
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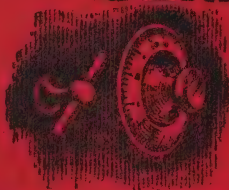
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Volume VII, No. 6

April, 1911

THE MESSENGER

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Durham, N. C.

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter

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'Laska

Grace Holton, '13

Not long ago a beautiful brown shepherd dog died. He belonged to a friend of mine and I happened to be over at her house when he died. He was lying on a soft pallet, moaning and restless. He turned his eyes on me, and as his gaze met mine I heard him tell the story of his life.

"My name is 'Laska. I don't know where I was born. All I remember is that a few hours after my birth I was carried off and laid on something damp and hard, where I heard the water. It seemed days that I lay there and cried, but I know it was not, for I should have starved. Finally somebody picked me up, and the next thing I knew I was wrapped in something warm, and heard children talking about me. I was hungry; so I commenced crying again. I heard someone suggest that I be given some milk. But I didn't know how to drink, in the first place, and I couldn't see anything. The next thing I felt was my mouth being opened and milk poured down my throat. I didn't like this process, no matter if it was milk; so I squirmed and cried. That wasn't the way I wanted to drink milk. After this something soft was put in my mouth. This felt better, so I began to suck it. As there didn't seem to be anything on it sweet I stopped and cried again. Finally a hard thing was put in my mouth, that had a hole in the center of it, and soon I began to drink milk. I liked this, so I drank until they wouldn't give me any more. That night I slept in a warm room, on a soft bed. Every day I was fed three times, and always on milk. In a few days I discovered that I could see a little, until finally, one morning, I woke up with my eyes open. O, how astonished I was; and my mistress seemed to be, also.

"I grew fast, and in a short time learned how to walk up on my legs and bark. Then I had a fine time. But one day an awful thing happened. I had come as usual for my dinner, when what

was my surprise to see that my mistress was feeding something else. It was a small, fuzzy kitten. It made me mad to see my mistress feeding and petting that thing; so I made for the kitten. The kitten was taken by surprise. When she turned around and saw me she just flew from the room. I was rather surprised, but yet glad, at my easy victory, and suppose I showed it, for instantly my mistress began to scold and wound up by not giving me any dinner. I decided then I would get revenge on the kitten when my mistress was not around. The next time I saw the kitten I ran it again and I have run cats ever since.

"Things went on well with me as I grew larger. When I was only six months old I was a very large and handsome dog. But now I had learned bad habits. One day when I was out walking with my mistress, I saw a dog run out from a house and bark at a horse and buggy which was passing. I thought that it did this to guard its master and mistress; so I thought I would do the same. When the next horse came by I ran out and barked at it and tried to bite its legs. The man in the buggy hit at me, but I dodged the whip. This was very exciting. I went back home and lay down in the walk and watched for the next wagon and ran after it, too, barking as loud as I could. It was such fun. I ran a good little piece from home, all the time hearing my mistress calling me. Finally, I came back very slowly, for I expected either a scolding or a whipping. I determined that if I were whipped I would bite. I was only turned into the back yard. As soon as my mistress had left, I slipped through a hole in the fence and came into the front yard. All the people had gone from home and I spent my first evening chasing wagons. When my mistress came home, she caught and chained me. The next morning I was turned loose. This time I committed another offense. I caught that cat I told you about and nearly ate her up. Again I was chained for the day, but again I was turned loose the next morning. I had spent this day better.

"That night I had my first fight with a dog. After supper a great, black dog came and began to smell my mistress' flowers. This was beyond my endurance; so I determined to put a stop to it. I went up to him, and although he was larger than I, he was a coward. I can't stand cowards; so I thrashed him. That dog has never been about since. I liked to fight so well that when the dogs would be impudent to my mistress when she went out walking, I fought them.

"This put me into the habit of wanting to fight. People began to be afraid of me, and I couldn't stand that any more than I could the cowardly dog; so I learned to bite them. One day a child of my mistress' friend came to see my mistress and I bit him. Of course it was wrong, but I had just got in the habit of trying to bite everybody.

"Thus my life went on until I was a year and a half old. People now said I was a handsome dog; so maybe you would like to know what I looked like. I was large,—about the size of the ordinary shepherd dog—and very fat, for my mistress fed me on raw beef and scraps from a boarding house table. My hair was long and shaggy,—a tawny yellow tinged with dark brown almost black on my back. My breast was square and almost all white, and my paws made a big track when I walked in mud. I have heard people say in passing that I looked like a lion and I like the way they said it, but I never knew just what they meant. My eyes were blood-shot and my voice was terrible when I growled or barked. I think it was these things that made people hate me, for I had quit biting people. I was too fat and lazy to get up every time anyone came, and then it was so much like a pup. I have described myself to you thus, because I was handsomer then than I am now, for that was before I was shot and like to have died.

"I did have one habit yet, though, which people said was a bad one, although I never saw any harm in it, and, beside that of running the neighbor's geese and guineas, it was all the fun I had. I would still run after horses and wagons.

"One cold night in February, I was standing guard on my mistress's porch. All at once a horse and buggy came tearing down the street. Just as it was passing our house, I began to bark. Suddenly there was a sharp stinging feeling in my side. I cried for the first time since I was a pup. I went under the house to see what the matter was. Just then my mistress came out of the house and began to call me. I tried to go but couldn't move. Then I cried and she came and carried me into the house. For a long time I was sick, but finally got well. I afterwards learned that I had been shot at and barely escaped getting killed. Some people thought this would break me from running after wagons, but it didn't. It did almost ruin my health and I have felt like an old dog ever since.

"I thought I knew who had shot me, and I only wanted a chance to kill him. I may have always looked mean after this.

Anyway, everybody was afraid of me, and I was reported to the police as a bad dog. I found this out by the policeman coming to our house and talking to my mistress. He did this several times and my mistress always chained me for several days afterward. I still ran after the wagons. I just could not stop it, and several times was shot at, but I now knew how to dodge.

"Last night I was surprised, when I had lain down, by some men who came creeping up. I was up instantly, and when the men went down the back way toward the woods I chased them. I ran them to the branch, and was starting back home for I happened to think that maybe there were more men who only wanted to get me out of the way so they could rob my mistress. Just then I was shot. I knew what it was this time. The men took me, half dead, and after kicking me for some time threw me in the branch. The water was low; so I was not drowned, and finally came to my senses. I was awfully weak though, and worked painfully all night before I could get out and crawl home. I fainted on the porch. When I came to I found myself lying in my mistress' arms, and she was crying. A doctor was there trying to get out the bullets, but I was shot all to pieces and he had no hope for me. He gave me something though which eased my pain, and left. I only hate to see my mistress crying and everybody standing around looking at me. I know I can't live much longer, and I don't feel like talking any more."

Thus 'Laska died.



A Friend of Mine

P. H. Epps, '12

A friend of mine; ne'er from my lips
Has flowed a tend'rer word;
No joy so sacred 's borne to me
By all the words I've heard.

.. A friend of mine; unfailing balm
To heal each piercing wound
That Time's relentless arrows make
Between our birth and tomb.

A friend of mine; earth's fairest flow'r
That loses not its bloom,
Whose fragrance perfumes all life's ways,
Dispelling every gloom.

.. A friend of mine; my soul's great star
To light its doubtful way,
And like the star doth brighter shine
In darkness than in day.

Shine without fear, immortal Star,
Of death' or time's decay,
For these can never from my path
Thy brightness sweep away.

For these, from me, thy mortal form
May come and tear away,
But still from mem'ry's cherished throne
Thou'lt shine by night and day.



The Legend of the Red Rose

Natalie Tuck, '11

It was a garden of long ago. All of the flowers bloomed in their magnificent beauty. The tiny violets lifted their smiling faces to worship her; the tulips gazed lovingly upon her; the beautiful chrysanthemums told her of their admiration; the pansies spoke fondly of her, and truly it could be seen that she was loved and admired by all, and all worshipped her — for she was the Rose, the queen of the flowers. The brook softly murmured love to her; the wind sang to her his sweetest melodies, and the sun gazed tenderly upon her, and the morning caressed her with his sparkling dew. But she heeded not the love of the brook, thought not of the whispering wind, cared not for the passionate sun, but gazed far off to the hillside, to the home of the one she loved — the Knight of the Golden Rod. He it was who had won her heart long ago; he, with his gay, golden plumage. But the Prince Feather, with his passionate and ardent wooing, had long since determined that she should be his, and his only. She heeded not his suit, and wistfully gazed to the field of Golden Rod. He, following her gaze, recognized his rival, and in his vengeful heart determined to slay him.

It is in a beautiful night, and the moon sails majestically across the blue heavens. The flowers have long since gone to Slumberland, and the whole garden rests peacefully under the open skies. Soft strains of music are heard, and the Knight of the Golden Rod, arrayed in his gay, yellow plumage, steps gracefully from the banks of flowers into the moonlight, singing love's serenade to the queen of his heart.

The queen of the garden slowly raises her love-lit eyes, and gazes enraptured into the face of her beloved.

Slowly from the darkened shadows emerges the figure of Prince Feather, his eyes glaring with jealousy. He stealthily creeps up behind the Knight of the Golden Rod and with one stroke of his glittering sword the Knight sinks in a lifeless heap at the feet of his queen. Immediately the life of the grief-stricken queen fades away, and her dying petals, as they fall one by one, are drenched in the blood of her lover. Whereupon Prince Feather, in his fury at losing the idol of his heart, falls upon his own sword.

For years after this awful tragedy no creamy roses bloomed in the garden, and the other flowers were red. But one summer morning when the flowers awoke they beheld, not the beautiful creamy rose of long ago, but the crimson rose, drenched so long before in the blood of her lover,—the red rose that still bespeaks of love.

A Mountain Tragedy

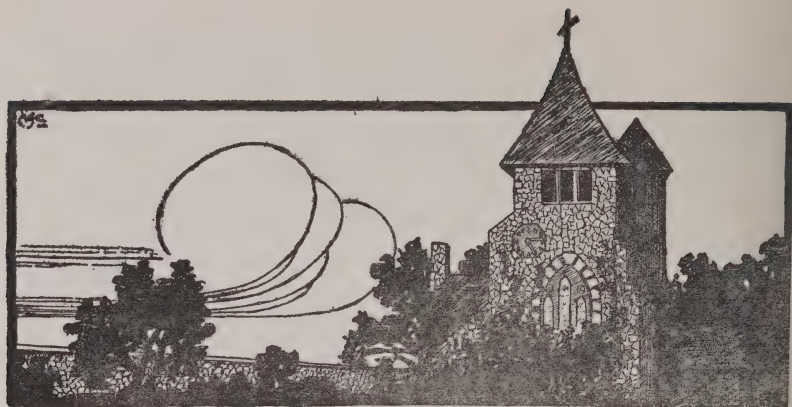
Lawrence Dixon, '12

The rains descend like a flood
Upon yon mountain high;
Every stream is turned to mud
As down the slope they fly.

One of these many mud-like streams,
Reaching its highest levels,
Breaks its course and, unrestrained,
Upon a victim revels.

That victim is a mountain town,
Asleep at the mountain's base.
Of all that town for miles around
Is left no single trace.

..



The Surprise

Lillie Adcock, '12

It had long been settled that George and Alice were to be married, but they were not in a great hurry, and while they thought over the matter, George decided that as he couldn't make a fortune at home he would go to California, make a fortune, and return to claim Alice.

He had been gone only about two years, and Alice, in the North, fell in love with another man, Charles Gabriel, and married him; yet she and George were still corresponding in the friendly, truthful tone they had adopted from the first, and she had not told him. Four years had passed, and one day Alice received a letter from George saying that he had been gone a number of years, had gained a fortune, and would now return to her. Alice was miserable; she couldn't tell her husband about it. What was to be done? She finally arranged things so that her husband would be away from the town, and she would go to the home of her father and stay for about two weeks.

In a few days George came. She met him at the door of her father's home; he came in and, instead of embracing her as she had expected, he only held out his hand to shake hers. Both took a seat in the parlor, and she began:

"George," she said, "I have something to tell you; yet, it seems that I can't." Finally, she broke out, "George, it is done. Whether

right or wrong, I was married a year after you left for California."

"Why, Alice!" said George. "I did the same thing, and instead of writing and telling you I thought I had better wait and tell you myself."

Then happiness took the place of fear and excitement in the hearts of both. Alice immediately wired for Charles to come home, and George's visit was very pleasant after all.

Spring Flowers

Gladys Tuck, '14

As the days pass on,
And winter flies by,
Spring comes in
With a murmuring sigh.

It brings us the birds,
And the sweet honey bees,
The violets, crocus,
And the green budding trees;

The dandelion's blossoms
From over the hills,
The arbutus, jonquils
And golden daffodils.

Spring passes swiftly,
With a sorrowful tear.
The roses are blooming,
And the summer is here.

A Guilty Conscience

Cora Virginia Wescott, '11

The great hall clock had just struck eleven, and as Edith sat beside the great open fire in her own room she wondered why it would not strike just one more time. Tomorrow was Monday, and there was a bit of water color work she simply must have ready by school time. She dared not put off doing it until the morning, for Edith knew well enough she would only awake in time to dress hurriedly for breakfast, after which she would have to go directly to school. On the other hand, if this hour from eleven o'clock till twelve were passed away by reading, sleep might overtake her before that time should pass. Passing this time away in any other manner was not to be thought of. So what was she to do? A little demon from within seemed to tell her to do the work then. That would not be a great sin, and if she never did anything worse than painting a little on Sunday she sure would get to heaven when she died. With that she prepared to finish the bit of work, and soon was so completely absorbed in it that she neither knew nor cared whether it was Sunday or not. One design had been finished, inspected with much gratification, and she had decided how she should fix another and saw with pleasure that this plan, too, was working well. At this point she was startled by faint steps upon the stairs.

"Oh, it is Mother!" she thought, and groaned at the realization of how much pain this seemingly trivial act would give her. Edith had but one impulse and followed it immediately. She hastily laid aside her work—endeavored to do it quietly, but failed completely—made a dash for the bed, and in her haste overturned a chair, which made noise enough to awake the entire household. Her sister, who had been sleeping soundly, stirred restlessly as Edith struggled to get under the covers. Then she listened intently. For a while not a sound broke the stillness; then a click, as the hall lights were turned off; then retreating footsteps; and finally, a sigh of relief as a little figure crawled out of bed to remove kimona, bedroom shoes and glasses which in her haste had been forgot. Also to lay aside the paint-brush which she had been clutching unconsciously as if her life depended upon it.

Mark Twain's Fame

Carrie Belle Craig, '12

There are several geniuses, three especially, who have bestowed upon the world everlasting gifts in the realm of literature. Their memories still linger along the shores of their native country, awaiting the last and due opinions from the critics of that land. Firstly, Edgar Allen Poe elevated the schools of France immensely, but even then he remains famous in America; lastly, Whitman and Twain represent the truest and the highest contributors of the republic to English literature.

It is supposed that these two men were famous because their writings were original, homely, and for the republic. That Mark Twain is famous in literature is because he was a man of high qualities and splendid character. If it be true that the opinions of the foreign nations are the opinions of the ancestors, there is no necessity in proving that Mark Twain has acquired the classic attainments of a writer.

Mark Twain first received criticism while on the European continent. This was given by a famous French lady, Mme. Blanc, who devoted her time to the American literature in Europe. She has written several essays on Twain, the general title being "The American Humorists." But we should not be surprised to know that this French lady criticised Twain, and could not secrete her feeling on the manner of the reception of his literature in England.

The qualities of Mark Twain which won great popularity did not remove the cause of Mme. Blanc's criticism. Three years later, Mme. Blanc writes an essay, "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," in which she severely criticises his works. Mark Twain, in her judgment, lacked first-class ability in developing the American scenes and pictures, although Twain's works make a deep impression on her mind.

On account of "The Jumping Frog," a piece of Mark Twain's most notable work, Mme. Blanc extends his fame as a literary man to Europe. The works of Twain were further distributed when Emile Blement made them more famous by publishing them in France,—the French subjects being "*Esquisses Americaines de Mark Twain*" (1881). In 1884 and 1886 "*Les Aventures de Tom Sawyer*" was translated by W. L. Hughes. And again, in 1886, Eugene Forgues published the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*."

Forgues remarked that the French people saw in Mark Twain a gross jester continuously beating upon a tom-tom to attract attention; he added that Twain was not appreciated in France as in England and the Germanic countries.

It is needless to cite the names of Mark Twain's works which were translated into the French language. When the English edition of Mark Twain's works appeared, the "French Journal" paid him a great compliment, saying that he had been called the humorist of the world, that he was an interesting story teller, a clever observer, a philosopher, and lastly, a brilliant essayist.

In Italy, also, Mark Twain made a wonderful impression by his works, and his popularity had even extended to Rome. Hence, tributes were rendered to him by Italian critics.

Germanic people, and the Scandinavians, finally became familiar with Mark Twain's writings, because it was not difficult to translate Twain's writing into foreign languages, and especially German, which was one of the factors in spreading his eternal fame. Another reason for this is that no other writer has so many translators as he.

As early as the year 1872 Mark Twain had secured Tanchnitz, of Leipzig, as his Continental agent. Then German translations soon appeared, and in a short time his sketches had been printed in almost all languages. His most extended works were rapidly translated into German, French, Dutch and Scandinavian.

The melancholy in Mark Twain's compositions awakened the consciousness of the German people. But the Europeans thought that this genius seemed to be a function of humor about which they had never dreamed.

It has been said by Schleich that Mark Twain is the exponent of American literature. The works of Mark Twain were highly praised in all the European countries.

Thaler says: "Mark Twain draws directly from life, he knows the different varieties of the geniuses of men and no other writer has taken so strange a course of development as he."

The humor of so great a writer did not escape the German's attention. In Twain's sayings they found the real human being which caused them to admire his maxims.

On Mark Twain's eventful birthday Germany and Europe united in honoring the writer. After this, reviews of his life were published in Germany and Austria.

England chose Mark Twain as the author of the speaking world.

Critics praised him highly. All classes now read his works with delight; and without hesitation we say America has enriched her literature by the aid of this man—a man who will always be remembered as a unique character in American literature.

In Memoriam

ESSIE SHEPHERD

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven”

It was with tears and the profoundest sorrow that we learned on the evening of March the fifth that Essie Shepherd, one of the most faithful and most beloved members of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, had answered the summons of the Death Angel, and had gone from her duties here to her home of joy in the Great Beyond. As we gazed for the last time on her fair form, we remembered with pleasure our companionship with her.

For, though with us so short a time, Essie had grown very dear to each member of the Society. Always showing herself ready and waiting to lend a helping hand, she brought sunshine and comfort to many of us. A duty never passed her way unheeded, and she seemed ever longing to do good and to uplift. With her bright smile and pleasant word she sent joy all about her.

And so, we shall miss her. But we know she has joined a far happier and holier society, so we render ourselves submissive to the voice which called to her from the world to which her young spirit has winged its flight, and where we hope some day to join her.

To her family and friends the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society extends heartfelt sympathy.

NATALIE TUCK,
MOZELLE NEWTON,
MARY EXUM SNOW.



Whether we have realized it or no, we are nearing the last holiday that we will have before school closes. It comes so late this year, however, that we will begin to think it more of a preliminary to the commencement exercises than a holiday. Nevertheless, it will only be a holiday, regardless of what we think, and since nothing is very interesting to us until we know something of its origin, let's see what was the origin and meaning of Easter.

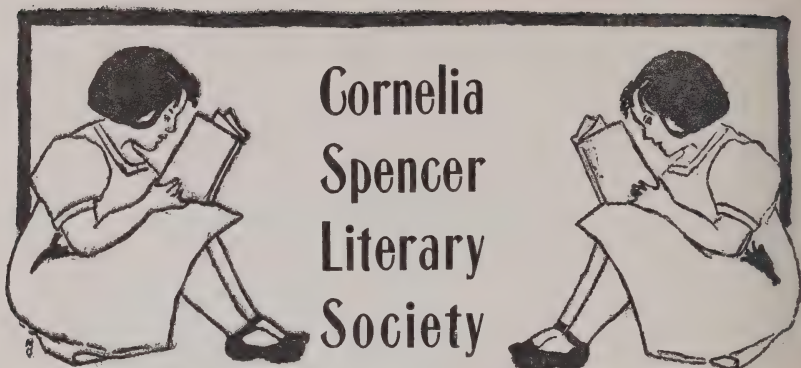
As we all remember, Christ was crucified during the week of the passover, which was a feast observed during the week following the full moon in March and continuing through seven days in commemoration of the night when the Lord smote all the first-born of Egypt and "passed over" those of the children of Israel. This feast is still observed among the Jews to this day. The Greeks, who had many gods, and therefore held many feasts in their honor, had a goddess of Spring named "Eastre," in whose honor they held a feast at the same time that the Jews held their passover feast.

As the kingdom of Christ began to make its way into the world, its subjects who kept the day of His resurrection as a holy day, and therefore a day of joy and thanksgiving, wished a name for it to distinguish it from the other feasts of the world. In consequence of this desire they took the name of Eastre, and put the "e" before the "r", giving the name Easter, which has continued to be until this day.

True it is that the name has continued until this day; but where has the sacred but not sad spirit fled to? What joy other than

worldly do we receive from its presence? Is there anything in, or connected with, the day that leads us back to Calvary's Cross, or rather to the Holy Sepulchre? If not, we are losing the greatest joy that any holiday is able to bring to us. Nothing is hailed with greater joy by men than liberty and freedom. Happy were the English people when they extorted the Magna Carta from King John. Guy Fawkes's Day is observed in England to commemorate the deliverance of some of their forefathers from death. The fourth of July is so prized by us as an anniversary of the declaration of an independence, and he who rejoices on these days does well. But never did man receive so precious a document as the teachings of Christ. This deliverance is thorough and universal. This independence is beyond being incorporated in words.

Therefore we can rejoice in a deliverance that no power is able to take from us. We have a declaration of independence that can never be removed or altered. With this clearly before us, let us never go about with a long face; but with a heart full of joy born out of the appreciation that we have of what we received eighteen hundred and seventy-eight years ago.



Eula Roberts, '13

On March tenth the meeting of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society was held and a large number responded to their names when the roll was called. However, one place was vacant, and one voice silent. The Society was much grieved because of the death of one of its members, Essie Shepherd. She, owing to her tender years, did not, perhaps, hold a very prominent position in the Society, yet each and every one has some place to fill, and hers can be filled by no one else. At the meeting on the above date a card from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shepherd, expressing their appreciation for the sympathy the Society showed in the loss of their daughter, was read by the secretary.

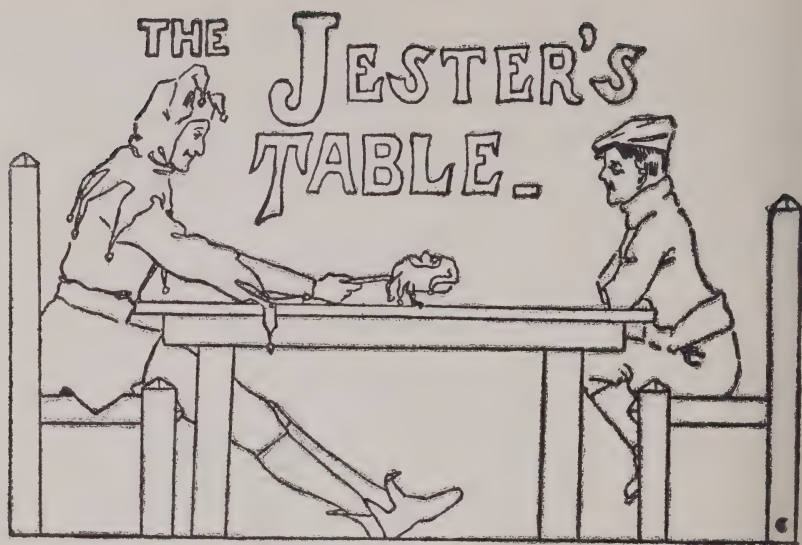
At this meeting the two following officers were elected by an almost unanimous vote: Laura Anderson, assistant critic, and assistant censor. After this the officers for the new quarter were installed by Mr. Green, who made an encouraging and beneficial talk, in which he reminded them of their duties and asked the Society to sustain them in their new work.

The Society was called to order on March seventeenth with a large number present. It being St. Patrick's Day a short program was given in honor of the old Saint. After this the members enjoyed an interesting and unique post-card contest, in which Miss Junia Sasser was the winner of the prize, a box of green mints tied with green ribbon.

The Society is doing good work, and among its encouragements is the good attendance which shows interest. In spite of the many

counter attractions of the springtime, few members are absent on any Friday afternoon. The directresses are giving us interesting and beneficial programs, which are in a large measure responsible for the steady attendance and lively interest. We are looking eagerly forward to the next quarter's course of study. The new directresses appointed by the president are: Clara Petty, Lila Herndon, and Hulda Jones, all of the Senior class.





LONGING FOR BASEBALL.

We're through with hearing and seeing
 The football's rowdy play,
 And we long for our baseball season,
 Which isn't so far away.
 Our crack-a-jack old players,
 Who start from the first to mop,
 At last, when the season's over
 Will wave Durham's name on top.

* * *

Mr. — (on English)—“ Marvin, give a famous saying of Washington.”

M. M.—“ First in war, first in peace, first give me liberty or give me death.”

* * *

THE SAME THING

The X--Widow—“ You can't say that I ever ran after you.”

Percival—“ Very true, Hypatia; the trap never runs after the rat, but it gathers him in, all the same.”—Ex.

ENNUI.

Tommy—"Pop, what is ennui?"

Father—"My son, ennui is a disease that attacks the people who are so lazy that they get tired of resting."

* * *

THE SHY BOARDER

If landladies served flying fish,
I do believe, by jing,
That every time they passed the dish
I'd only get a wing.

Oh, well! that's one of many things!
There still is this, by heck!
Although a flying fish has wings,
It hasn't any neck!

* * *

Mr. — (on History)—"Theodore, how did the Puritans like those laws that were made?"

T. Y.—"They did not like them, so they emigrated to New England on foot."

* * *

HE KNEW

Mr. — (on History)—"Bernice, where is New England?"

B. R.—"Up there—you know where it is. Up there, just this side the Netherlands."

* * *

When a young man tells a girl that she is pretty, she proceeds to give an imitation of being surprised.

* * *

WARNING

Courtships, of all ships,
Are fickle, my boy;
It may be a derelict
Or a transport of joy.

If the maid in the case
Loves a pet dog, beware!
For your courtship will turn
To a bark of despair.—Ex.

The fruits of labors are found on indus-trees.

* * *

HE TOLD HER

She—"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place, and prevents it from falling?"

He—"I think it must be the beams."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. — (on History)—"How is agriculture carried on in the West?"

B. A.—"By irritating the land."

* * *

DAUNTLESS

"He cleared the sill with a bound and vanished in the darkness," related Romance breathlessly.

"But," scoffed Realism, "only a moment ago he was riveted to the spot. Did he file the rivets?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Romance, nothing daunted. "Fortunately, it was only a small spot, so that by superhuman effort he wrenched it loose and carried it along with him."

* * *

If a scholar meet a teacher

After the 2:30 bell;

If the scholar smiles at teacher

Need the teacher tell?

* * *

H. A.—"Do you believe in making a genuflection before you enter your pew?"

B. C.—"Mercy; No! If I have genuflections to make about people I always do it outside the church."

* * *

Small Elmer—"Papa, give me a nickle?"

Father—"Why, Elmer; you are most too old to be begging for a nickle."

Small Elmer—"I guess you're right, Papa. Make it a dime."

—Ex.

* * *

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed little Margie, upon seeing a dray loaded with hides passing the house. "There's a man with a whole stock of cow's overcoats!"

A SORROWFUL SONG

"Dear heart," he whispered
Soft and low,
"Come, come to me;
I love you so!"

"Haste, gentle heart—
Be not afraid."
The dealer dealt—
He caught a "spade"

* * *

"All the world's a stage," quoted one misanthrope.

"Yes," replied another, "and it's the same old story—a lot o' fellers that's cut out fer supers is trying fer star."—Ex.

* * *

"Are these socks all wool, young man?"

"I—er—don't think so, sir. They are marked 'half hose' in the box."

* * *

"The Arcade has grown bum; I do not go these days."

"Don't go! Why, goodness knows you're missing half your life."

* * *

Professor—"Why did you come to college, anyway? You are not studying."

Student—"Well, mother says it is to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry; Pa, to bankrupt the family."

* * *

MR. TIGHTWAD

He sympathized with Sorrow's band;
His heart "went out," but not his hand.

He even wept when times grew worse,
But kept a tight grip on his purse.

And then, at last, one day he died,
And journeyed to the other side;

Where Satan said to him: "How 'do?
I've got a warm-ish place for you."—Ex.

The man who was wedded to an opinion found himself married to a one eyed dear (one idea).

* * *

Aeroplanes, and all other kinds of airships, are doing good service, if nothing else can be said to their praise. They are making a great many people look up — Heavenward — that are not in the habit of looking higher than their breeches' pockets.

* * *

Adam—"What are you thinking about?"

Eve—"I'm wondering if you and I couldn't play a two-handed game of something for the world's championship."—Ex.

* * *

O'ercome by cares,
He said, "good night;"
Then all his heirs
Began to fight.

The fight went on
A year or so;
The lawyers got
Most all the "dough."—Ex.

* * *

Wife—"Oh! But I got taken in when I married you, you wretch!"

Husband—"Yes; out of the cold."—Ex.

* * *

Ticket-seller—"How many?"

Absent-minded Student—"Two, standing room—together."—Ex.

* * *

"What is a vaudeville?"

"The Arcade."

* * *

"Does your wife want to go to the polls and vote?"

"No, sir; If Henrietta casts a vote it'll be important enough to have the polls brought around to the house when she sends for 'em."—Ex.

* * *

When suffragettes get in power the office may really seek the man, simply because it is trying to dodge the woman.

* * *

"Why does a hen cross the road?"

"To avoid getting into the chicken pie."—Ex.

ANYBODY HERE SEEN CARSON?

Has anybody here seen Carson,
C-a-rs-on?

Has anybody here seen Carson?
The one who the honors won.
His hair is yellow and his eyes are blue,
He's a smart boy through and through;

Has anybody here seen Carson,
The one who the honors won?

* * *

Why does Ellen wish to change her name?

Don't look for intellect: it is always the goose that lays the
golden egg.—Bennie R.

* * *

When examinations come, they come also in battalions.

* * *

MR. O. WATT BLISS

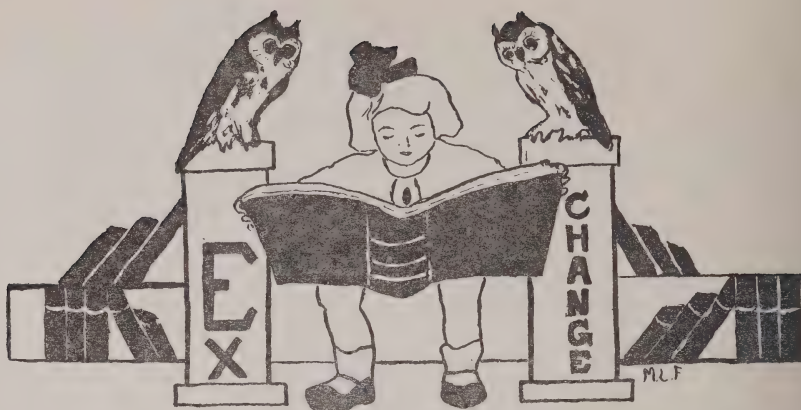
Mr. O. Watt Bliss was a good old man;
His home was in a tomato can;
He lived there forever, night and day;
He wouldn't leave that can for pay.

This good old man had a son named Snip,
Who had long ears that went flippity flip.
He cut them off one day because
Those long old ears caused much applause.

One night he went to see his girlie;
He stayed 'till midnight — then 'twas early.
She said to him, "Oh! what Bliss!"
He answered this remark with a kiss.

Then he arose to go, and said "good-bye,"
For now the sun was rather high.
He went back to his tomato can,
And there grew up as a gentleman.

—Gladys Tuck, '14.



We find the following exchanges with much pleasure on our shelves this month: The Occident, Maize and Blue, St. John's Gazette, The College Message, The University of North Carolina Magazine, High School Union,, High School Monthly, The High School Student, Park School Gazette, The Almanack, The Budget, State Normal Magazine, The Philograph, Gluck Auf, The Round-Up, The Dragon, High School Enterprise, The Virginian, The Black Board, The Columbian, St. Mary's Muse.

Since the last shall be first, we mention St. Mary's Muse. This magazine, as usual, has many good stories and poems, and the school spirit so vividly shown is certainly to be commended.

Hearty congratulations to The High School Enterprise for such a fine issue. It is the best we have received from you this year. Your Literary Department is so full of good stories and poems! Your other departments are up to their usual standard, also. The poem, "Borneo," is exceptionally good. We have nothing but praise for you.

The Dragon's cover design is quite fitting to its name. The Literary Department is not so full. We miss the poetry. Both stories, "Heroes of the Sea" and "Memoirs of an Academy Student," are very well written.

Round-Up, the more we see of you the more we think of you. Your Literary Department, as well as other departments, is very good, but the material might be somewhat better arranged.

We congratulate the staff of Gluck Auf on getting out such a good weekly paper, but we think some original stories would add interest and break the monotony of so much localism.

The Philograph is to be commended for its productions, but we would like to suggest that more cuts would add quality to the general appearance, and more jokes would furnish humor and fun for the reader.

The Literary Department of The Park School Gazette is fuller than usual this month. "How Annie Outwitted Her Rival" is a story with a strong plot, and it is especially well developed. A more complicated cover design, and the removal of "The Contents" to the inside, would greatly improve the outside appearance of the magazine.

We would like to suggest that The High School Student place some cuts at the heads of the different departments appropriate to their contents. If they would separate the Exchanges from the Jokes it would increase the accurateness of the arrangement.

We received this month the best copy of the Almanack which we have had the pleasure of reviewing this year. The Literary Department is fuller, and the department headings and illustrations represent the literature well.

The Occident is up to its usual standard this month for good stories and poetry. "Jack Raymond's Senior Year" is especially well written.

The Maize and Blue is a new exchange on our list, and it will please us greatly to exchange with this efficient magazine. There are two criticisms we would like to make, and they are: There are not very good headings to the different departments, and the poetry is lacking in the magazine, also.

The Virginian is so much better this month than it usually is, and we are especially well pleased to see the "pretty" little poem "The Daisy." It proves to us that some one up there can write good poetry, so keep it up.

The stories in The Black Board, although their plots are elementary, are very well written. Their Exchange Department is one of the best in all our exchange list.

The cuts in The Columbian are very good, indeed, what there are. But there might be more added, as well as each department might be increased.

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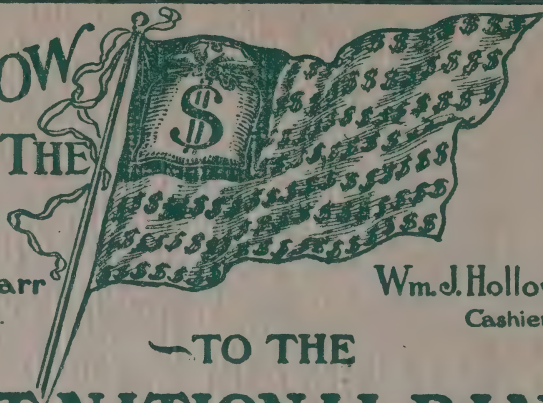
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